# The Sunday Oregonian.

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## DY'S VINDICATION.

[illegible] mountain fastness of Sierra [illegible] far from the boundary [illegible] one of the dead cl ses of the [illegible] In 1857, when I was [illegible] of the place, i boasted [illegible] of nearly 1200 souls, [illegible] liberal and cosmopolitan [illegible] ever saw. From October till [illegible] was snowed under to a depth [illegible] and deep holes and gullies [illegible] to enable a man to pass from [illegible] Nobody complained of cold, [illegible] wood was always gathered in [illegible] gold of Rabbit creek was so [illegible] ever was known to want [illegible] any sort. On holidays like [illegible] were snow-shoe races in [illegible] along at the rate of a [illegible] on stormy nights the boys [illegible] enough to gather in one [illegible] spend the evenings in a [illegible] whist or euchre over their [illegible] among the young miners [illegible] likely thereabouts was a stout [illegible] named Alexander Boyd, [illegible] short. He was foremost [illegible] public movement, and had [illegible] If a man wanted to raise a [illegible] ball to the other camps along [illegible] gathering was not complete [illegible] of Sandy. He was, in- [illegible] friend.

[illegible] lived a man named Abra- [illegible] miner, who had come there [illegible] later than Sandy Boyd. He [illegible] Pennsylvania, and was just the [illegible] Jerseyman in every [illegible] short and stout men, with [illegible] short necks, but there the [illegible] Sandy had light hair and [illegible] blue eyes, while Abe had [illegible] beard, with eyes that had [illegible] their coldness. Sandy's [illegible] the surface, boisterous and [illegible] while Abe was cold and [illegible] business transactions [illegible] regular, and thus earned [illegible] any who kept stores or [illegible] with him. He owned a [illegible] feet front on the creek, ad- [illegible] "Frying Pan" claim, in which [illegible] third owner. One Sunday [illegible] Sandy set out for a tour up [illegible] miles from the Grove, and [illegible] night. He had two or three [illegible] with him, and next day it was [illegible] Sandy would hereafter work [illegible] ground had sold his interest [illegible] Pan" to his partners, Joe Baker [illegible] the latter being a nickname [illegible] consideration was $1700, which [illegible] over the counter of Pat Lam- [illegible] Louis, two miles away. The [illegible] drawn by myself and witnessed [illegible] by Abraham Specht and [illegible] Champagne was then called [illegible] oysters, and Sandy raised [illegible] "Fellers, here's to the old [illegible] and good luck to them as works [illegible] a mother to me. I can tell [illegible] because no man can work [illegible] And if Cobe and Joe take [illegible] I shan't feel a bit jeal- [illegible]

[illegible] propose to call the new ground, [illegible] Smith.

[illegible] name for it as yet, Cobe," re- [illegible] reckon I'll give it the name [illegible]

[illegible] name in this camp is there?" [illegible] who sat munching crackers [illegible] cup of champagne.

[illegible] not, Abe, if I know any- [illegible] Boyd; "but there is a [illegible] livin' up the Raritan valley [illegible] I get as much out of the [illegible] taken out of the Frying- [illegible] she'll be here."

[illegible] September days a crowd [illegible] gathered at the Packsaddle [illegible] stood in front of Wells, [illegible] across the long and narrow [illegible] a mixture of light and heavy [illegible] Sandy Boyd was to leave [illegible] old home in New Jersey. [illegible] popping like fire-crackers and [illegible] "a safe voyage and a [illegible] man who was so soon to [illegible] Sandy began the work of [illegible] with his friends, but suddenly [illegible]

[illegible] Abe Specht go to? I e was [illegible] drinking with us."

[illegible] old Tuckapaw ones, [illegible] nor he hain't bin hyar [illegible] he hain't done drinked [illegible] Bill Fisher's faro game, [illegible] He's the worst stuck [illegible] way from the tiger [illegible] him a new suit o' clothes."

[illegible] of the express rider's horn [illegible] air, and Creath Hart, [illegible] corporation lawyer in San [illegible] express rider in the em- [illegible] rode up to the saloon [illegible] 'All aboard, Sandy.' The [illegible] a flask of "hoo-gan," [illegible] called it, into the breast [illegible] and the saddle train of nine [illegible] town, down the narrow [illegible] for the old Omnibus [illegible] valley, where they took [illegible] We do not propose to [illegible] through his week of frolic [illegible] along the tedious [illegible] Panama route of those days. [illegible] a month between 'Frisco [illegible] is enough to say he reached [illegible] Brock with nearly ten [illegible] his possession and was [illegible] his arrival, to Matilda Van [illegible] belle of the Raritan valley. [illegible] with his aged parents all [illegible] claim was covered so deep [illegible] impossible to work it du- [illegible] He therefore sailed early in [illegible] expecting to reach fair [illegible] by the first of May. In the [illegible] camp had gone along as [illegible] having both gone to [illegible] to spend the winter. [illegible] thrown up his ob as [illegible] to Downieville to read [illegible] stayed in camp all winter [illegible] losings at faro, all of [illegible] pockets of Bill Fisher, the [illegible] People at first won- [illegible] much money, but others [illegible] had paid better than any- [illegible] Abe was a quiet fel- [illegible] ceased to be any special

[illegible] when Jim Cramlett came [illegible] Creath Hart and's place as [illegible] the saddle train, on the [illegible] was called, for the waters [illegible] main streets of Rab- [illegible] called Laporte) flowed into [illegible] the other side went [illegible] Grass valley into the [illegible] was a good deal better [illegible] but whether [illegible] or not was an [illegible] Creath would fight at the drop [illegible] had ever dared to stop the [illegible] while he was in charge, [illegible] but little known. [illegible] of 1858 wore along and [illegible] Pine Grove with his bride, [illegible] rejoicing in the camp that [illegible] could get a horse or [illegible] the trail to meet the happy [illegible] of calling on the bride after they had reached the Bedrock hotel lasted several hours. Next day Sandy set to work building a two-story house for himself and wife to live in. He would move down what little furniture was in his cabin at the Matilda claim as soon as the new house was done. Sandy had spent a good deal of money while he was back in "the states," in addition to which he had lifted a $3900 mortgage from his father's farm. By the time he had reached San Francisco his pile was considerably reduced. He got the house finished and, on the second Monday in May, went up to the Matilda claim to begin work. "Why, what the dickens is this?" he cried in some amazement, "I never left these sluices away back here against the hillside, and yet they were snowed under before I left. Who's been here since I've been away?"

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon as Sandy bade his wife good bye and started down the trail in the direction of Gibsonville, which branched off toward La Porte before reaching the former place, and went around the latter village toward Port Wine. At 9 P. M. the saddle train left Pine Grove for Marysville and there were no passengers. It was a few minutes after 10 o'clock, not far from Cunningham's ranch, when two armed men sprang out upon the trail and demanded the surrender of the express box and treasure. One of these was a short and heavily built man with a yellow beard protruding from under his mask, which was but a handkerchief of red silk with two holes cut in it for his eyes to look out. The terrified messenger, though heavily armed, threw up his hands at the summons, and so did his assistant. One of the robbers kept them both covered with his rifle till his companion disarmed them, and then they were both stood up against a tree and tied fast. This done, the thieves gathered up the treasure box and rode away. Next morning the La Porte butcher came along and released them, and they got on their mules to ride back to town. The driver of the train was positive of the dress of the man who had conducted the robbery. He was short and heavy and wore a light gray monkey jacket, besides which he had a long yellow beard. There was an exchange of hurried glances as one man said, "Why, who would ever have thought it?"

The reader can answer the question in his own mind. A further examination of the cabin revealed the fact that nearly three cords of fir wood had been stolen during the owner's absence. The truth was that Abe Specht, knowing his own claim to be nearly worked out, had run a coyote hole under the snow during the winter from the side furthest away from the trail, from which he had gotten out most of the money lost at Bill Fisher's faro bank. At that season of the year it was almost impossible to get water, so the wily thief used to heat water in the cabin and wash out the dirt with it. He always avoided doing so on express days, knowing very well that the smoke would be seen; and during the rest of the winter he was comparatively safe. Now that Sandy had returned, Abe never went near the Matilda claim. He contented himself with shoveling over piles of tailings on his own claim, and occasionally borrowing of his friends. Sandy worked along for five days in clearing off the snow, to find that nearly one-third of the richest gravel in his claim had been washed up during his absence; and, strange to say, he never once suspected Abe Specht as the author of the mischief. A year rolled by and, after taking out some $1500 with the aid of two hired men, Sandy discovered that the Matilda claim was worked out. The old Frying-pan ground was still yielding fair returns, though nothing like what it had done in years gone by. One night Sandy proposed to Baker and Cobe Smith that he should buy back his one-third interest in the Frying-pan. Joe Baker objected:

"I wouldn't care, Sandy," said he "if you was to get out your $1700 and your wages beside. But the ground's pretty well worked over, and if you shouldn't be able to git it out, why me and Cobe wouldn't feel pretty good over it."

"I'll take those chances," replied Boyd.

"Not for awhile you won't," said Joe. "Here, I tell you what we'll do. We'll rig you out to prospect, and pay all the expenses. You shall have 40 per cent. interest in all you find, and no expense; and me and Cobe the other 60 between us."

"Good enough," replied Sandy, "let me go for the teacher and he'll draw up the agreement."

"He's gone a week ago yesterday," replied Cobe. "I did hear as he had gone to Sacramento to take a job as clerk on one of them big steamboats."

Sandy then sat down to write it out himself and then making two copies, handed both over to his former partners for signature. This done, he signed it himself and put one copy in his pocket, and rose to go home as it was nearly 11 o'clock at night.

"I shall try about the foot of the Packsaddle day after to-morrow," he said gaily, "and in some of those ravines there ought to be fair diggings. I'll ride over to-morrow afternoon and stay all night at Port Wine with Bill Slickens. Next day I'll go up the south side of that ridge and try what good there is in it. Good night, fellers."

The careless, light-hearted man walked up the long narrow street towards his own home. Passing the door of the gambling house, he saw it open and the dumpy figure of Abe Specht emerge into the darkness. Sandy blew his nose at this moment, and in pulling out his handkerchief, pulled out also the agreement.

"That you Sandy?" asked Abe.

"Yes, that you Abe? How did you know me?"

"Oh, the hern footed sorter natural," replied the conscienceless rascal. And as Sandy trudged on home Abe turned back and picked up the white paper he had seen fall to the ground as he passed Sandy. "This may come useful," he muttered.

Five days elapsed before Sandy returned from his cruise about the Packsaddle, and he had found good indications. He rode into Pine Grove whistling merrily, and called all the boys into old Tuckapaw's place for a drink. They scanned him with eager eyes and then exchanged glances that told of no suspicion. Just then in came the constable, Bob Glenn, and said:

"Sandy, I've got a warrant for you."

"Glad to hear it—take a drink," said the unsuspecting man.

Bob took his whisky straight and then said: "Here's my warrant for your arrest, Sandy, and I've got to take you before 'Squire Crumley, but I believe you're an innocent man."

"What the d—l are you driving at?" asked Sandy.

Bob then told him the nature of the complaint, and Sandy heard of the robbery for the first time. He was almost paralyzed with grief at first, but soon recovered his composure and said:

"Well, I never heard of a thing so absurd as this; but I'll go before the 'squire anyhow."

No sooner had the justice seen Sandy brought in than he suggested that the case be sent to the grand jury, which would meet at Downieville next month.

"I'm satisfied you don't know nothin' about it, Sandy, but Wells, Fargo ain't that easy pleased. They'll hev' ye arrested right over agin of I turned ye loose, so ye'd better keep it quiet till the deestrick court and then your acquittal is a dead certainty."

Believing this to be the best way for all concerned, Sandy gave bonds in the sum of $10,000, and went home laughing. Had he known of the loss of his agreement it might have caused him some alarm.

"Cheer up, Tilly, my pet. It's only a little ride over the mountains to Downieville and back, and I shall be here on Friday night perhaps, or Saturday at least."

"Why not let me go with you?" asked Mrs. Boyd.

"Because the journey is a rough one and you don't want to be seen there. It would kill you with care."

"It would be all the more apt to kill me if I stayed here," she said. So Sandy consented to take her with him. When he arrived at Downieville he found that Creath Hartland had resigned the office of prosecuting attorney rather than appear against him as counsel for the state. The only witnesses for the prosecution were Cramlett, the express rider, and his assistant, both of whom swore to the long and yellow beard worn by the defendant and to his short and powerful figure. And then came the awful written agreement between Sandy and his two former partners.

"Is that your writing prisoner?" asked the prosecutor. Sandy began to fumble in his pockets and then asked Cobe Smith "Where's yours?"

"Here in my pocket," replied Cobe.

Poor Sandy nearly fainted away with horror as he looked upon his own writing not knowing how it came to be out of his possession. John Cramlett was then recalled by the prosecution, and testified that on the morning following the robbery, after he was cut loose, he found the said paper near the place where the defendant cocked a gun on him and told him to throw up his hands. The case went to the jury that night and the verdict was "Guilty." Judge Bliss sentenced Sandy to ten years' imprisonment at San Quentin. His broken-hearted wife, soon to become a mother, removed to San Francisco, so she could visit him once a week.

Sandy dragged along five weary years at St. Quentin, where he was employed as a trusty and his wife had become a seamstress in the lieutenant-governor's family. He was patient and industrious, but the most utterly hopeless man in the world. "The iron had entered into his soul," and the oldest inhabitant of Pine Grove would never have recognized the rollicking Sandy Boyd in the abject and hopeless person who answered to the call of "804." His wife had become more reconciled to her fate since she had obtained a living near him and he had been promoted as a trusty to pull the lieutenant governor's boat. But oh, would nothing ever transpire to vindicate him? Meanwhile let us go up the great sugar pine ridge and see how they were getting along at Pine Grove. In the spring of 1859 Abe Specht pretended to have received a letter from a relative at Virginia City, who wrote that he had the richest mine in the world and would give him an interest in it if he would come over. So he packed his blankets on a cayuse nag and started out over the Henness pass. As he never wrote back to anybody in Pine Grove, not even to Bill Fisher, the faro dealer, everybody supposed that what he had told them was true. In the meantime the express occasionally carried away a $50 draft addressed to Mrs. Matilda Boyd, at St. Quentin. It was the gift of Sandy's old partners, who still believed him innocent.

In the summer of 1860 the Henness Pass road was alive with people, busier than it will ever be again for the next century. A big party had started out from Pine Grove to try their fortunes in the new Eldorado, for the old diggings were growing decidedly thin; and among them were Joe Baker and Cobe Smith. They camped one night about forty miles beyond Sierra valley, and it was proposed to get up a deer hunt next day. Accordingly the party of twenty men divided off into four squads and one of these was headed by Cobe Smith. They had gone about two miles when they suddenly came upon a rusty double-barreled gun, lying at the foot of a tree. Near it were small heaps of tattered clothes, and just beyond a small pack, such as might have been carried by the horse whose bones were bleaching near the foot of the tree to which was tied a rawhide lariat.

"One of these yer barrels has been fired off. Two to one he shot at a bear an' wounded him, and the critter chawed h—l outen him before he could get outen the way," said Joe Smith.

"Mebbe he killed hisself" said Cobe Smith. And then he paused a moment and looking around said: "Look at his clothes, fellers."

A loud cry of astonishment broke from Joe Baker as he took out of a pocket the fragment of a letter postmarked in Pennsylvania, and directed to Abraham Specht, Pine Grove, Sierra county, Cal. In the same packet was a paper containing a blonde wig with a beard attached.

But a still greater surprise awaited them, for on turning over the aparejos on the horse's skeleton they felt a great weight. Tearing off a piece of burlap sacking, here were eight or nine sacks of gold dust, all bearing the tags and seals of Wells, Fargo & Co. The robber had been overtaken by the unerring hand of divine justice, while human law had failed. "My sheer of this will be at least a thousand dollars," croaked old Bill Chatham, as he looked at the bags. "Your share won't be one cent, nor mine neither," growled old Cobe; "this yer money belongs to Wells-Fargo, an' there's a man in San Quentin for stealin' it as never stole nuthin' in the world." On returning to camp with the robber's clothing and gold dust, it was decided to take the money to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office at Virginia City, as that was nearer to them than San Francisco. On receipt of the money the finders were presented with $2000, to be divided between four of them. Old Chatham kept his and so did Bob Snapes his; but Cobe and Joe Baker sent theirs to Sandy's wife, which gave them the means of going back to New Jersey to live once more in the valley of Raritan. Mrs. Boyd refused it on the ground that she had not earned it, but old Joe roared out: "Yes, by jocks, you hev earned it, tew. Don't talk that way to me, missy. You've earned it with your tears, your wounded feelings, your crushed hopes and your wrecked life. You've paid for it twice over with your blighted prospects and your husband's sufferings. It all b'longs to you."

The great steamer Golden City lay alongside her dock in San Francisco, bound for Panama, and among her passengers were Sandy Boyd, his wife and their two little girls. Joe Baker and Cobe Smith had just come down on an express wagon with two dozen of claret, a basket of champagne and a box of oranges. Calling Sandy over to him, Cobe Smith said, "As you won't never go back to the old camp again, Sandy, 'sposen you tell Joe and me how to find the rocks you struck just afore you was—well, persecuted I mean."

Sandy took his pencil from his pocket and drew out a map, which took him nearly half an hour, but Joe said, "I kin find it." Just then the bell rang for "all ashore," and ten minutes later the Golden City had turned her prow seaward. The old wharfinger on Folsom street evidently wondered who those two old men were that, dressed in the homely garb of miners, were crying as they came through the gate and started off up town towards the Russ house. Sandy had left California forever, and they were disconsolate, for they knew his true worth. Their tears did them honor, for

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

The quiet life of a farmer did not agree with Alexander Boyd very well, after his thirteen years of stirring life in the California mountains. With his wife the thing was different, for she was at home with her relatives. But Sandy began to mope around and seemed to have fallen out with hard work; at least, the fences about the old farm were beginning to topple down and the air of decay seemed to have spread all over the old place. One day Sandy came in and complained of feeling ill. He looked so haggard that his wife sent for a doctor, but it was nearly three hours before the medical man arrived. He shook his head with a significant glance at the rapidly failing man who lay on the couch and said with professional coolness:

"If he has any business affecting your welfare and that of your children, madame, he should lose no time."

The dying man raised his eyes languidly and extended his arms towards the wife he loved so well and who had borne his cross so patiently with him in all his sore affliction. He spoke slowly:

"Don't fail to write to Cobe and Joe. They were my good friends all through hard times and they will be yours. Kiss me, children."

And as the babbling Raritan bore the foam of its cataracts onward to the sea, that afternoon, the spirit of Sandy Boyd drifted out likewise towards the broad ocean of eternity. He had been dead scarcely two hours when a livery team drove up to the door and out jumped two strong-limbed and bronze-faced men. They were Joe Baker and Cobe Smith. Like Sandy's vindication, they had come too late.

The old house by the Raritan has been long since torn down to make room for an elegant home, built from the profits of a mine which the two old bachelors sold for $100,000 and gave two-fifths of the money to Sandy's widow. There is an old desk in the library where the contract is locked up by which those men bound themselves to their departed friend. The girls are the loveliest women in the older state, and their mother, in her white cap and widow's weeds, is scarcely less beautiful than they. The old men have become richer than ever by the increase in landed values, and are men of local influence even though they smoke briarwood pipes and wear their pantaloons inside their boots as they did when they lived in the heart of the Sierras. They never have told the girls of their father's fearful grief and his undeserved punishment; and as for Sandy's tomb it has a memorial day on every day in the year. Under the shadow of the roof of the woman who loves them as brothers, rough and illiterate as they are, these good old men talk over the hardships of their life in the Sierras; and there, surrounded by the wife and daughters of their departed comrade, they are patiently waiting for rest and the end of earth.

M.

## THE AMUSEMENT WORLD.

The Austrian conjurer, Zamloch, who made the tour of this state in 1874, and has perceptibly improved since that time, opened at the New Market theater on Monday evening of last week and has held the boards ever since, to comparatively light houses. To begin with, the town is poor, its people are in debt and have all they can do to meet their monthly bills; and then there has been no novelty here to speak of. The only really good and taking show that has been engaged here for some time is the "Pop" troupe, headed by saucy Kate Castleton and now performing at Salem. This troupe wanted to come up here last year and were refused because their terms were too high. The management got up a "fake" called "Whims," by a barn-stormer named Holmes, who pirated the greater portion of the "Pop" business, and now they turn around and give the original "Pop" concern the same terms as they asked a year ago. Hence if it should turn out disastrously for Mr. Richmond and Miss Castleton, the management of the New Market, who played this Holmes here for weeks to losing business, will have nobody to blame but themselves. Miss Castleton is a bright woman, a fair vocalist and a very fascinating actress. We expect to see her make a big hit in Portland, as she has done everywhere else; but if she does not, we have already outlined the reasons. She will appear on Monday (to-morrow) evening, and we predict an overflowing house.

The Nickel Plated circus went East last Wednesday, and we bespeak for it the patronage of every community where it may spread its canvas. The proprietor very generously entertained the children of the Orphans' Home at its farewell performance, and received the thanks of all the children's friends. Harris is a good man, and deserves to amass wealth.

The Tivoli, remodeled and made cooler for the summer months, has done a splendid business, notwithstanding the great attractions elsewhere. Bessie King has proven herself a trump card, and as for Miss Edgar she is coming to the front more rapidly than any comic opera singer of her age. Miss King has played four parts since she came here, and, while her Josephine in "Pinafore" is good enough for any place, yet we prefer her rendition of Olivette in the opera of that name. She not only sings the music very well, but plays the mischievous girl of Perpignan with a dash and abandon that Catherine Lewis might not be ashamed of. Next week "Pinafore" again, and then comes the delicious little opera of "Perichole, or the Street Singer."

The San Francisco playgoers must like Mr. Arthur Elliott (Louise Pomeroy's husband) or he would not be called on to support Mlle. Rhea, now playing to crowded houses in that city. He is very realistic, and in that he carries out the author's intent in whatever part he undertakes. Are we to have Rhea up here too?

## FOUGHT LIKE DEVILS.

### How the English Soldiers in the Soudan Behaved in Battle.

"We have seen," says the *Army and Navy Gazette*, "an extremely interesting letter from an officer of the Forty-second, from which we venture to give the following extract, in the hope that the graphic account will be read with pleasure by the friends of the officers named: "All our officers fought like devils, and how we only lost one I can't tell. God is good, and must have put His shield round our brave, gallant officers. The colonel is a splendid man. He shot two Arabs dead, and would have shot more, only the government revolver's ammunition missed fire. An Arab threw a spear at him and hit and wounded him on the head and knocked his helmet off. Sir John McLeod's son, Duncan, wounded, swearing he was all right; old Bob Coveny, smiling with confidence, and Norman McLeod, with his firm lips, thirsting for more blood; Spaid, looking as calm as a judge; and young Macrke, an Argyleshire lad, who only joined us the day before the battle, armed with a spear head, crying to be at the niggers again. He is a splendid boy, and fought like a devil. All our officers had hand-to-hand fights with the Arabs. They pulled the kilts off our men, and one of them pulled the green ribbons off my kilt, but I killed him. They are most awfully plucky. I saw one man nearly dead, and he was crawling toward us to kill a white man before he died. I took a splendid spear and killed a great many wounded men with it; it went into their hearts like lightning, and their blood flowed out on the sand. I had a narrow escape from a half-dead Arab; he sent his spear close to my leg, and I stabbed him in the heart."

### The Best Ventilation.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

In a recent lecture, Health Commissioner Stuart, of Baltimore, said the best house ventilation is secured in the old-fashioned fire place, with its open flue. If this is not practicable, a flue in juxtaposition with the smoke flue affords good ventilation. By a new device the same furnace which heats a house may be made to ventilate it. The air, like water, if allowed to become stagnant, gives occasion to the development in it of poisonous organisms, the germs of which are always present. Ventilation is to the atmosphere what motion is to water. The air in every room ought to be changed once in every twenty-four hours, by opening all the doors and windows for a short time.

### Mr. Bancroft's Quick-Stepping Saddle Nag.

George Bancroft still rides on horseback two hours daily and on Sunday three hours and a half. He recently received from Kentucky a proposition to know if he would pay $1000 for the fastest walker in that state, 4½ years old. He took the horse "on approval," and this is the fine-gaited animal which he constantly rides. Although thoroughbred and very spirited, the horse is thoroughly broken, and the venerable historian manages him without difficulty. On Sundays he is generally accompanied in his long rides by Librarian Spofford or Randall Gibson, of Louisiana.

### Marquis of Queensbury Rules.

Philadelphia Call.

The Hon. John L. Sullivan, of Boston, has a new baby, which he is very proud of. At times he finds it necessary to administer to it corporal punishment, and it was on one of these occasions recently that Mrs. Sullivan interrupted the proceedings with the cry of "Foul!" "What's the matter with yez?" demanded the Hon. John, looking up at his wife. "Ye are striking the child below the belt."

Joel Chandler Harris, better known as "Uncle Remus," wrote the poem for the Decoration day exercises at Atlanta, Ga. It is in plantation negro dialect.

## TRES. 'ASSES.

I sit down to write to-day with a heavier heart than is my usual custom, for no matter how the wind blows I am usually cheerful; and as for my growling propensity, it is well known that I growl not at the world, but at the people in it. But to-day the work goes hard with me, for I have by my side a telegram announcing the death of a relative, a pioneer merchant of California, who had lived past the patriarch's allotted three-score-and-ten years. He came to the coast in the winter of 1852-53, and in the following year took a contract for building the first telegraph line in that state, extending from San Francisco to San Jose and thence across the coast range, through the Livermore pass, to Stockton and Sacramento. That completed he sailed from San Francisco for New York and shipped out a large stock of hardware with which he established business in Montgomery block, in the store now partly occupied by the daily *Bulletin* as its counting-room and publication office. His partner was James O. L. Wadsworth, now secretary of the state board of harbor commissioners, and their rent was $1200 per month. John R. Foster, now a leading merchant of this city, was one of their clerks. And from that time up to 1873, when he succumbed to the general decline of trade that followed the completion of the Central Pacific road, Walter M. Rockwell was a prominent figure in the business world of San Francisco. In politics he was a republican, and so earnest was he in the advocacy of his principles that at the election of 1864, when Lincoln and Andrew Johnson were the candidates of his party, he gave $3000 to the central committee for campaign expenses. He might have done better with his money.

In 1866, which was a flush year for California in all branches of business, he took his wife and daughters for a tour of Europe, leaving his affairs in the hands of his partner, a most disastrous move for him, as it afterward turned out. He left on deposit in the Bank of California $226,000 in May, and returned in December 1867, to find not only every dollar of it drawn out, but a bank debt of $32,000 drawing interest at 1 per cent. per month. This would have driven any ordinary man to suicide, but Mr. Rockwell took matters with the utmost complacency and buckled down to work anew. He was rapidly retrieving the blunders of his associates when, in 1869, the railroad was finished and the country was flooded with Chicago drummers, who sold goods at cost to interior merchants to enable Chicago to take away the trade from San Francisco. There were two years of checkered business, of absconding debtors, of promises to pay that were not fulfilled, and then the old firm of Rockwell, Coye & Co., with nearly $250,000 of accounts on its books, went into bankruptcy. For the twelve years that have followed, the patient old gentleman toiled along in honest poverty and never murmured at the cruel fate which had overtaken him. At last he has found the rest of the just.

I can look back now and see him in the pride of his prosperous days, twenty years ago, when all was at flood-tide and he stood in his counting room, watching the steady flow of bullion into his coffers like some architect contemplating the graceful outlines of a building that his own genius had erected. I can see him as I saw him last a little over a year ago, old and poor, toiling patiently for those he loved and proud in the honest poverty that had overtaken him in his twilight years. The streets of San Francisco and other California cities teem with men who were the recipients of his generosity in days gone by—and who have forgotten it and him too. In that great city are scores of men who can write the seventh figure after their name, whose wealth is the result of either knavery or oppression. That cannot be said of the quiet old man whom they lay to rest on the hillside at Sausalito last Thursday. All the wrong that was to be suffered he suffered himself, nor asked for any other man's shoulder to ease him of the cruel load. The junior member of the old firm still lives in San Francisco and is rich; and when he hears that his old partner is dead, will dare to insult heaven with a sigh.

Leland Stanford, ex-governor of California and president of the Central Pacific railroad, has suffered a severe blow in the death of his son who was a lad of rare native ability. As there will now be no direct heirs to the governor's vast possessions, he has resolved to devote a large portion of them to the endowment of a school for polytechnic education, like the Cooper institute in New York. It will be located at Palo Alto, now famous as a locality for breeding fast horses; and it is said that the governor contemplates selling off most of his extensive stud for the purpose of converting his magnificent farm into a seat of learning. Men who know the governor, know very well that he is the gentleman of the great quadrumvirate; and that the oppressive attitude of that great corporation toward the people of this state is the work of Huntington and Crocker, rather than of California's first republican governor. For years he has been blamed for much of the sin of others in this respect. For years he has been trying to build up a superior race of horses in that state, regardless of improving the breeding of its boys and men; and I can only regret that it has required such a sacrifice as the loss of an only and well beloved son to bring him to what his innate refinement should have prompted in the first place. But the great school will go ahead and be a fixture, because Stanford has the money to make it go; and his fame as a promoter of the public good and a benefit to all mankind, shall abide and endure long after his last locomotive shall be sent to the scrap pile and Occident lie down to die amid the cockleburrs.

Of all Americans that have lived within the current century, none will leave a fame and name so abiding and enduring as Peter Cooper. He could just as well have left sixty millions to his relatives as to have left six. But he preferred to be a living witness of the effects of his benevolences, and while he left far less money than sixty or eighty other millionaires, who in turn fall below Vanderbilt, Gould and Astor, he will be longer remembered and better known to the English-speaking world than any one of the trio, a hundred years hence. Governor Stanford is a good deal richer man than Peter Cooper ever was, but whether he will accomplish more good to his state and his race is yet to be seen. He has probably seen enough of the folly, as exemplified in the Lick trust, of men leaving their money to benevolent objects, to be carried out after death; and he will see that the good work goes on and is perfected, if possible, during his life time and under his personal supervision. The governor has evidently seen, during his wide experience as a railroad president, that the education furnished by our colleges is too superficial for this age of hard money and hard metal; that to become "men of affairs" young men must be intensely practical in all they undertake; and that to make practical men of them, there must be a sufficiency of manual labor, combined with mental exertion, to make a practical man of business. To use his own words, as reported: "I propose that boys and girls—for it is to be for both sexes—who enter this institution and take a full course, shall, when they come out, know some business or trade so thoroughly that the question of bread and butter shall not be a stumbling block to them on their entrance into life." If the governor can do this, he will have achieved a more enduring fame than any other railroad magnate in America. And better still, he will be eminently deserving of it.

Before another issue of this paper shall have met the eye of its legion of readers, a republican candidate for president of the United States will have been nominated at Chicago; and it is not quite improbable that the candidate so nominated will be Hon. James G. Blaine, of Maine. And while "the plumed knight" is the strongest man before the convention, he will be the weakest of men at the polls. From the very hour that he is nominated, if so be he, Mr. Blaine will be put upon the defensive and kept there until after the polls close in November. His friends will be "rising to explain" until the official returns are all in, and the returns will not be, in my belief, favorable to Mr. Blaine. Yet we cannot always tell about these things. In 1880 I thought Garfield the easiest man to beat between the two oceans, for reasons that need not be repeated here; but he was elected by money furnished through the star route ring. Hence it is bad policy to hope that the other side will nominate a weak man, for that weak man may get elected, and then we are in a nice box. My own preference would be to see Thurman, of Ohio, nominated by the democrats and Edmunds, of Vermont, selected by the republicans. Then, no matter which way the election resulted, the nation could not possibly be the loser.

Mr. Blaine is nothing but a professional politician, and he is the foremost man, in magnetism and personal attractiveness, of that class in America to-day. He is an Agamemnon among the great men of his party, and the greatest politician that has been before the people since the days of Mr. Lincoln. But the question next arises, does this nation want such a man at this time? Has she any need for a man whose reputation is based upon the acts of a party leader, rather than upon the utterances of a political economist or the opinions of a jurisconsult? If Mr. Blaine were elected president, he would be the president, and no secretary or other cabinet officer, however competent, could outline his policy for him. He is aggressive, too, and if he thought the commercial interests of the nation demanded that he should declare war against any foreign power, he would do so as nonchalantly as he would light a cigar. Such a man is not needed now, in these "piping times of peace." The conservative men of the nation, the custodians of great financial and manufacturing interests, and the trustees of important delegated trusts, have no use for any such man, nor will they support him at the polls. The prosperity of the nation depends upon its peace.

On the other hand, every man that ever made a half dollar out of army contracts, or sold rotten blankets to the Indian department, is in favor of Blaine for President. Every man who has been mixed up with political jobbery in the past and wants to taste the Egyptian flesh pots in future, is in favor of Blaine. That he has made some sort of a bargain with his old adversary, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, cannot be questioned for one moment; and it is equally evident that he has arrived at a thorough understanding with the Central Pacific magnates, or they would not have been so ready to champion his cause. Against these selfish and mercenary elements are arrayed all the foremost intellects in the republican party, and in the long run, the conservative element is bound to rule. Capital is sensitive, and the capital is not all employed in American railroads and other transportation enterprises whose owners advocate Mr. Blaine. It figures in banks, insurance companies, and the countless spindles that weave our web of towns that now spans the continent. It was the conservative element that, in 1844, took up the comparatively unknown James K. Polk and with him beat the brilliant orator and astute politician Henry Clay. Eight years later the same element defeated the grand old soldier, Winfield Scott, with the obscure New Hampshire lawyer and pork-and-beans militia general Franklin Pierce. My hope is that Henry Clay's fate will be the fate of Mr. Blaine as well. If he be nominated the votes of 90,000 office holders, men who never calculate to do another day's work while they live and men who are the poor relations of rich republicans, will go far toward electing him, because they have nothing to expect from the democracy.

The latest job of the word-coiner is the word "crat" as a substitute for the slang term or "dude" as applied to dandies. My own idea is that the new word will be short-lived, as the word "dude" is in nowise an appropriate synonym for aristocrat. The latter noun is misused and misapplied by nine-tenths of the men and women who use it, through ignorance of its meaning. It means a person of high culture, by whom neither wealth nor title is needed to establish his claim to the title of gentleman. No person of snobbish traits can ever be an aristocrat, though his wealth surpass the diamond mines of Golconda and his pedigree be longer than the conquest-roll of Don Giovanni. Lord Shaftesbury and the elder Bulwer were aristocrats, but the Earl of Beaconsfield was not nor never could hope to be. Your true aristocrat wears no jewelry and aims to impress you by his erudition and the ease of his manners, rather than by anything remarkable in his apparel or his equipage. He will aim to dress neatly and yet so plainly that no one can remember what he wore. The word "crat" has not much of a future ahead of it. Nevertheless, as the term "gent" is applied generally to persons who are not gentlemen, I suppose it is equally correct to call one a "crat" who has nothing really aristocratic about him.

The fire on Wednesday night showed the true value of the elevator fire defenses, as contrasted with the Clarendon fire, a week earlier. The latter was an old building, three and a half stories high and dry as tinder, while the buildings destroyed by Wednesday's fire were all less than three stories high and some less than two. The fire plugs at the Clarendon fire played directly on the old shell itself, leaving the engines to protect the surrounding property, which they did in excellent style. The need of just such a defense as the hydrant power, on the two front streets south of Morrison, must be evident to the underwriters as well as property holders in that section. Wonder if an additional $500 per month would tempt the elevator folks to extend their hydrants as far south as Madison street? If so, it would be money well invested by the city, for it does not cost even the city as much as to maintain another engine; and every block covered by these hydrants is sure of four good streams as soon as hose can be laid. The manufacturing portion of the city, which lies south of Morrison street, has on hand constantly a large amount of inflammable material, and stands in need of better fire defenses than it now possesses.

The fire of Wednesday morning will have one good effect, however. It will cause the owners of the Davenport property to rebuild with brick several months earlier than they would have done, on account of some leases that had several months to run. These leases are, of course, extinguished by the fire, and they are now ready to begin building as soon as the rubbish can be cleared away. As property in that locality will always rent for large and liberal interest on the cost of the buildings, I hope they will put up at least three-story edifices on their lots, which are centrally located and command the best retail trade in the town. As yet, men of the legal profession have hardly got south of Morrison street, but the erection of commodious offices and suites of rooms will soon carry them there. Wherever an old wooden trap goes down before the devouring element, in the region east of Fourth street there must be a brick edifice to replace it. As all wooden buildings on First street have paid for themselves twice over, and as all the ground is more valuable after they are removed by fire or other causes there is no great need of sympathy with the owners of those that have been burned down. Nearly all of them have money to rebuild at once, and those who have not got it can obtain it on easy [illegible]

The death of Sir Michael Costa [illegible] a great and a pure life. Born in Italy of comparatively obscure parents, he was taken to London in early life and became an Englishman by naturalization. As a musical conductor he probably had no superior in his day, though his modest but true and high love of art shrank from inflicting upon the public such displays of musical pyrotechnics as characterized the concerts of Musard and Jullien. Costa was conductor of Jenny Lind's concerts as long as she sang under management of Lumley, but when the the Swedish lark plumed her wings for a flight to the bowers of Gye he was superseded by Julius Benedict, who afterwards accompanied her in her tour through America. Both these gentlemen were afterwards knighted by the queen, in recognition of their services in the cause of high art, Costa in 1858 and Benedict in the year following. Costa's greatest work is his oratorio of "Eli," but he has written many "Te Deum" and other chants that will long survive him, among them the ever graceful "Zion Awake." Like Gounod, Costa was not a prolific composer, preferring to write but little music and that of superior finish. He was a man of great benevolence, though never rich, but his services were always freely given on all occasions where they could aid a public charity. Sir Michael lacked a few days of being 75 years of age.

"Der more I lif, der longer I findt it, py Chimney Grames, ond," remarked the Teutonic philosopher, and I began to accord to him the meed of superior sagacity. I have lived in this city off and on since 1870, and never until Friday last did I know there was so pretty a place within four miles of this city as Paul Schulze's eyrie on the top of the hill as you go out over the new Mountain View road. It was uncomfortably hot that afternoon, and I went out with a party of six gentlemen from Puget sound to see the parrot cage in the emerald hills. It was nearly 4 o'clock when we reached the summit, and such another view as we had of Vancouver, Rooster Rock and the four great snow peaks. To describe it would be folly, for it would baffle the pen of Conway and give a difficult task to the weird brush of Bierstadt himself. Such a picture as it was, to be sure. Near the house is an artesian well covered by a tower supporting a tank, and to the top of that tower we all ascended. Such a sight seldom falls to the lot of man, and if the Roman Campagna surpasses it in beauty or grandeur, I miss my guess badly. Of all our local millionaires not one has secured such a location as this.

The jovial land agent entertained us very sociably as we sat in the shade of his most hospitable verandah, and saw the two great rivers far below us, laden with busy steamers hurrying to and fro on their errands of "tears and love for the blue, and love and tears for the gray." Hood's glittering peak rose above the emerald setting of Tabor's dewy hill; afar in the solemn silence of the distant Cascades, old Adams reared his burly shoulders; up from the dense woods that fringe the foaming Cowlitz rapids towered the burly sugar loaf of St. Helen; and far to the north, nearly lost in the veil of vernal smoke, the triple crown of Rainier hid itself amid the azure. And while we sat upon the porch of the bachelor-like cottage, its host came out with a pitcher of that delicious mountain water that needed no ice, and a couple of bottles of claret fit for the palate of the lamented Sam Ward. The jolly half-dozen lolled on the grass and smoked cigars, amid stories and laughter, till it was time to go home again, and then the coaches whirled along down the mountain side back to the city. I am in favor of life tenure of office hereafter—Paul Schulze for road supervisor and H. W. Corbett for county commissioner—for we shall have good roads and economical management of all public affairs, as long as they live.

Every one of our successful men who have become rich enough to afford it, should have a country house like the one of which I speak, where he can have cool air and water during the heated term. It should be built as plainly as possible and equally so in its furniture. Comfort is the indispensible thing in a matter of this sort, and so long as that point is covered, luxury is only to be thought of so far as nature sees fit to furnish it. With ash bedsteads and bureaus, floors covered with Chinese matting, and windows covered with common chintz curtains, the millionaire can leave behind his luxurious home and live as his parents lived before him—for ease, health and repose. Half this world is going daft over appearances of what it never had. The plain little cottage of my friend Schulze carries with it a wholesome lesson that richer men than himself could study with profit; and those who go out to visit him as the recluse of Montevideo, will find in that comfortable little snuggery all that there is in life—plenty of good air and lovely scenery, coupled with a hearty welcome. It is good enough for anybody, and I wish I were as well off in these days of torrid heat and dull land breezes.

Before another issue of this paper shall be issued, the election will be over and I will not be sorry. John Myers and Binger Hermann are both my personal friends, and it doesn't make much difference which of them goes to congress, so that my old Oregon City friend, Squire White, gets elected justice of the peace for South Portland precinct. The old gentleman is a walking compendium of early Oregon history, and I feel like electing him until Mount Hood sinks back into the level of the surrounding plains. The old-timers are always my object of special solicitude, and I feel like voting for them both early and often. Thayer will be elected so easily that he won't take the trouble to look over the official returns, and so long as the democracy can "save one for seed," that's about all they can ask. Just wait till Jim Lappeus is elected president of the United States and I am appointed collector of the port of Tillamook, and then I'll set up the champagne for the whole breed of ye. And in that day it shall not be safe for Sam Moreland to tread on the tail of my coat.

GRIZZLY.

## WANTED A DIVORCE.

### The Kentuckian Who Could not Live with a Nervous Woman.

A few days ago, says the Kentucky *State Journal*, a middle aged countryman walked into the office of a prominent Newport attorney and took a seat, when the following conversation took place:

"I called in to see about gittin' a divorce from my wife."

"Ah! what seems to be the difficulty?"

"Well, me and Jinny are always quarrelin', and think it would be better if she would go back to her folks and I stay where I am. She ken take the three children with her."

"Well, you see it's jist this way: Jenny's the most skeeriest woman of tramps ye ever seen, and so when we go up stairs to bed she wants me to look under the bed for a man, when I know there ain't no man there. So you see, that riles me and I gets mad, and then she gets mad, and then there's a fuss. I don't have no peace and can't get no sleep, and I'm a hard working man."

"You can't get a divorce on these grounds, sir."

"I can't?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, I know what I'll do. I'll go home and saw the legs off the bed close up, so a man can't git under. If I had thought of that sooner I might have saved all this time here."

The Rev. William Taylor, who has just been elected missionary bishop for Africa by the Methodist general conference, has had a varied career. Born in Virginia, he went to California as a missionary in 1849, and organized the first Methodist church in San Francisco. In 1856 he began evangelistic work, and spent five years in the eastern states and Canada. In 1866 he left America for Australia, spending several months in England and Ireland and visiting Palestine. He commenced his work in Australia in 1862, and labored there for two years and eight months, performing a remarkable work in Australia, Tasmania and Ceylon. From Australia he went to Africa and preached with success in Cape Colony, Kaffraria and Natal. Then he visited England, spending eleven months in London. In 1870 he visited India and labored a year and a half in Ceylon and southern India with the missionaries of different denominations.

Secretary Lincoln was a member of the Harvard class of '64. He will attend the vigintennial this commencement.

[illegible] it is believed, if the postmaster [illegible] will be E. Wilkinson, or one of [illegible] states. [illegible] the Blaine managers appear to [illegible] which would be [illegible]

putting upon the roll. Mayes and [illegible] Adopted without debate.

With respect to the contest in the Twenty-first Pennsylvania district, the committee recommended that [illegible] Wendling be placed on the rolls. This would leave Mr. West as the only delegate from a district where the seat was not contested.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

Wanted—A man who don't know who will be the presidential nominees. A modest, retiring man, willing to work for his board, and not "sass back," can obtain a permanent situation by addressing S. J., 2 Gramercy Park, New York.

[illegible] Illinois, under the vagrancy act were given a choice between a bread and water diet or square meals with work in the chain gang until their fines are paid. They chose the [illegible]

[illegible] hominy, a plate of cakes, four cups of coffee, and a glass of water. Time, thirty-two minutes. Before eating the above he had partaken of a hearty supper.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1884.

# BRITISH BRILLIANTS.

### A REMINISCENCE OF MACREADY.

Lippincott's Magazine.

I saw Macready much oftener than I have ever seen any other actor, and I studied him more closely, watching him not only from seats that afforded the best view, but occasionally from behind the scenes and while he was superintending rehearsals. I had some conversations with him, one of several hours' duration, chiefly on the subjects of Shakespeare and acting. One night when he was playing "Macbeth" I donned the robes of the doctor, and made my first—and last—appearance "on any stage." I paid no attention to the audience, and the audience, it is to be hoped, paid no attention to me. But I gained the object of the experiment, that of getting a glimpse of the matter from the actor's point of view, comprehending the different perspective, feeling the whirr and bustle of the scene instead of looking at and hearing it from a distance. Macbeth, at my entrance, left the attendants to whom he was giving impatient and imperious orders, and, striding across the stage with a step that seemed to shake the boards, stationed himself so near me that all the lines in his face appeared to be magnified, like those of a picture to the close gaze of a short-sighted man. In tones that sounded like thunder he demanded of me that I should minister to a mind diseased and do other things not then recognized as within the scope of the healing art. On receiving my disclaimer of any such power he turned his back upon me—as one is so apt to do on the doctor who makes a candid acknowledgement of his impotency—and, with that scornful ejaculation which shows how little love Shakespeare had for the canine species—"Throw physic to the dogs!"—strode back to have his armor buckled on, turning, in the intervals of his stormy chidings, to direct some inquiry or splenetic remark to me and at last rushing off to meet the approaching foe. It was like being suddenly transported from the shore to the deck of a vessel tossed by the waves and straining beneath the gale.

### AN ITALIAN SUPERSTITION.

Notes and Queries.

One of the most curious of the many stories connected with the more modern phase of the Noce di Benevento is that of a man of some note and property living in the little commune of Canemorto near Rieti, to whom it was reported that his wife attended these mysterious night gatherings, notwithstanding the distance at which they lived from Benevento. The wife succeeded for a long time in evading all the inquiries he directed to the point, but one day—when, instead of menacing her, he treated the matter as though it interested him and he desired to be initiated into the mysteries—she not only took him into confidence, but excited his imagination so much with the tale of the joys of the swift ride through the air, the sumptuous banquets and enchanting dances at the journey's end, that, in part because she had raised his desires, and in part because he felt unable to credit her story without personal experience, he consented to accompany her on the occasion of her next attendance at the weird entertainment. When the day came round he found she had not overstated the case. The dance of the witches was astounding; nothing could be more appetizing than the scent of the viands spread out in abundance upon the soil. One only thing which marred the feast was the absence of salt; at his wife's instance, however, even this was procured. When it arrived he at sight happened to exclaim, "Ha, the salt is come at last, thank God!" At sound of the holy name the whole scene, witches, broom torches and viands, disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and nothing remained for the unlucky husband but to pass the remainder of the night in blackest darkness on the cold ground. In the morning, falling in with some country people, who wore a costume and spoke a dialect to which he was unaccustomed, he learned that he was indeed at Benevento, though he had gone to bed at Canemorto. All these facts he declared on his oath before the judges of Rieti, nor could they by any means shake his depositions.

### PRIVATE LIFE OF EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Dr. Moritz Busch, in Harper's Magazine.

The private life of the Emperor William flows along very simply. When in Berlin he occupies a comparatively small palace on the corner of the Unter den Linden and the Opera-place, his presence being made known to the Berliners by the red flag with the Landwehr cross, which is then hoisted over the roof. The window of his study on the ground floor looks out upon that point in Unter den Linden where Rauch's statue of Frederick the Great stands. Ordinarily the emperor rises between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning. He dresses at once completely for the day; the convenience of dressing-gown and slippers is unknown to him. The room to which, after a slight breakfast, he goes for work is rather plainly furnished. There is a mahogany writing table covered with writing materials of every kind, packages of letters, small presents from members of his family, and mementoes of battles in the form of paper-weights. Smoking implements fail, for the emperor is no friend of tobacco. On a long and broad table near by lie books, maps, bundles of documents, and papers of various kinds. The emperor sits at his work on an ordinary chair covered with leather, and receives personally all communications, opens them himself, writes his decision on the margin, and hands them to his secretary to be disposed of. One of his peculiarities is his economy in the use of paper and envelopes. In Versailles one evening he announced a new victory of the Germans to the chancellor on a piece of paper which had been torn from a letter. In Berlin the envelopes which reach him with reports from the foreign office addressed, "To his Majesty the Emperor," go back with the "to" erased and "from" substituted, so that the envelope reads, "From his Majesty the Emperor," with "To the Chancellor" written beneath. The emperor's extraordinary capacity for work makes it possible for him to dispose, as a rule, personally of the affairs connected with his office, or at least to direct their disposition in his own way.

### A Cardinal.

The Royal Vatican, Father Curci.

A few days before leaving Rome I went to see a cardinal who has one of the most princely positions among the members of the Curia. The first thing he asked me was whether it was true that I intended going to Florence to write a book there, and what would be the subject of the book. Having answered in general terms that it was true, and that I hoped it would be of some service to the church, he began to exhort me to be on my guard against illusions. Nor was he satisfied with my assurances that I would do my best, but reinforced his arguments by observing that the devil very often interferes in our plans and intentions. Upon this I somewhat lost patience, and all in a breath, and without giving him time to interrupt me, I answered him pretty nearly as follows: "Listen, your eminence. If I, instead of being a simple priest, were to find myself, in the service of the church, occupying this splendid apartment; if I frequented sumptuous banquets and passed through the city in a noble equipage, being at the time perfectly content with myself, and with the church which I supposed myself to be serving after that fashion, then indeed I should greatly fear that I might be under an illusion! But living as I now live in the service of that same church; cast out with ignominy at 75 years of age from ecclesiastical society; separated from lay and domestic society, into which having left it in my early youth, a sense of religious duty prevents me from returning as an old man with no other means of living than 33 soldi (about 16c.) a day allowed me by the government as a member of a suppressed religious community, and the uncertain payment for an occasional mass; with the prospect of ending my days in a refuge for mendicants, or a hospital; and yet feeling myself so cheerful and content that I would not change my condition for all the red hats in the wide world—oh, believe me, your eminence, this is a state of things with which Jesus Christ must have something to do. The devil would be too great a blockhead if he hoped to find followers in the world by means of such seductions as these!"

### JOHN WESLEY A DICTIONARY MAKER.

The British Quarterly Review.

One of the greatest names on the roll of the eighteenth century is John Wesley's; and it may still be news to many who are familiar with his ever memorable achievements in other fields to learn that he also made a journey along the thorny path of dictionary making. His book was published anonymously in 1753, under the somewhat ambitious title, "The Complete English Dictionary. Explaining most of the hard words which are found in the best English writers. By a Lover of Good English and Common Sense. N. B.—The author assures you he thinks this is the best English dictionary in the world." Notwithstanding this title, the book is simply a harking back to the earlier type, viz., an alphabetical list of words, with explanations. One or two samples may be given: "A Methodist, one that lives according to the method laid down in the bible." "Calvanists, they that hold absolute, unconditional predestination." "A Puritan, an old, strict Church of England man."

### DE QUINCEY.

Christopher North, in the National Review.

I was very intimate with, and I believe I am now more intimate with him than any other person, and yet I hardly ever see him. I know where he lives, but hardly ever see him. I have not seen him above four times in six years (if I remember rightly), and yet his family ask tidings of him from me. Since he has left this part of the world he has lived in different places in Scotland—some years in Edinburgh, and so on, as caprice takes him. He is never seen by anyone, as he never leaves his garret except at night, and I well remember there was a kind of mysterious awe when he remained for about a year in my house. The servant placed food for him, which would be untouched so long that they had to prepare other, and then would perhaps see a long bony hand thrust out to take it, and that was all. The only time he himself was seen was sometimes when we had a late party, and then toward midnight he would be observed stealing out to take his walk. His chief expense is opium on which he spends $150 a year, and sometimes will take 4000 or 5000 drops in 24 hours. It is strange it has not the effect on his constitution which it is commonly reported to have, for he appears perfectly well in health and yet at the same time his feelings and sensibilities seem quite benumbed by it. His family has all died off in a most melancholy manner: first his eldest son, then a daughter, and then a younger son, a boy of great promise, who went out to China and died of fever. I had occasion to see him about these things, as he is perfectly unfit to manage a funeral or any thing of the kind, and I was surprised at his calmness and indifference. There seemed to me some doubt at first about the death of his son in China, and this I told him; but when I was obliged afterward to confirm the first intelligence he merely wrote: "I am sorry he is dead, but it was against my advice he went to China at all." He behaved ill when he left "Westmoreland and wrote very bitter papers against Wordsworth" (the fact was his conduct was so unprincipled that Wordsworth would not even affect to countenance him), "and in them most improperly introduced my name, parenthetically, and Prof. Wilson says the same, when I had never said anything of the sort. From this it has been said that I quarreled with Wordsworth, whom, God knows, I love and revere as I have always done, and am so far from envy and jealousy toward him as man can be. I had too much pride to enter into any explanation to Wordsworth but I have never ceased to love him, and his warmth and cordiality to me and my daughter when we lately met quite affected me." De Quincey, however, is a remarkable man, and his conversation is wonderful his writings, too are most powerful and argumentative when he is free from opium.

### WORDSWORTH AND BYRON.

Swinburne in the Nineteenth Century.

There are faults of style perceptible, no doubt, in poets of real greatness; Wordsworth's for instance, are vexations to the most loyal and thankful student in no small degree; but they are such faults as are possible to a great poet in moments of great perversity; Byron's most distinctly, are not. His lava kisses and his baby earthquakes; his walls which have scalps, and pinnacle those scalps (was ever such jolterheaded jargon heard before, from Bedlam to Parnassus?) in cloud less thick than the confusion of such a chaos of false images; his stormy nights that are lovely in their strength as is—of all things on earth—the light of a woman's dark eye, or a dark in woman; his day that dies like a dolphin; his "grocer's shop kept by one 'Nightingale'"—as Landor ingeniously expounded the long insoluble conundrum with which the "Bride of Abydos" confronts all comers on the threshold; these and other such hideous absurdities oblige us to reconsider the question, whether the generation of our fathers may not have been right after all in deciding—as we know from so illustrious a spokesman as Thackeray that his young contemporaries, in the freshness of their enthusiasm for Wordsworth, Keats and the rising star of Tennyson, did most unhesitatingly and vehemently decide—that this idol of our grandfathers or grandmothers could maintain no higher title to fame than one which is the appanage of every successful press man or improvisatore—the title of a very clever man. One thing is very certain; no man with a touch of true spiritual instinct could have perpetrated such monstrous stupidities. The perpetrator had fancy, wit, fire, natural and artificial, with very remarkable energy and versatility, but in all the composition of his highly composite nature there was neither a note of real music nor a gleam of real imagination. If these certainly rather considerable defects are held sufficient to deprive a man of all claim to the title of poet, then undoubtedly Byron is no more of a poet than any of the tribe of dunces decimated by Pope. But the same may be said of Pope himself, and the present writer at least is not Wordsworthian enough to insist, in the name of critical accuracy, that the title of poet—"with a difference"—may not be granted to the authors of "Don Juan" and the "Rape of the Lock."

### THE DIVINE SIDDONS—THE INIMITABLE JOHN.

Fortnightly Review.

"Tragedy is no more!" sighs the old playgoer. "Oh, for the palmy days of the divine Sarah Siddons and the inimitable John Kemble. Then there were Titans in the land, giants of thew and sinew!" May it not be that the divine Siddons mouthed and strutted, that the inimitable John was prosy and stilted; that, instead of holding up a mirror to nature, the celebrated pair made use of a conventional and artificial series of passions invented by their predecessors? We know that the audiences of the past were not hung on such delicate wires as are those of the present. They could crush and fight at a pit door for seven hours, and then stand through a five act tragedy with unruffled serenity and content. Persons of eminence sat on the stage impeding the performance, while beaus and belles gabbled to such an extent, "making a nauseous appearance in a side box," as Cibber put it, that actors were sometimes compelled to shout in order to be heard above the din. There could have been but little genuine illusion about that stage. Mme. Pritchard ran up and down the conventional gamut of her false passions with rounded elbow, and bounced to and fro in her great hoop, and beaus paused in their rackets to cry, "Stap my vitals, but the slut is fine!" returning presently to the more natural and engrossing business of gallantry. The accomplished Foote said to Henderson, who sought an engagement at the little Haymarket, "Stick to the sock, young gentleman. Tragedy is theatrical bombast, the very lungs of the theater."

### FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

London Society.

Beholding the always good humored and ever amusing man, you would scarcely believe that no pen is more dreaded in France than his, that no organ of the press has greater power than his voice and that a simple remark of his is sufficient to make or destroy a reputation. No wonder that he is quite surrounded by all the *gloires en herbes*, and worshiped even by those who have already attained the heights of fame, for one sarcasm of this amiable despot is as much feared as a hail storm upon silver wings. A true *enfant de Rabelais*, he is ever witty, and not rarely oversteps the borders of the strictly permissible; but this is easily forgiven for the amusing way in which he does so. When I came to Paris he asked me to call about 12 and have breakfast with him, it being his custom to receive his visitors daily at that hour. As soon as I had crossed the threshold of his dining room I understood his kind motive in doing so, for I found Francisque Sarcey surrounded like a pasha in his harem, by more than a half dozen young actresses, who had still their way to make through all the thorny stage paths, and whose appearance showed but too well how glad and thankful they must have felt, for the excellent meal which was offered to them. I cannot say that the conversation of this strange company was very edifying; but it was full of sparkling wit, and so amusing that I forgot to be shocked, and could not help joining in their laughter. Perhaps the most amusing feature of the thing was to witness the jealousy with which these poor creatures spoke of the stars of the day. It was ever and again a repetition of that old, old story which Ouida has so well related in the preface of "Friendship;" always the same. "Why do you shine?" at the bottom of all those bitter streams. Sarah Bernhardt, of course, got her share, notwithstanding the warm way in which Francisque Sarcey took her part, which made one of the little fairies exclaim: "Oh, nous savons bien que vous ne voudrez jamais entendre du mal d'elle!" To which he answered most cordially: "Non, certainement; j'adore Sarah; c'est une artiste hors ligne." I need scarcely add the shower of exclamations which envy thereupon caused to pour from all those rosy lips. But others, too, got their turn; and I shall long remember the sunny and naughty gossip I heard around the breakfast table on that rainy morning, and the amused look of Francisque Sarcey, whose little smile revealed but too well how he fathomed the motives hidden under those words, to which he seemed to listen in such a kind parental way.

### A DINNER AT HAYWARD'S.

The Fortnightly Review.

The chambers were far from large, but there was one—stern with yellowish law books—that could be playfully called the drawing room; another reserved for the dinner; and, this last room having been furnished with what at Oxford and Cambridge is called a "buttery hatch," the business of waiting was made as quiet as possible, so as not to interfere with the talking. By taking unbounded pains—and that, after all, is the secret—Hayward made it a certainty that, however unpretentious his dinners, the food and the wine should be the best of their kind. Remembering that he was a host, Hayward used not to speak at these dinners so much as he did elsewhere; and knowing that some of his guests had come anxious to hear a full sample of some celebrated man's conversation, he would help to give them what they most sought, would carefully open a channel for the torrent of Sydney Smith's wit or—not perhaps always so willingly—consent to "give Macaulay his head." George Smythe once desiring to know whether he who was so great in soliloquy could also perhaps converse, laid hold of a momentary opening, and then all at once, flung a paradox across the dinner table at the head of Macaulay, saying boldly that tobacco had done more for the human race than intellect. Macaulay was not a wit, but his answer, if a little too ponderous for so light a society, was, at all events, ready. "You prefer, he said, "a cow ruminating to Plato philosophizing;" and then having regained what in parliament they call the "possession of the house," he went on to make use of his ownership. The brilliant women who adorned these little dinners used to hold their own splendidly in the midst of the intellectual fire-works; for by using her acknowledged prerogative, and disclosing the least wish to speak, any one of them could of course gain a hearing for her brief, lively comment, thus making a most delightful "break" in the conversation and winning the heartfelt gratitude of all—except perhaps the man interrupted. When banishing themselves for a while to what passed, with a smile, as "the drawing-room," (where, although not catching the words, they could still hear the cadence of speech and the frequent roar of the laugh,) they did not therefore lie idle. They reviewed the reviewers, "rearranged" the celebrities like so many pieces of rococo furniture, and weighing all the men in the balance, declared that they were none of them "wanting." Yet, true to their heavenly mission of preventing stagnation, and calling young worlds into existence to upset the balance of the old, they used, if they could to pronounce for the newly found hero, whom—perhaps by their special command—Hayward's care had provided to meet them. Once, during the not prolonged interval of separation from the men, they possessed themselves of Hayward's writing materials, and drew up a lovely "round-robin" expressive of the delight the party had given them, and replete with delicious praises. The paper must somewhere exist, or how could there have lived a barbarian, a barbarian so lost to all feeling, as to destroy that delightful and now, alas! sacred record?

### ART AND RELIGION.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Rationalism and naturalism commonly go hand in hand, and Christian art cannot consort with such companionship. M. Renan severs Christ from the Godhead; robs religion of its miracles; bills the sacred dove, the symbol of the divine presence in the church, and artists under democratic and rationalistic sway, paint down to this Nihilistic level. We remember, eight years ago in the salon, a notable "Crucifixion," which deservedly provoked a storm of criticism. The painter, no less a man than M. Bonnat gloated over the tortured muscles like an anatomist and plied his pencil as a dissecting knife. With barbaric realism and gladiatorial furor, he depicted sinews throbbing and limbs writhing under agony. The demonstration was purely physical and organic; spiritual and supernatural powers were wholly excluded; not even Caravaggio or Spagnoletto, the coarsest of Neapolitan naturalists, touched so low a depth. Clothed equally in coarse, repulsive realism, appeared in the last salon "La Martyre de Jesus de Nazareth," by M. Morot, a painter distinguished as holder of le Prix de Rome and of a grand medaille d'honneur. The title itself is significant of the leveling going on under democracy and humanitarianism. In place of the sacrifice of the son of God is the mere martyrdom of a man! The figure is that of an athlete, and instead of resignation to the divine will is the attitude of defiance. In the same Salon, still more repulsive and brutal were M. Brunet's "Gibets du Golgotha." The sacred theme here again is treated as a profane drama; the sentiment of religion is polluted by passion; the gross materials which surge to the surface at the centers of political action are thrown coarsely on canvas. The whole product is of the earth earthy. In the religious art of Italy the handling was refined and delicate as the sentiment, the colors were unsullied as the rainbow; here, on the contrary the work is worthy of a bricklayer; the pigments are laid on with a trowel; the colors might be taken from the mud of the streets. Lost to all sense of religion is the religious art of France.

### A New Canal.

American Engineer.

This is certainly the era of canals, of intercommunication from ocean to ocean and from sea to sea, by waterways cut through continents and great lengths of land. The latest project is the union of the Baltic with the North sea, by means of a canal, the construction of which is reported to be on the point of being taken in hand. The canal is designed to commence at a point between Brunsbuttel and St. Margarethen, on the Elbe, to pass Rendsburg, and to end at the bay of Kiel, near Holtenau, south of the great fortifications of Freidrichfort. The length is to sixty miles, the depth at low water, 29 feet 6 inches, and the width 328 feet. Thus the largest ships will be able to pass at all hours of the tide in both directions. Inasmuch as the canal is entirely under the control of Germany, her men-of-war will be able to avoid the perilous passage of the belt, which Denmark can at present impede by her coast batteries and by torpedoes. But the principal use of the canal will be that of the merchant vessels, which will be glad to avoid the long tour around the Kattegat, and the receipts from which service are expected in time to cover the cost of the construction of the canal.

### A GRIEFLET.

"I've a grieflet at my heart, et,
That naught on earth will cure;
I've a sighlet in my soullet
I hardly can endure.

"I'd a girllet at a dancelet.
Ten dollars all around;
My last centlet took a skiplet
And left me hard aground.

"There's no hopelet in my lifelet,
I'm sad, despondent man;
There's a dimplet in my mouthlet,
From Beersheba to Dan

"And the whylet of my grieflet,
I can tell you p. d. q.;
'Twas the paint of the girllet,
Who sought an interview

"When the girllet reached her homelet,
The old man met us late
And his footlet in his bootlet
Caught me hanging on the gate."

### Ants in Brazil.

So numerous were the ants, says Southey, and so great was the mischief which they committed, that the Portuguese called this insect the king of Brazil; but it is said by Piso that an active husbandman easily drove them away either by means of fire or water; and the evil which they did was more than counter-balanced by the incessant war which they waged against all other vermin. In some parts of South America they march periodically in armies, such myriads together that the sound of their coming over the fallen leaves may be heard at some distance. The inhabitants, knowing the season, are on the watch, and quit their houses, which these tremendous but welcome visitors clear of centipedes forty-legs, scorpion, snake, every living thing; and having done their work proceed upon their way.

# HORACE GREELEY.

## The Great Republican Editor and his Almost Tragical Death.

### DIED IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

### Mr. Greeley's Exhaustion from Severe Brain Labor, Profound Insanity after the Memorable Presidential Election of 1872.

Joe Howard in Philadelphia Press.

"Don't send me away, Alvy." "Please don't, Alvy." "Please let me stay, won't you, Alvy?"

These are not the baby prattle of a child, but the piteous wail of one of the great intellects of the age—the best journalistic fighter known to the world. He founded the New York *Tribune*. He wrestled with giants. He was a presidential candidate of a great party, opposed to a greater, of which he was one of the originators. Health and strength, nerve and muscle failed him, and he died in a mad house. Horace Greeley was a large man, with a big head, packed with strength of unusual force and weaknesses of unusual dimensions. He combined the cunning and craft of the fox with the courage of a lion and the cowardice of a sheep. On occasions he planted himself upon immutable truth, whose foundations were like pillars of granite, and again allowed himself to float along the waters of expediency, with shadows and bubbles for his companions.

Two pictures presented themselves to me this morning which brought the old time Horace Greeley before my eye, and unrolled a panorama of the past, with all its regretful memories, like a flash. One was Isaac England, publisher of the *Sun* newspaper, a friend whom I have known and tied to for a quarter of a century, a sterling sturdy man, of practical ability, a good type, an intelligent editor a far-seeing publisher. The other was a coffin in which reposed the dead body of Alvin J. Johnson, formerly a publisher in this city, best known, however, to a large circle as Horace Greeley's friend.

England was brought up with Horace Greeley. He was a bright, ambitious, tow-headed youth, and struggled with a long and portentous name—Isaac Wilberforce England. Precisely what he originally did I do not know, but I think he was a boy in the composing room, whence he was graduated as a reporter. In time he became city editor of the *Tribune*, and paid more attention to his business than to his appearance, so much so that the other boys made fun of him; but while they were making fun he was making money, and, parenthetically I may remark some of them have been very glad of it in later years. England soon became one of the recognized forces of the *Tribune*, and until he left its service to share the fortunes of Mr Dana, first in Chicago and subsequently here he was a wheel-horse whose judgment, tact and sagacity, and honest endeavor were regarded by his associates as a significant part of the *Tribune* plant.

When England returned to this city, and the *Sun* was put, by his tremendous endeavor and the sagacity of Amos Cummings, the two being Mr. Dana's chief assistants, upon its feet. Horace Greeley on one occasion visited the office, and England took great pride and pleasure in showing his former employer the entire establishment, from the press room, two stories under ground to the composing room in the mansard roof. Referring to this visit of Greeley's to-day Mr. England said: "Had I known what I know now, how cheerfully I would have seen that the old gentleman was given a chair in the *Sun* office, with an income equal to any he ever enjoyed, for the balance of his life, even if he didn't write more than a line a year." Some years preceding Mr. Greeley's dicker with the democratic party, he had a severe attack of brain fever. Mr. Johnson was then, as subsequently, one of Horace's "friends," but Tom Acton, then president of our Metropolitan police, now chief of the assay office in this city, was closer. Acton took Greeley to his pleasant farm in Connecticut, where, by careful nursing and sedulously avoiding politics and all exciting topics, with a comfortable room, well kept and plenty to eat and drink, he brought back to their original status the nerves and muscles which, when in healthful condition, combined to make one of the great men of the century.

Meantime the intimacy with Johnson grew and grew, although keen-eyed observers regarded the affiliation as one of a class, for there never was a man who had more hangers-on than Horace Greeley, and, in later years, when the *Tribune's* course attracted the sorrowful notice of its best friends, Johnson stood close and firm by his side. You remember, of course, Mr. Greeley's resignation was a temporary affair, in case of defeat. Had he been elected president he wouldn't have resumed his position as editor in chief of the *Tribune*. As it was, a different class succeeded him, headed by the present editor, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who, while politically and pecuniarily ambitious, was and always has been an out-and-out partisan, with no taint of concealment or shadow of deceit, so far as his political course and writing are concerned. Greeley's struggles and work in that campaign will never be forgotten. The task before him was tremendous. It was as though a tender child had endeavored to push an enormous load up hill. He was sensitive to criticism, and took to heart every unkind and ungenerous word said by his oldtime friends, having at no time a restful home, where real domesticity gave him what his used-up nature demanded and needed, he sought such aid and help as outside associations could furnish. I remember he passed some time during the campaign in the house of a friend in Brooklyn. At times he went into the country, at others he went to Mr. Johnson's. Now it makes no difference how intimate you are with this, that or the other person, there is no place like home for a tired head and weary body. A man wants his own room, his own bed, his own pillows, his own bath, his own night shirt, his own everything, when he is utterly exhausted with mental or physical labor.

These things Horace Greeley never had. I dare say there will be some people who will pop up and say he had a good home, affectionate children and all that. I don't intend to be drawn into any argument; I simply make a statement—a bold assertion. All who knew Horace Greeley well will know he never had in his lifetime that grand domestic rest which a man of his peculiarly nervous temperament absolutely demanded.

As time rolled on it became perfectly clear to the entire country that Greeley would be defeated. He was plunged into despondency so deep that no man can estimate it; but, with all the certainty of disaster before him there was a glimmer of hope which made him think that perhaps and possibly there would come the unexpected, which, as we know, often happens. It didn't happen on this occasion, and his defeat was one of the tremendous developments which seem, like an ocean tide, now and then to roll over this country from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore. Then came the reaction. If ever a poor, tired head needed a soft and downy pillow, his did. If ever an exhausted and worn physique needed the calm seclusion of an affectionate home and tender care of those who loved him, his did. What did he get? He was hospitably welcomed in the house of Mr. Alvin Johnson, and there he went for the rest and calm his body needed. Without presuming to follow the thread of motive which has been suggested by some of Mr. Greeley's friends, without intending by word or hint to traverse the good intention of Mr. Johnson, Mr. Reid, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Anybody whose pecuniary interests perhaps was better served with Mr. Greeley out of the way than back in the *Tribune*, I am confronted by this one fact, that instead of the gentle, loving, affectionate treatment given him by Mr Acton. Mr. Greeley's condition was judged by Mr. Johnson and his friends to be such as to demand the treatment of a lunatic asylum. We all know what that is. We all know what "seclusion" means. We all know what "precautions" signify. Every sensitive heart can take in, with the aid of imagination, the experience of terror, of helplessness, of apprehension that this man suffered in common with all others so confined. Men of experience thought he was in no condition to attend to the *Tribune's* affairs, and that there was no need of him. The same hand now resting firmly upon its rudder guided it then. *One day*, it is said, when Mr. Greeley's "eccentricities" had developed in rather extreme fashion, his hat was put upon his head, and his other clothing given him, and he was told that it was necessary for him to go elsewhere. I can see the amazement with which the old man, who in spite of his worthy wisdom in certain directions was as big a baby as ever was born, regarded his informant. The man who told me subsequently said it was positively pitiful to see the child like tenacity with which Greeley clung to the railing and beseeched his friends not to take him away, but to let him stay where he was: "Don't send me away, Alvy; please don't, Alvy; please let me stay; won't you, Alvy?" he repeated. But, to make a long story short, he was bundled into the carriage and off he went.

I feel, and always have felt, a peculiar interest in this because of a great wrong that was attempted upon me at that time. I know perfectly well, no matter how, that Mr. Greeley had been taken from Johnson's house and was confined in a lunatic asylum. It was believed then, and the belief is revived now, that had Horace Greeley been taken to a home where gentle, loving, tender and accustomed hands might have administered to him, he could have been brought out of his brain trouble precisely as he was brought out of a similar trouble by his old friend Tom Acton many years before.

### CHARLES O'CONOR.

Some of the Traits and Talents of the Great New York Lawyer—His Ill-starred Marriage.

Mr. O'Conor was a native of New York city. He was born in 1804, the son of an Irish gentleman of fine culture. His parents were members of the Catholic church, to which their son has been attached throughout his long life. He did not receive a university education, but the surroundings of his life during boyhood favored precocity and strength in the development of his mental powers. He was under age when admitted to the bar, soon made his mark among the lawyers of New York and before he was 30 years old had won distinction among them. Twenty years later his fame was national and he was in the receipt of what were regarded in those days as enormously large fees for his professional services.

Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham who was associated with Mr. O'Conor in the prosecution of the Tweed ring suits, gives a brief narrative of Mr. O'Conor's connection with that great legal campaign, and also some testimony to the singular traits of character that distinguished the celebrated lawyer. Mr. Peckham said:

"It is no extravagance to say that the whole nation will sustain a loss in the death of Mr. O'Conor, because he belonged to a race of lawyers and patriots who are now, unhappily, very scarce. He did effective work in behalf of the city, and waked and went to sleep working his powerful intellect and thinking unceasingly of a way of restraining the wholesale plunder of the Tweed ring. About the fall of 1870 the attorney general was instructed to institute proceedings against Tweed. Mr. O'Conor had already been in consultation with Mr. Tilden, and Mr. Tilden had at that time partly completed his investigation of the accounts of the Broadway bank. The result was the organization of a bureau consisting of O'Conor, Wm. M. Evarts, Judge Emott and myself, for the purpose of taking such legal steps as were thought advisable for the prosecution of the ring suits. Suits were then commenced against Tweed, Ingersoll, Fields and Connolly, which were vigorously pushed, until the court of appeals finally decided in the Ingersoll case that such suits could not be maintained in the name of the people. After that Mr. O'Conor bent all his energies to procure the legislation of 1874 providing for the maintenance of such suits. In conformity with such legislation the final suits were instituted. Mr. O'Conor never showed any personal animosity throughout the whole course of the Tweed conflict."

Of late Charles O'Conor lived in the salubrious atmosphere of Nantucket. The story is told that some years ago he was engaged in an important lawsuit, in which many very old people appeared as witnesses. He was struck by the fact that some of these were ninety odd years of age, and that those who owned to 60 or 70 thought themselves very young. Further inquiry brought out the fact that they were mostly from Nantucket. He made himself a promise that if ever he could get away from his practice and settle down to the serious business of prolonging his life he would go to Nantucket. Accordingly to Nantucket he went.

He was possessed of large but not opulent means, as is understood by the expression in these days of great fortunes. His wealth probably does not exceed $1,000,000, earned by hard work in his profession, and the fortunate appreciation of real estate in which he invested money. In mature middle age Mr. O'Conor married one of his clients, a widow of the Livingston family. The match was unfortunate, she being a Protestant, and their opinions and tastes being in other matters than religion opposite and disagreeing. After a short time they separated, but the husband retained an affectionate memory of the lady whom he had married, expressed in tears when the news of her death reached him. Mr. O'Conor had no children.

In politics he was a democrat. During the presidency of Pierce he acted as district attorney for a few months. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1864. His nomination for the presidency in 1868 resulted in a few votes being cast for him in several states. Of late years his retirement from the cares of active life as a professional man and citizen has been absolute.

### THE REGIMENT'S PRIDE.

The Famous Eagle, "Old Abe," of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment.

St. Nicholas Magazine.

Although not pertaining to the writer's own personal recollections, there yet may appropriately be introduced here some brief mention of another pet, who from being the "pride of the regiment," gradually arose to the dignity of national fame. I mean "Old Abe," the war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin volunteers.

Whoever it may have been that first conceived the idea, it was certainly a happy thought to make a pet of an eagle. For the eagle is our national bird, and to carry an eagle along with the colors of the regiment, on the march and in battle, was surely very appropriate indeed.

"Old Abe's" perch was on a shield, which was carried by a soldier, to whom, and to whom alone, he looked as to a master. He would not allow any one to handle or to carry him except this soldier, nor would he ever receive his food from any other person's hands. He seemed to have sense enough to know that he was sometimes a burden to his master on the march, and, as if to relieve him would occasionally spread his wings and soar aloft to a great hight, the men of all the regiments cheering him as he went up. He regularly received his rations from the commissary, the same as any enlisted man. Whenever fresh meat was scarce and none could be found for him by foraging parties, he would take things in his own hands, as it were, and go out on a foraging expedition himself. Sometimes he would be gone two or three days at a time; but he would invariably return, and seldom came back without a young lamb or a chicken in his talons. His long absences occasioned his regiment no concern, for the men knew that, though he might fly many miles away, he would be quite sure to find them again.

At Jackson, Mississippi, during the hottest of the battle before that city, "Old Abe" soared up into the air and remained there from morning till the fight closed at night, having greatly enjoyed, no doubt, his rare bird's-eye view of the battle. He did the same at Mission Ridge. He was, I believe, struck by the enemy's bullets two or three times, but his feathers were so thick that his body was not much hurt. The shield on which he was carried, however, showed so many marks of the enemy's balls that it looked on top as if a groove-plane had been run over it.

At the centennial exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876, "Old Abe" occupied a prominent place on his perch, on the west side of the nave in the agricultural building. He was still alive, though growing old, and the observed of all observers. As was but just and right, the soldier who had carried him during the war continued to have charge of him after the war was over, until the day of his death, which occurred at the capital of Wisconsin two or three years ago.

### Bringing a Young Man to Time.

Chicago Tribune.

The other night, when one of our prominent society young men called to see his girl, he found her mother sitting quietly before the fire. After bidding him good evening she looked him fully in the face and said: "Do you really love my daughter Emma?" "Well—ah—my dear madam," stammered the youth, turning red in the face, "I have only been coming to see your daughter two months, and I really think you are a little premature in propounding such a question." "That's where we differ, young man. If the seed of your sowing now will bring forth a matrimonial harvest I'm willing to put up with you awhile longer, but if you are coming here three nights out of the week just to pass away time you had better cease coming at once." "Yes. Well; really, madam," put in the youth, his voice all in a quiver, "since you press me so closely for an answer, I must admit that I am very fond of Emma, and that I live for her alone—" "Yes," broke in the anxious mama, "that's the trouble with you young men; you waste too much time living for a girl alone, when you ought to be living with her. I'm a plain, old-fashioned woman and always say what I think. Now, I'm willing to give you a month longer as a trial, but if at the end of that time I don't see a spankin' new ring on Emma's finger your visits to this house will be cut off." And then to the great relief of the young man she left the room and sent in her daughter, who, of course, was utterly unconscious of the "good licks" her mother had been putting in for her.

# OUR FISHING INTERESTS.

## An Interesting Paper Read before the California Academy of Sciences.

### THE WEALTH UNDER WATER.

### What Has been Done and What can be Accomplished—Food Fishes of the Pacific Ocean—Clams on Puget Sound.

San Francisco Bulletin.

At the meeting of the academy on the night of the 19th, Joseph D. Redding, son of the late Ben. B. Redding, and his successor as fish commissioner, read a long and very interesting paper on the "Fish Interests of California," treating them from the economic standpoint, and not attempting to go into the mysteries of fish culture. He referred to the geographical position and physical peculiarities of California, which gave it unrivaled advantages, not only for commercial and agricultural purposes, but for pisciculture. Within the past quarter of a century, fishing as a means of livelihood, wherein each successful haul exhausted so much of the capital, has developed and elevated itself into an industry ranking all others in prolificness of its returns and the greatness of its possibilities. We have ascertained that the waters can be sown as well as reaped with the ocean for a farming ground. It is about 130 years since it was discovered that the spawn and milt of fish could be brought in contact artificially and fecundated. We are all more or less familiar with the experiments and results of Jacobi in this direction. Strange to say, a century elapsed before the world awoke to the importance of the discovery. It is reported that Dom Pinchon, a monk of the fifteenth century, "conceived the idea of artificially fecundating the egg of trout by pressing out in turn the products of a male and female of this species into water which he afterward agitated with his finger," and thence hatching the eggs by means of boxes with willow grating, placed in flowing water; this, however, is uncertain and buried in obscurity.

THE CHINESE AND ROMANS.

The Chinese and ancient Romans were in the habit, at certain seasons of the year, of collecting the impregnated eggs of salmon, trout and sturgeon, and placing them in their private preserves to hatch. The method pursued by the Chinese to obtain impregnated eggs, is related by Duhalde in his history of the Chinese empire. The general impetus which has been given to fish culture by the civilized countries dates back only within the last twenty-five years. Numerous regulations and ordinances had existed in many countries, especially England, France, and Germany, against the destruction of spawn and the catching of fish out of season, but to no avail. No matter how severe the penalty, the depredations continued, and streams once abounding in salmon and shad became exhausted and barren. At one time it was a capital offense in Scotland to catch salmon out of season, and in France the penalty was the whipping post. I refer to this for the purpose of showing that, in my opinion, artificial propagation is the primary duty of the Fish Commission, and that, however vigorous the measure taken, it is futile to expect to keep our streams supplied by concentrating our efforts on the establishment and maintenance of fish laws, and making the fecundating and hatching of eggs of secondary importance. History shows us that severe laws and restrictions can do but little toward maintaining the supply of fish in a country increasing in population and improved fishing apparatus. Although several European countries may have immediately preceded the United States in giving a national impetus to fish culture, yet we have outstripped them. The United States has appropriated $1,190,000 to the development of this important industry, and the investigations made have been of incalculable benefit, not only to this country but to Europe.

FISH CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

The commission of fisheries of California was appointed under an act of the legislature, entitled, "An act to provide for the restoration and preservation of fish in the waters of the state," approved April 2, 1872. The gentlemen who first composed it devoted several years of arduous and enthusiastic labor, without compensation, to the subject, and to these gentlemen are we indebted for the progress our state has made in fish culture. Many choice varieties of fish have been introduced successfully, especially the shad, which is already beginning to fill our markets, and in one or two years will be as abundant and as cheap as the salmon. It has been proven that most any variety of fish can find a congenial home in our waters. The commission, with the assistance of the United States fish commission, has had hatched and deposited in the headwaters of the Sacramento and tributaries, within the last ten years, over 15,000,000 of young salmon. The result is that the salmon catch in the Sacramento river has been marked and regular. The catch for 1875 was 5,098,600 lbs., in round numbers; for 1876, 5,311,000 lbs; for 1877, 6,400,000 lbs; for 1678, 6,520,000 lbs; for 1879, 4,432,000 lbs; for 1880, 10,887,000 lbs; for 1881, 9,600,000 lbs; for 1882, 9,605,000 lbs. This shows a general and continuous increase, with certain fluctuations incident to extreme droughts or other natural disturbances.

THE HATCHING OF YOUNG SALMON.

The hatching and depositing of these young salmon, was an experiment, and the results establish, beyond a doubt, that it is within our grasp to build up a great river industry along our river banks, employing millions of capital and giving work to man, thousands; but a totally different regime must be instituted than now exists. Many streams have been replenished with our native and imported trout, by the efforts of the commissioners, and they have succeeded in passing important laws for the protection of the fish, during the spawning season; but the whole work up to the death of Mr. Redding had been experimental. As he often remarked: "We are but on the threshold of this work. We are just beginning to find out what California can do in fish culture." We fully appreciated that the object of the commission was not merely to stock our mountain streams and rivers with choice varieties for the sportsman and for the table, but to show to the people that it lies within their power to take a leading place in the commercial department of fish industry. Four things at present militate against the development of the salmon-canning industry, as well as the general progress of our fish interests: I.—The presence, in vast swarms, of seals and sea-lions at the Golden Gate. II.—The debris in the Sacramento river. III.—The universal disregard of the fish laws on the part of the fishermen themselves. IV.—Dams across streams.

THE SEAL AND SEA LIONS.

The seal and sea lions have been preserved by a special law in their behalf, and those at the Golden Gate are now protected by our city fathers. They have increased in numbers until they infest every quarter of our harbor. These carniverous monsters weigh from 200 to 700 pounds; each and every one will eat 25 pounds of fish daily.

Not only salmon, but all kinds of fish suffer. Fishermen will not obey the laws, and the laws themselves are inadequate. The $5000 appropriated by the legislature could be easily spent for the single purpose of prosecuting violators of the fish laws on the Sacramento river. With so small an appropriation, what investigations and experiments can we make, in regard to our marine fishes and their culture, a branch of the industry hitherto untried? An appropriation of $15,000 a year, at least, is needed, and it is very small indeed when we consider to what advantage it could be spent. With it we could establish our own salmon-hatching station on the McCloud, and turn into the streams 10,000,000 of young salmon yearly. We could employ experienced deputies, clothed with the powers of sheriffs, to patrol our rivers. We could build ponds for black bass and white fish, and have three or four hatcheries for trout throughout the state.

MARKET FISH OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

Most important of all, we could establish a nursery for salt water fish, and experiment with the market fish of the Atlantic coast, and shell fish, and with the assistance of Professor Baird make a thorough investigation of the habits of our marine fish; the causes of their decrease; their breeding times; their relation to the water temperatures and their embryological history. So far, the efforts of the commissioners in transporting salt water fish alive from the Atlantic coast, have been attended with but little results. "The truth is, that the science of fish culture is so young that the preservation alive and the transportation of saltwater fish is, as yet, entirely experimental. In 1874 Livingston Stone succeeded in bringing overland, alive, a number of lobsters. They were placed in deep water out near the Heads. They never have been heard from that I am aware of, and probably were devoured by the

[illegible] wanted to [illegible] his mind these things he had heard, and marking the answers in his grammar lesson down on his side, wide, white cuffs.

Thousands saved from death by Dr. Kose's New Discovery for consumption. Trial Bottles free.

[illegible] per week, delivered, Sunday excepted [illegible]

Enclose 10 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office, for the [illegible] Oregonian. The best medium to circulate in the east.

A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

Within the reach of all, price $1 per bottle—Celery, Beef and Iron.

LARGE, DEVELOPED AND [illegible] is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly indorsed. Interested persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars by addressing ERIE MEDICAL CO., P. O. Box 513, Buffalo, N. Y.—Toledo Evening Bee.

ITCHING PILES. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.
SYMPTOMS—Moisture, intense itching [illegible]
Also for Tetter, Blotches, all Itch Diseases.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WOODARD, CLARK & CO.
Authorized Agents
Wholesale and Retail Druggists
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Dr. E. C. Brown, Diseases of Eye & Ear, 120 First St.

As soon as the dog was released he rushed wildly through the crowd, searching for his charge and seemed utterly frantic until again beside the child. Shortly afterward the mother of the child came to the Bee office to advertise for her daughter who had strayed from home. A reporter informed her of the event narrated above, she visited the station house and soon had her darling clasped to her breast. All those who witnessed the scene were loud in the praises of the sagacious canine.

## PAUPERIZING CATTLE.

### Facts Showing that they Require Exercise as Well as Food in Winter.

Boston Daily Advertiser.

One of the religious papers, dealing with the subject of mission work in the western states and territories, draws an illustration from the experience of the men who know all about cattle. In New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming territory, and all along those lines of longitude, millions of cattle subsist through all the winter seasons on the native grass without being fed. The cattle king of Wyoming told me when I was laboring there, that from the severity of some of their winters they lost from 3 to 5 per cent. of their cattle. I asked why they did not keep a supply of hay to help the weaklings through? "Give them hay and they quit work, and their example tends to demoralize the herd—cheaper to let them die." A friend of mine in Nevada, who has a stock ranch, told me that once in the severity of a hard winter he bought a stack of hay to tide his weakly cattle through a cold snap. His supply of hay was not at all adequate to the length of the winter season, but would sustain life till the snow should pass away and allow the cattle access to the grass; but, to his great disappointment, all the cattle admitted to the haystack lay down by it as soon they filled themselves. Then when hunger returned they would walk to the water trough and drink, and return to the stack and eat. Thus they spent their days till the hay was all devoured, and there, one by one, they lay down and died.

The next winter was also very severe, and my friend saw that he was likely again to lose a large number of cattle, but having learned a lesson of wisdom on the distribution of charity, he determined to adopt a different method; so he procured a supply of hay, but kept it entirely out of sight of the herd, and during the very severe weather, he had each "cowboy" sling two bundles of hay across his shoulder, and have them hang down fore and aft of his body, so as not to attract the attention of the cattle, and pass quietly among them as they were scattered widely over the plains, and when they found one in a starving condition, just to lay down a little hay and pass on. In that way he did not pauperize; but he did vitalize and keep his needy cattle to work on the line of self-support. He did not lose one that winter.

## ANTWERP DOG CARTS.

### How the Canines are Utilized in the Flemish Metropolis.

Wide Awake.

In Belgium the country people are mostly poor; even those who think themselves "well off" are not what we should call so. Some of them have small farms just outside the city walls, and raise vegetables for the markets. They seldom can afford a horse, so they keep a number of large, strong dogs—sometimes as many as five or six—which they harness to their market carts. If you could see these dog teams tugging along, you would understand what it means when people say they have to "work like a dog." Almost all these farmers have to eat is a sort of dark-colored coarse bread; and the same kind of bread is fed to the horses. It looks very queer to see the cab drivers cutting off the slices for their horses.

The bakers and butchers and grocers, and a great many other people keep dog teams. Most of the milk-women bring the milk to the city in shining brass cans packed into their little dog carts, and when they go home again, they pack themselves in too, along with the empty cans; and while the poor dogs tug along home they sit and knit.

This morning one of these market dog carts was standing before our house, and Madam Van de Vin, my landlady, was chatting with Pauline, the driver, trying to decide whether she would buy a cabbage or a cauliflower, when our great black cat walked lazily out and right along under the very noses of the dogs, and quicker than a flash those four dogs and that cart were on their way down the street as fast as they could go after our foolish cat. Pauline had just time to catch hold of the reins, and she went with them shouting, "*Arretez! Arretez!*" as loud as she could, and the last I saw of them they turned into Moon street in a cloud of dust.

### Mr. Probasco's Car Fare.

Cincinnati Enquirer, May 18.

Last Friday Mr. Henry Probasco started for his home in Clifton. He took a down-town car, and purchased a coupon ticket for 10 cents, part of which was taken up in the first part of the journey. After he had changed from the inclined plane to the Clifton cars, where boys are conductors, he was engaged in some mathematical problem with pencil and paper. One of the youthful conductors asked him for his fare, but he waved him off, saying: "Don't bother me. I am figuring." A few minutes later the boy asked him for his fare again. Mr. Probasco this time fingered around for his coupon, but could not find it, and finally produced five cents. The boy duly punched his slip and the fare was recorded. At the end of the trip Mr. Probasco found his ticket lying on the floor of the car, and picking it up, said to the boy: "Here is your ticket. Now give me back my five cents." "I can't do that," said the boy. "I've punched for a cash fare once and the ticket would do me no good now." Mr. Probasco was exasperated and when he got off the car caused the conductor's arrest. The boy whose name is Joyce, had done what he believed to be his duty, but he remained in the station-house all night. The boy's father now proposes to sue Mr. Probasco for $5000 for false imprisonment. The papers are drawn up, and it will probably be instituted to-day.

### Charity a Virtue or a Vice.

A correspondent of an Amsterdam paper charged the Rev. Father Melncrow of that village, with having declared from his pulpit on Sunday that the Hon. James Shanahan, of Tribes Hill, superintendent of public works, had committed a mortal sin in subscribing money in aid of a Protestant church. Father McIncrow answered the assertion in a long communication, in which he said: "The Catholic church is intolerant of Protestantism because Protestantism is in heresy against Catholic truth. It is a virtue for a Protestant to contribute to the support of a Catholic church and a vice for a Catholic to contribute to the support of a Protestant church. This is clear, according to Catholic belief; we believe that our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ established the Catholic church. Anything done in its favor must be a great virtue; anything done against it must be a great vice."

### Sixty-four Years a Captain.

Baltimore American.

Captain Martin Deming has seen more service as vessel commander than any other man in this country, and possibly more than any other in Europe. For sixty-four consecutive years he acted as master of sailing vessels and steamers, and in all that time he never lost either a boat or a man. He never crossed the ocean, yet has passed through many a storm which only an experienced sailor could safely weather. About three years ago his health failed, and he was compelled to give up active work. Since then he has been living in quiet retirement with his wife at No. 328 North Stricker street. He is now very feeble, but when fully aroused speaks with distinctness. He was 87 years of age on the 31st of March.

### Audubon.

Journal of Education.

A young artist once called upon Audubon, the great student of birds, to show him drawings and paintings. Audubon after examining the work, said: "I like it very much, but it is deficient. You have painted the legs of this bird nicely, except in one respect. The scales are exact in shape and color, but you have not arranged them correctly as to number." "I never thought of that," said the artist. "Quite likely," said Audubon. "Now upon this upper ridge of a partridge's leg there are just so many scales. You have too many. Examine the legs of a thousand partridges and you will find the scales the same number." The lesson shows how Audubon became great—by patient study of small things.

Mrs. D.—Isn't this awful? Mr. D.—What, dear? Mrs. D.—The paper says that in Brooklyn Mr. Benjamin B. Hubbell tried to kill his brother-in-law, David Hemlo, by shooting a pistol at him. I can't see why families should —— Mr. D.—Did he succeed? Mrs. D.—No; Hemlo's life was saved by a button, which turned the bullet. Mr. D.—His wife evidently keeps his buttons sewed on. If any one should should shoot at me I should be a dead duck.

## PERSONALITIES.

The king of Siam has 203 children.

Tom Thumb's former home in Bridgeport is for sale.

Chinese Gordon says he has not read a newspaper in five years.

Tailor Miller danced all night at a New York ball and then shot himself.

Berlin letters express a hope that America will speedily replace Sargent.

Gray Bear, an ex-chief of the Sioux Indians, is a police officer in Fargo, D. T.

The Rev. C. V. Spear, of Pittsfield, Mass., has given $25,000 to Oberlin college.

The sultan's recent reception to the crown prince of Austria cost over $1,000,000.

Mr. Corcoran, the Washington banker, will give $5000 for the ex-confederate home.

The emperor of Germany has conferred upon the czarwitz the order of the Black Eagle.

Gladstone was hissed as well as cheered at the opening of the health exhibition at London.

Herbert Spencer has started for Australia, a long sea-voyage being recommended for his health.

Charles Neusaad, a Cleveland saloon keeper, committed suicide because he was unable to pay his license.

The Astor family of New York city pay taxes on $3,000,000, which is the largest assessment under one name.

Two British gunboats took 300 emigrants from Westport, Ireland, to meet a passenger steamer bound to Boston.

Verdi, it is said, has a vast number of compositions which will probably never be given to the public during his life.

General Hancock has been elected commander of the Pennsylvania commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

Grant's cottage near Elberon has been prepared for use, and will be occupied by the general and his family on the 20th inst.

A nephew of Joe Smith, the great Mormon leader, named Charles Millikin, shot and killed himself at Colchester, Ill., the other day.

Moses Dewitt and wife, of Deckertown, N. Y., are 94 and 90 years of age, respectively. They have enjoyed 67 years of married life.

All the rich fat men of Europe are now flocking to Prince Bismarck's doctor, who has so reduced him in size without injury to his health.

S. C. Corneilson of Kentucky, who recently assaulted Judge Reid of the supreme court of that state, has been expelled from the church.

Henry Miller of Worcester, Mass., has, as apprentice and proprietor, occupied his place of business as tin and hardware dealer for seventy years.

Frank Howard, who is said to have been the meanest and worst man in Leadville, Colo., has just been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

Charles H. Johnson, a Philadelphia crank, keeps a quantity of hemlock stewing on the stove, with which he proposes to emulate Socrates' suicide.

Walter Besant recently said that novels constitute nine-tenths of the books read in England and nineteen-twentieths of the books read in the world.

John Jacob Astor has given $100,000 to the New York cancer hospital as a thank offering for the recovery of his wife from a threatening attack of typhoid fever.

The grand duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, whose morganatic marriage is creating such a bother abroad, rules over a country about half as large as the state of Connecticut.

John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, has been giving his views on men and things. He says that the west has more "suckers," while in the east few people drink from a jug.

John B. Gough has delivered a lecture on the fortieth anniversary of his first lecture. He says his chief regret is, that he did not take the pledge in 1835 instead of 1842.

Governor Robie leaves Maine soon on a trip to Washington territory and Oregon, and will be absent some four weeks, returning in time to take in the Chicago convention.

Charley Foster, now in Washington "on railroad business," has been heard to say that Arthur might possibly carry Ohio if a certain ex-governor of that state should be nominated for vice president.

Cassius M. Clay lives quietly on his Kentucky farm, taking little or no note of public affairs. "I'm not alone," he says; "I have my sheep, cattle, dogs, birds and flowers; besides, I am writing a book—my memoirs."

Prof. Richard A. Proctor has bought a fine lot at St. Louis, and will build a residence upon it for himself and family, making it his permanent home. It will be remembered that he married a St. Louis lady in 1881.

Marshal MacMahon lives now in a very quiet, unobtrusive way in Paris. He goes thence for a few months every summer to his Chateau de Seilly, near Autun, where he has a rare collection of Irish relics and memorials.

Lucy Larcom recently lectured in her native town, Lowell, Mass., on herself and the life of all mill girls thirty or forty years ago, when she worked twelve hours a day, and edited the *Operatives' Magazine* in her "leisure" hours.

Dr. P. C. Jewett, the eminent expert on diseases of the brain, of New Haven, is dangerously ill at Providence, R. I. He is 68 years old. Of late his name has been much in print in connection with the Hayden and Malley murder trials.

Julian Hawthorne gets many requests for his own and his father's autographs, which he never answers, though he retains the accompanying stamps. "It stands me in from 6 cents to 10 cents a day," he says; "quite an item to a man with a large family."

Pope Leo XIII. lives a very secluded life at present, and audiences are by no means granted with the same facility as before. His holiness is continually at work in his study, and the present disturbed condition of affairs in the Vatican keeps his pen constantly at work.

Oscar Clark, an Ann Arbor medical graduate went to St. Paul, where, failing to get any practice, he went to sawing wood. When that gave out he found himself penniless, and Friday evening, in the presence of his family, he cut an artery and bled to death in a few minutes.

General Swaim, the judge advocate general of the army, and former close friend of Garfield, is pictured as a short, stout man, with a rustic air. He has dark hair and whiskers, a florid face, is careless in his dress, usually has a cigar in his mouth, and is quiet and retiring in his manner.

Charles Cooper of Genesee, Ills., prints the following card: "I think the world of my wife and child, and want them to come back to me and I will take good care of them. It will look better and be better for us all if she will return and bring the child to its father. That is the way the public regards it."

A young man was going home with two young ladies in Bath, Me., the other evening, and remarked casually, in the course of the chat on the way, that one of his weaknesses was that he couldn't say no. One of the girls, seizing upon this cue to his character, proposed to him after the other had been left at her door and was accepted.

General John C. Fremont lives at New Brighton, Staten island. His oldest son, Jack is a naval officer. Frank, another son, is in the regular army, and is stationed in Montana territory. Mrs. Fremont, the Jessie Benton of ever so many years ago, is still handsome, and a noted pianist says that her hand on the keys is the most beautiful hand in New York.

"My dear," said a Washington engraver to his wife, "I do believe it was Mr. Blaine who called at the store this morning." "What did he want?" "He wanted a coffin plate." "But why do you think it was Mr. Blaine?" "Because when the clerk asked him what name he wished to have engraved on it, he gave the name of William Walter Phelps.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"My first introduction," said Mr. Matthew Arnold to a friend while in this country, "to the poetry of William Cullen Bryant, was in this way: One day—I was a boy then—Hartley Coleridge rushed into my room with an open book, and, pointing to a poem, sat down and read it to me. When he had finished he remarked, 'It is the finest poem in modern English.' It was Bryant's 'Ode to a Water Fowl.'"

Managing editor Nicholas of the Washington *National Republican* stutters badly. It is said of him that when he was city editor of the Indianapolis *News*, one of the state house commissioners explained to him what kind of superintendent they wanted. "He must be," said he, "honest, industrious, good, pure-minded, frugal, self-sacrificing—" "I th-think," interrupted Nicholas, "y-y-you w-won't find him. He w-w-was c-c-crucified a-b-bout 1800 y-years-ago."

The new minister was making his first call. As his eyes became accustomed to the subdued light of the parlor he perceived a pretty little girl seated upon the piano stool. "Practicing, I suppose?" "Yes," she simpered sweetly. "How long have you been learning?" "About six months." "Are your parents living?" "Mother is, but father died three weeks after I began taking lessons," and she wiped away a tear with the corner of her apron. "How sad. What did he die of?" "He committed suicide." —Brooklyn Eagle.

"What kind of a looking man was it that called Jones a liar?" asked Mrs. Bangle of her husband. "Oh! he was short and stout, with blue eyes, light hair, and a nez repousse—" "Nez retrousse, my dear," corrected Mrs. B. "Repousse means hammered or pounded." "Thank you, love," rejoined Bangle. "That is just the word to describe it when Jones got done with him."—Life.

A boy who had been sent to carry a silver card basket to a young lady as a bridal present, was asked upon his return to the office if he had found the right place. "Oh, yes." "See the girl herself?" "Yes." "Did she seem very much surprised?" "Very much so." "Say anything?" "Why, yes; she told her mother she presumed it was plated, but would be good enough for her aunt in the country."

The late Paris sensation is the trial between Schneider, the historical original of the "Grand Duchesse," and her husband. She seems, like most of the popular actresses, to have married a worthless and penniless loafer, who assumed a sham title, and being deserted by his wife has got a decree in an Italian court for alimony. Against this decree Schneider appeals to a French tribunal on the ground that her worthy spouse is a Frenchman. He is ten years younger than she.

The very pretty story that Gounod has composed an air to Byron's "Maid of Athens," for the benefit of the heroine of those verses, who was said to be living in London in great poverty, is exploded by the report that Mrs. Black, the "Maid of Athens," died nearly ten years ago, and it is thirteen years since Gounod composed the air in question, which produced about £20 towards the fund for the relief of the old lady. But still later, in a country very remote from Europe, the sentiment and music of the great poet and artist have been so misapplied that millions of money could not measure what has been produced.

## HOT SPRINGS BATH.

### Where and How the Indigent Poor Are Healed.

Letter to the Chicago Tribune.

The act of 1878 contains a very important provision to which the attention of the secretary of the interior should be called. It provides that the superintendent of the Hot Springs shall "provide and maintain a sufficient number of free baths for the use of the indigent, the expenses thereof to be defrayed out of the rentals hereinbefore provided for," being the rents received from the various bath houses and the ground rent of the Arlington hotel, which stands on ground belonging to the government and pays an annual rental of $1000. This act was passed six years ago, and the revenue derived from these sources must average from $3000 to $4000 a year, and yet there is to-day only one little vat or tank, about ten feet long and eight feet wide, known here as "The Mudhole"—a very appropriate name—where the thousands of poor people who annually gather here from all parts of the country are permitted, at certain prescribed hours of the day, to bathe free of charge.

This mudhole, as it is called, is located on the slope of the mountain, about a hundred rods southeast of the Arlington hotel, and the manner in which these poor, unfortunate, diseased people are obliged to make use of these waters, if they use them at all, is a disgrace to any civilized government. I have twice visited this so-called free bath so generously provided by this great and powerful government, and the sights there witnessed were so nauseating that my appetite was destroyed for the remainder of the day. On my first visit I found crowded into this little steaming vat from fifteen to twenty human beings, white and black, some of them all doubled up with rheumatism; others—and a majority—afflicted with loathsome diseases in all stages of development, covered with sores, and all crowding one upon another, like swine in a stock-car; while the steam and odor arising from this horrible pit, being confined in the little room, were almost suffocating. On my second visit I counted thirteen in the vat, and the scene presented was of the same character as before.

I met a poor man on the street to-day with his limbs all drawn out of shape by rheumatism. He told me that he had managed to get money enough to reach the springs from Minnesota, having heard that the government provided free baths for the poor. He said that he came here to avail himself of the privilege, hoping to find relief. "But," said he, "I have been up there and seen the place, and I can not bring myself to the point of entering the pool with all that crowd. It is so terrible and indecent; and, besides, I fear I should find myself afflicted with a worse disease than I now have should I do so."

Certain hours of the day are reserved for the poor women who come here, but all are obliged to use the same tank. It should be said, however, that the government, in its great generosity, is making arrangements for another small tank of like character, which is to be used, as I am informed, exclusively by the women. That human beings suffering with all sorts of diseases, some of them of the most loathsome character, should be so indecently crowded together in a free bath provided by the government of the United States, with no place to dress or undress, save on the narrow margin of the pool and in the face and under the very nose of twenty others waiting to enter, is a disgrace to any civilized government and to the men who are responsible for this disgusting state of affairs.

## CRAZY ON WALL STREET.

### How an Insane Man Proposes to Blow Up Gould's Atalanta.

"Frisble" in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

I met the daft fellow who had for weeks made Wall street smile with a scheme for blowing up Gould's steam yacht, the Atalanta, by means of an infernal machine already secreted in her hold, and then gathering the gold with which he declares the millionaire has laden the vessel.

"How's this?" I said. "A week ago you assured me that Gould was bound for the antipodes, and that he intended to bury his cargo of bullion and bonds on some desolate island. Now here he has come back, safe and sound, and I'd have lost my money if I had bought into your explosive company."

He hooked a forefinger into my button-hole, drew me out of the crowd a little, and whispered: "The Jay Gould Loot Company was all right up to a certain juncture. I knew beyond question that his yacht was loaded down with gold. I smuggled an infernal machine into the hold, and left it wound up to explode in precisely four weeks—or about the time, according to my information, when he would get well out on the ocean. Then I set about forming the company, which was to charter a vessel, follow in the course of the Atalanta, remain near her until after the burst-up, and then dredge for the treasure."

"But Gould is returning home, and biff! away goes your scheme."

"Away goes the whole lower end of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. The clock work is jiggering right along, and the time for the bang is at hand."

"So your stock is going to have a big boom?"

"Safe to bet on it. But I ain't safe to stay in town after the Atalanta is sighted off Sandy Hook. Maybe I'll come back to raise some of the sunken bullion, but I don't mean to be within 100 miles of the explosion."

Only a trifle more insane than some of the sober promoters of financial schemes is this demented Wall street man, who excites so much merriment with his plan to despoil Gould.

### Chinese Gordon at Sebastopol.

London Telegraph.

An old British army pensioner relates this story of General "Chinese" Gordon: On the first day on which fire was opened at Sebastopol from the twenty-one gun battery, the sand bags forming one of the embrasures caught fire from the flash of a too closely mounted gun. A corporal and a sapper of the engineers were told off to repair the damage. The corporal ordered the sapper to mount the embrasure, and proposed to hand up the fresh bags to him. They were under heavy fire at the time, and the sapper, with some want of discipline, certainly, demurred to this arrangement, and suggested the corporal should get up, and that he (the sapper) would go on with the handing-up business. There was a bit of a wrangle over it. Gordon, who was passing, inquired into the matter, and quietly telling the corporal, "Never order a man to do what you are afraid to do yourself," got upon the pile of bags himself and said, "Come up here, both of you," and then ordered the men who were working the gun to hand the bags up. The storm of bullets swept over Gordon and the two men, but his charmed life seemed to protect the trio. He finished his work and came down as cooly as he had mounted, but the lesson was never forgotten, and there's a fine ring about the words, "Never order a man to do a thing you are afraid to do yourself."

## RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

There is a divine purpose in every divine permission.—George E. Reed.

To reject consecrated opinions demands a consecrated mind.—C. I. Frelinghuysen.

Aim to be in all things acceptable to God, and you need trouble yourself but little about the opinions of men.

It is much easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth than to find one intrepid enough in face of opposition to stand up for it.

Truth is the food of the human spirit, which could not grow in its majestic proportions without clearer and more truthful views of God and his universe.—Garfield.

A good man when dying once said: Formerly death appeared to me like a wide river but now it has dwindled to a little rill; and my comforts which were as the rill have become the broad deep river.

Ours is not an age of prayer so much as of work. The tendency is to action rather than to worship—to busy toil rather than to quiet sitting at the Saviour's feet to commune with him. —Lutheran.

We all know much better than we do, and believe more than we reduce to practice. How few realize, in experience, the uprightness and nobleness of their convictions!—Rev. C. H. Zimmerman.

From the lowest to the highest, from the inarticulate cry of the child to the very midst of the throne, prayer is the sign of life, the measure of progress, the necessity that is laid upon immortal souls.—H. R. Reynolds.

The inmost and truest life of man, the life of his life, is spiritual life—in other words, purity, love and goodness; and this inward purity, love and goodness is the very light of life, that which brightens, blesses, guides it.—Dewey.

Prayer is the preface to the book of Christian living; the text of the life sermon; the girding on of the armor for battle; the pilgrim's preparation for his journey. It must be supplemented by action, or it amounts to nothing.—Phelps.

The secular papers often put things very shrewdly. Speaking of those who bestow a portion of ill-got gains upon the church or in charity, one quotes the proverb: "There be those who steal a goose and give the giblets in alms."—Religious Exchange.

He who is full conscious that he has a soul to save and an eternity to secure, and, still further to animate his endeavors, that God and angels are the spectators of his conduct, can never want motives for exertion in the most sequestered solitude.—Bates.

Sensible fear and love of God, or dread of his displeasure, and an habitual, steady resolution to secure his favor, is the work and proof of regeneration by a divine power; for naturally we neither have this disposition nor ability to acquire it.—Rev. T. Adams.

When I hear a noisy infidel proklaming biz unbelief I wonder if he will send for sum brother infidel to cum and see him die? I guess not. He will be more likely to send for the orthodox man who engineers the little brick church just around the corner.—Josh Billings.

It is not in the bright, happy day, but only in the solemn night, that other worlds are to be seen shining in their long, long distances. And it is in sorrow, the night of the soul—that we see farthest, and know ourselves natives of infinity and sons and daughters of the most high. —Eu har as.

As to true friends, choose them with great care, and let their number be small. Have no friend who does not fear God, who is not wholly governed by the truths of religion. To friends like them open your heart without reserve, and keep nothing from them but the secrets of others.—Fenelon.

No religious man, writes Rev. Canon Curteis, need shrink from saying, "I am a Christian agnostic." I hold firmly by the doctrine of St. Paul, who exclaims, in sheer despair of fathoming the unfathomable, 'Oh, the depth of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and inscrutable his ways!'

It is very easy to forbear stealing other men's goods, but hard not so much as to covet or desire them; very easy not to bear false witness in judgment, but not easy to avoid detraction in conversation; very easy not to desire another man's death, but hard not to desire some inconvenience to him; easy to forbear defaming our adversary, but hard not to despise him.—De Sales.

Some time ago a working man was urged by his employer to do some work on the Sabbath. The man courteously but firmly declined to do it. "Why!" said the employer, "did not our Lord himself say that 'the Sabbath was made for man?'" "Yes sir," was the shrewd reply of the workman; "you are right—the Sabbath was made for man, and is therefore not to be taken from man."

All nature is full of the love of ornament, and the habitations of creatures, even in the lowest scale of being, are rich in coloring and in carving of the most exquisite and elaborate decoration. It is only an ignorant and uncultivated spirit which denounces the same love of ornament in man, and it is a stupid doctrine which sees in it nothing more than a waste of means.—Duke of Argyle.

He walks in the presence of God, that converses with him in frequent prayer and communion; that runs to him with all his necessities; that asks counsel of him in all his doubtings; that opens all his wants to him that weeps before him for all his sins; and that asks remedy and support for his weakness; that fears him as a judge, reverences him as a lord, and obeys him as a father.—Jeremy Taylor.

Not a few people, who have regularly established habits of private prayer, find themselves now and then, sometimes for a considerable season, troubled in mind because they are conscious of asking for such things as they know they ought to want rather than for what they really do want. Now, it will not do to say that because one feels thus, he should stop praying. Prayer is a privilege, but prayer is also a duty. Like all other privileges, it is liable to fail at times to secure that appreciation to which it is fairly entitled. But it is unwise in any Christian who ever did enjoy the privilege to say that because that enjoyment is gone, he will omit the duty. When the disciples came to the master and said "Lord, teach us to pray," that was real prayer and probably we never need to pray so much as when we don't want to pray. The duller the closet, the more need of seeking it.—Religious Herald.

### Davy Crockett.

David Crockett created quite a stir during the Jackson administration. He had served under "Old Hickory" in the Indian wars, and he was famous in Tennessee as a bear hunter but in politics he was a whig, and was made a great deal of by the eastern members of that party. He was neither grammatical nor graceful, but no rudeness of language can disguise strong sense and shrewdness, and a "demonstration" as Bulwer says, "will force its way through all the perversions of grammar." He was a true frontiersman, with a small dash of civilization, transplanted to the soil of political life. Some one undertook to publish his life, but he promptly denied the authenticity of the work, and had a true memoir of himself written and published. When Texas commenced its struggle for independence, Crockett went there, and was killed while fighting at San Antonio De Bexar. His son, John W. Crockett, served two terms in congress, was attorney-general of Tennessee, and died at Memphis in 1852.

### Tea-cup Whisky.

Indianapolis News' Washington Letter.

There is a peculiar fascination for some people in the idea of sneaking a drink of whisky in a tea-cup. Ladies who would shudder at the thought of going into a bar-room up town think it quite delightful. There was a very nice temperance joint resolution put through the senate at the beginning of the session, closing up both congressional gin-mills and virtually refusing permission to sell even malt liquors or wine. The latter amendment was got in by Frye. Edmunds prepared the resolution. Edmunds knew it would never get through the house. Edmunds himself drinks more than any other senator on the republican side of the chamber so it was quite proper he should want to swear off in this commendable way. Well, it got over to the house, I believe, if the messenger who bore it was not met by Belford and murdered in the crypt; and that is the last of it.

### Books that are Scarce.

George Alfred Townsend.

The confederate statutes, which are rare, were shown to me in paper covers, printed during the war, and they command $50 for the set, of about four or five volumes. Confederate publications of all kinds were priced high among the book-fanciers, such as a few novels, set up in brown paper with occasional leaves of wall paper between. I may add that the trial of Guiteau for killing General Garfield commands $25 in Washington; it is in three volumes and only about 300 copies were printed, and the few remaining the public libraries in the country are scrambling for.

With respect to the contest in the Twenty-first Pennsylvania district, the committee recommended that neither Bayne nor Wentling be placed on the rolls. This would leave Mr. West as the only delegate from a district where the seat was not contested.

Wanted—A man who doesn't know who will be the presidential nominee. A modest, retiring man, willing to work for his board, and not "sass back," can obtain a permanent situation by addressing B. A. T., Gramercy Park, New York.

Ten tramps, committed and fined in Mattoon, Illinois, under the vagrancy act, were given a choice between a bread and water diet or square meals with work in the chain gang until their fines are paid. They chose the latter.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

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Money Loaned on Improved Real Estate Security; also on State, County or City Bonds or Warrants. ROBERT BELL, Pres't.

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OF PORTLAND OREGON,
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RATES—3 PER CENT. PER ANNUM ON DEPOSITS for three months; four per cent. per annum on deposits for six months; six per cent. per annum on deposits for twelve months.

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H. W. Monastes.
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BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.
Incorporated by Royal Charter.
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..........$[illegible]
Head Office, 28 Cornhill, London.
Branches—Portland, San Francisco, Victoria.

This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business. Loans made; Bills Discounted and Commercial Credits granted. Deposits received on current account, subject to check; also on special certificate. FRED'K TOWNSEND, Manager.

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W. MACKINTOSH, Manager.

THE PORTLAND NATIONAL BANK.
Official Authority to Commence Business.

Pursuant to section 5170, Revised Statutes of the U. S., requiring this bank to publish for sixty days certificate of its organization and authority to commence business I do hereby cause the certificate sent ordered under said section to be and it is hereby published in the Daily Morning Oregonian, of which the following is a copy:

Treasury Department, office of the Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, May 13, 1884.

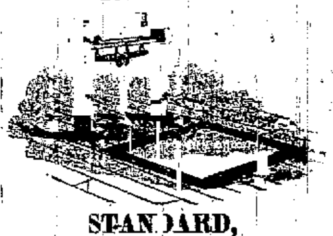
Whereas, By satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the Portland National Bank in the city of Portland, in the county of Multnomah and state of Oregon, has complied with all of the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the United States required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking, now, therefore, I, Henry W. Cannon, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the Portland National Bank, in the city of Portland, in the county of Multnomah and state of Oregon, is authorized to commence the business of banking as provided in section fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this 13th day of May, 1884.

Seal of the Comptroller of the Currency.
HENRY W. CANNON, Comptroller of the Currency.

No. 3164.—Of the publication of which certificate notice is hereby given as required by the Revised Statutes aforesaid.
WILLIAM REID,
15m60t President the Portland National Bank.

FAIRBANKS'



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The body composed of Utica Mills Muslin, known as the best shirting fabric to be had in the United States, and the bosom of a superior grade of Irish Linen. This brand we stamped

N.B.
15C
AND
FINE LINEN.

This clearly showing to the consumer the quality of material. Since their introduction we are pleased to note that the sales have been far beyond our most sanguine expectations, thus clearly demonstrating the fact that the public understand and appreciate a good thing, and prefer paying a fair price for a substantial article of wear to a lower price for trash. They are now sold by almost all the leading
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Pat. Oct. 16, 18[illegible]

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# Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1884.

## THE BUSY MEN AT CHICAGO.

The dispatches yesterday morning spoke of the weather in Chicago as "perfect for convention purposes." This means, undoubtedly, that it is very hot there, even before the Virginia contested election case comes on. It is evident that the city will be crowded with delegates, alternates and subalternates—with whoopers-up and assistant whoopers-up. At the rate they are arriving, it will be something far outrivaling the convention four years ago, when a plain delegate, who had no "headquarters," was elected.

It begins to appear that there is more of a Sherman organization than has all along been suspected; or, at least, more definite plans for a Sherman move, if the opportunity shall appear. Colonel C. W. Moulton, who is on the ground, is a brother-in-law of Mr. Sherman and a shrewd New York lawyer; Amos Smith was Sherman's internal revenue collector at Cincinnati, and Judge Foraker has plans that were not entirely destroyed when he lost the governorship. It is a strong team, and with half a chance Sherman will be effectively brought to the front.

For gorgeousness of outfit and captivating splendor, the California crowd seems to have outshone anything else in the way of triumphal marching and grand entry. It was equal to a section of the Villard celebration, and there is no way of telling what may happen when the Californians begin to open their bottles of Gutedel and Riesling and Zinfandel with all the blandness of oriental hospitality. Perhaps Chicago will ever thereafter take upon itself manners tempered with the jolly Californians and their sumpter-trains.

The national committee was hard at work yesterday arranging preliminary details—a very important work. They will of course try to so arrange matters as to waste as little time as possible in settling all disputes and contests. If the Blaine men get a strong force in the organization there will be some stubbornness in the work of seating delegates. Besides the Virginia contest there will be some others from the south where the Blaine men had good workers, notably in the case of the Fourth Kentucky, from which A. E. Willson goes as a Blaine man. There are in all six cases of contesting delegates, mostly from southern states.

The various leaders for the several candidates will have their plans of operating to discuss and perfect. Blaine will probably be presented in a nomination speech by Burrows of Michigan; while Senator Cullum of Illinois will present Logan's name; Hoar of Massachusetts will speak for Edmunds; Robertson of New York will appeal for Arthur; Brandegee of Connecticut will nominate Hawley; Thompson and Williams of Indiana will speak for Harrison and Gresham; Foraker of Ohio will present the claims of Sherman; while a score of others will second the nominations in brief speeches. It may cause a severe mental strain in some instances to keep the mind entirely free during to-day from the very secular question of politics. Some of the half-expectant dark horses may take a hint from the remembered fact that Garfield went to church the Sunday before he was nominated.

## NO OCCASION TO WORRY.

In this city, as well as in Chicago, there will be a creeping of politics into the sinful public mind to-day. In some instances men will doubtless be found so lost to every sense of decency as to go out and tell lies before breakfast, while other Godless men will go about disseminating bogus tickets. The struggle will be to-morrow, and the cunning enemy loseth no time.

Fortunately for the republicans, their ticket needs no work in the dark, nor has it been found necessary to worry our readers with broadsides of personal adulation on the one hand, nor personal abuse on the other, so far as the candidates are concerned. The tickets have been kept before the public, and the public knows that the names upon the republican ticket are all those of good men. Even the abuse that has been heaped upon some of them by the organs of the democratic dog with a republican tail (the tail sometimes wagging the dog), has not been so effective as to demand attention in the columns of a paper with the best interests of the community at heart. The best interests of the community are not served by bandying words over such office-seekers as went over into the Democratic procession to be lost in the read sea of weakness, bickerings and bad faith.

The names on the republican ticket will stand the test. Not a voter but can trust them, and every voter knows it.

As to the bogus tickets, one batch of which was sent through the mail yesterday, they should be guarded against, as all other fraudulent schemes are. The virtue of that well-tried old headline, "Republican Ticket," will be presumed upon by designing men who know that the very words inspire confidence. Look out for such base attacks under cover. They are the only things that in any way seem to be threatening the political welfare of the community and the success of every candidate.

---

The Presbyterian general assembly, at its meeting in Saratoga, has accomplished a large amount of work and disposed of several matters that have been agitating the church for several years. The revision of the book of discipline has been completed—a matter not of great interest, perhaps, to the outside world, but of vital importance to the church itself, for the Presbyterian is one of the religious bodies that undertakes to enforce discipline; and the manner of its enforcement is as important to an ecclesiastical body as the practice of the law is to the body politic. Fraternal relations with the southern assembly are established on a better basis, perhaps, than ever before. Organic union may not take place before the generation that saw the fall of slavery has entirely passed away; but sooner or later it must come. Taken altogether, this assembly has been one of its best and most effective of recent years.

The banking house of D. W. Middleton, at Washington, D. C., which is the latest of those reported embarrassed, has been considered one of the very soundest and best conducted institutions ever since its establishment several years ago. It was not a large affair, though it had much business and many small depositors—treasury clerks and the like. It was founded on the money made by the elder Middleton, who set his sons up in business when he was saving thirty thousand dollars a year out of the office of clerk of the supreme court. An irresistible temptation to make money rapidly in stocks will probably be found at the bottom of the embarrassment.

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Slavery still exists in some parts of Brazil, but its final downfall appears to be near at hand. The abolitionists are more active than ever, and a vigorous effort is making to abolish servitude entirely this year. Some wards of Rio Janeiro are already free from the evil, and in one of the northern provinces the assembly talks of buying the liberty of slaves whose masters will not free them voluntarily. There are even some sanguine souls who hope for the consummation of abolition by September 7, the anniversary of the declaration of Brazilian independence.

## THE HAMPTON SCHOOL.

The sixteenth anniversary of the Hampton school furnishes a correspondent of the New York Evening Post with the subject for a very interesting letter upon one of the most important educational experiments now going on in this country. At this school there are 600 pupils, including two races, and reaching in their ramifications from Dakota and Maine in the north, to Louisiana and Florida in the south, subjected to a training based on Gen. Armstrong's maxim: "That labor is, perhaps, the greatest moral force in civilization." These boys and girls, Indian and negro alike, are taught primarily to work, and the opportunities for this have been provided by the establishment of a dozen different industries within the school limits, viz: a sawmill, which has turned out this year more than 2,000,000 feet of sawed lumber, and in connection with it a woodworking department; a shoe shop, which has produced for the year 2500 pairs of shoes and repaired 1690; a training shop which includes carpenters, tinsmiths, harnessmakers and painters; a machine shop, printing office, knitting room (machine), a girls' industrial department, two farms with respectively 110 and 490 acres under cultivation, with, in connection wheelwright's and blacksmith shops, beside a household department and cooking school. All these are under skilled instructors, and from one or the other of them no student can escape. In the academic department they are trained specially for teachers, and 75 per cent. go out to take charge of the country schools, but it is also intended that they shall not be dependent upon the profession alone. They are able without exception to support themselves in other ways, and are always in demand, while their value as teachers is greatly increased by their ability to do good work in other directions.

The sixteen years which have passed since the establishment of the school have fairly tested the efficiency of the system, and this correspondent says there seems to be but one voice in regard to it. Demand for the graduates as teachers far exceeds the supply, and to the character of their work witness is borne by many capable observers. It is said of them that "wherever they go morals are better, houses cleaner, children's faces brighter," and the Virginia state superintendent of instruction, present to-day, tells us with a burst of southern eloquence, "that there are no teachers like those sent from Hampton."

The Indian department of the school, being of comparatively recent date, has not so much to say for itself, but the report from the seventy boys and girls who, after a longer or shorter stay at Hampton, have returned to their tribes, is that not more than seven have relapsed, and these not seriously. Those who have charge of the Indians at Hampton, 108 in number, are enthusiastic as to their possibilities, but the experience of the Hampton officials can fairly be condensed into the words of the school commandant, Lieutenant G. Le Roy Brown, Eleventh United States infantry, who says in his annual report: "The ultimate success of the work of the eastern schools in the education of Indian youth appears to me to hinge upon Indian agents, to whose care said youth must be returned when their school life is over, and upon the concentration of the work."

## INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

Sir John Lubbock, the eminent English naturalist, describes in a letter to *Nature* how he has taught his dog, Van, to converse. His method was very simple. Such words as food, water and out were printed on a small piece of cardboard which the dog learned to distinguish from each other and to associate the several words with their meanings. Thus, when hungry he now brings the card bearing the word "food;" when thirsty that with "water," and so on with the others. The cards are placed on the floor together, and he has to select that which he wants himself. Occasionally he makes a mistake and brings the wrong one. When the article whose name is on the card he brought is offered him he refuses it, and, taking the card back returns with the right one. As soon as Sir John thinks Van can read sufficiently well he will endeavor to instruct his canine pupil in the mysteries of simple arithmetic.

A New York naturalist is engaged in developing the intelligence of the cheerful lizard. He has an idea that the reptile can be taught to distinguish between different tunes; that they will then come to regard the sounding of certain notes as commands to do certain things, and that, when once they have learned this, they may learn to produce certain sounds from an instrument made for the purpose to make known their wants. Some physiologists and vivisectionists have thought that by training dogs for two or three successive generations, the throats of the dogs of the third generation thus trained would be sufficiently developed to produce articulate sounds, and even to produce vowel sounds, combined with some of the consonant sounds. Cockatoos and others of the parrot family can do this. A French savant, holding these views, believes that a cockatoo might be taught to read, and is now engaged in this occupation. If all these experiments prove successful there will be a return of the agreeable times of the Arabian Nights and Haroun Al Raschid's golden prime.

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How far the British government aids, sanctions or winks at the transportation to this country of actual or prospective paupers, it is hard to say, but it is true that aided foreigners continue to arrive who just pass the requirements of our laws, and that so narrowly that it seems that no little foresight was essential to their meeting, and no more, the legal demand. That the British authorities would be glad to depopulate Ireland to a considerable degree, and without regard to international comity, may be taken for granted; that they may very easily overshoot the mark is clear from the proposed legislation in congress.

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In a series of articles on "The Effects of Brain Overwork," Dr. William A. Hammond says: "I do not think that any form of exercise is as good as walking. Horseback riding comes next; rowing next." This is said with direct reference to the prevention of the evil effects of hard brain work and should be particularly heeded. It is in accordance—not only with high medical authorities, but with the usual beneficence of providence, that the form of exercise which is most available for all sorts and conditions of men, should be unquestionably the best.

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Ex-President Seney says that "the man who calculates successfully is a saint, and every one will swear by him." There is a lack of comprehensiveness in Mr. Seney's deposition. A little religious hypocrisy is necessary for the sanctification of a successful stock gambler, and when this is wanting as in the case of Mr. Jay Gould, everybody swears at him, unless that exercise should conflict with the position of a benefactor to a church with other people's money.

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The Monterey *Revista* reads between the lines of the various revolutions and outbreaks in Mexico in this fashion: "It is a functional law of nationalities that excessive tyranny will sooner or later produce liberty. Do you understand? Our final destiny is to become Yankees." From the annals of that country, their final destiny would at first blush seem to be more Irish than Yankee.

## COMPOUNDING A CRIME.

The gigantic defalcation of John C. Eno, while president of the Second National bank of New York, was made good by his father, and the particulars of the affair were kept out of the papers at the time. But they have since been made known, and they reveal one of the most astounding crimes of the whole sickening list. He stole not only three million dollars of the bank's funds, but more than a million and a half—$1,600,000—deposited in the bank by his brothers and sisters and his juvenile nieces and nephews. The father, Mr. Eno, senior, made these discoveries on Monday and Tuesday of the panic week, and it said that his anger knew no bounds. He was completely overcome by the baseness of his son's crime, and insisted that he should be arrested and punished as severely as the law would permit. But the bank directors pleaded with him not to allow the bank to be closed, because of the suffering that would be caused to the hundreds of depositors, and at last his anger towards his son gave way to pity for those who had trusted the officers of the bank, and he consented to make good a portion of the sum his son had embezzled. His first offer was $1,600,000, but this was not enough and again he declared that he would see his son in prison before he would pay any more. But the arguments of the directors prevailed, and he contributed out of the savings of a long and busy life enough money, with a few hundreds of thousands which the other directors supplied, to cover the deficiency and make the bank solvent. On Wednesday the bank began paying its depositors, and then came another revelation. There was presented for payment a check for $90,000 which John C. Eno had drawn on the bank and which he had got cashed down town after he had confessed to an embezzlement of four and a half millions to his father! At first Mr. Eno's indignation was such that he declared that he would not pay a cent; this last stab from his son, he said, was more than he could bear. But one of the directors of the bank offered to share the amount evenly with him, and after a time he agreed to this proposition. If he could have had his own way he would let the bank close its doors and send his son to state's prison; and he certainly deserves great credit for his almost unexampled generosity to those who had trusted in his family name.

The New York *World* well protests against compounding this crime. No one can pretend that it is not a detriment to public morality to allow such a rascal to go unpunished. If he had been a poor man and had stolen a leg of mutton he would have been taken to jail, but being a rich man, with rich relatives he gets into his carriage and drives out to the park; his father did a noble act in protecting those who, knowing that his integrity was beyond question, supposed that the stock had not degenerated in his son, but the grand jury now have a duty to perform.

## WYCLIFFE.

The 500th anniversary of the death of John Wycliffe, the earliest English reformer and translator of the bible, has just been celebrated in England. He was the morning star of the English reformation. It is true other names are better known, and common feeling entwines garlands of honor around the memories of Luther, Calvin, Knox, Huss, Melancthon and others, but to Wycliffe alone, who died 150 years before some of these later reformers were born, is due the honor of inaugurating the emancipation of the mind from the folly of not being allowed to think and judge for itself. He preceded Tyndale for more than a century, who made it the ambition and work of his life to give a translation of the bible which every plow boy of England would and could read. Although Wycliffe did not perish at the stake like Savonarola, the Florentine whose ashes were cast into the Arno about a century later, his body was exhumed by order of the council of Constance in 1415, and by decree of Clement VIII was burned, and its ashes were cast into the Swift, which bore them to the Avon, whence they descended into the Severn, thence into the narrow seas and then into the main ocean, as Fuller has said, "and thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all over the world." Five hundred years have changed very little what he taught. One would think he had the sturdy English mind of to-day and not the learning affected by the superstitious scholasticism of 14th century. He opposed the whole papal hierarchy as a device of clerical ambition; he used the symbol of baptism, but did not insist upon it being essential to salvation; he used the mass and rejected transubstantiation; he rejected any value due to penance, holy orders or extreme unction; he believed in an intermediate state after death, but looked upon praying for the dead as a delusion or as a piece of church jugglery; in short he taught that men must work out their own salvation and that salvation depends upon spiritual soundness, not upon the regular and perfunctory observances of church formulas. Above all this the English world owes him the bible, which has served a great purpose in the evolution of human good and human conduct.

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The defeat of General McClellan as delegate at large from New Jersey to the Chicago convention was perhaps due to the fact that, as the political popularity of candidates seems to depend so largely upon the flavor of antiquity, the genuine "old ticket" of McClellan and Pendleton might awaken an overwhelming antiquarian enthusiasm as the most venerated exponent of democratic principles extant, except the time-honored ghost of General Jackson.

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"*Punch's* provision for the safety of railroad trains," says the Providence *Journal* "to lash a couple of directors to each engine, may possibly suggest to depositors and stockholders in some New York banking institutions the precaution of locking up presidents and cashiers with personal securities in the safe."

### LITERARY NOTES.

Mrs. Mary E. Livermore recently read an essay before the New England Woman's club on the duty of women to patriotism. It will be remembered that Napoleon's opinion on that subject was a brief one.

R. H. Stoddard declares that Mr. Julian Hawthorne is clearly and easily the first of living romancers. This is the first intimation that Mr. Hawthorne has been engaged in announcing the strength of popular candidates for the presidency.

The San Francisco *Bulletin*, in discussing the merits of the great New England orators, Webster, Everett, Choate and Wendell Phillips, thinks that the speeches of the latter will live the longer, not because of their higher quality of eloquence, but because they were exponents of a cause of deeper and more permanent interest. It is unquestionably an advantage in Emersonian phrase to "hitch your wagon to a star."

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., of New York city is now said by the New York *World* to be the authoress of the novel "Those Pretty St. George Girls," lately published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It is a great pity that this was not made known at the time the charming romance was published, for "Those Pretty St. George Girls" had by far too much merit to be given to the world anonymously.

Sam Ward, the lobbyist, who has just died in Italy, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the day, a mathematician, a classical scholar, a poet, a man of affairs, and of the highest social qualities and graces. While in Washington he published a book of poems called "Literary Recreation," of which a second edition was recently issued by the Appletons. Others of his family have engaged in literary work. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is his sister, and F. Marion Crawford, the author of "Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius," is his nephew.

## SOME NEW BOOKS.

GOVERNMENT REVENUE. Especially the American System: An argument for industrial freedom, against the fallacies of free trade. By Ellis H. Roberts. 1 vol., 12mo., $1 50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers, Boston. For sale by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

This is a very timely book, as the tariff question is manifestly to be one of the leading issues in the presidential campaign just before us; and intelligent citizens will heartily welcome any book which discusses it with knowledge, facts and candor. Mr. Roberts is widely known as one of the ablest editors in the state of New York. For four years he was a member of the committee of ways and means in congress, and studied the whole subject of government revenue thoroughly. Recently he has delivered a course of lectures on his subject at Cornell university, presenting its history, theory and practice, and commanding the interested attention of students and citizens. These lectures, which are now issued in a handsome volume, are an important contribution to political science. They will not only furnish very important aid to a full understanding of the tariff question as now presented to this country for consideration, but will be a standard work on the subject.

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THERE WAS ONCE A MAN. A Story. By Orpheus C. Kerr. 180 pp. 16mo. Illustrated. (Our Continental Library, No. 6.) New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. For sale by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

The great success of Orpheus C. Kerr's burlesque war correspondence placed him at the head of American humorists. Yet it would be doing him an injustice to consider him merely as a comic writer. He is rather a keen satirist, who uses wit as a means of giving greater force and wider currency to thoughts of weight and value. This new book fully sustains his reputation as a writer. It is a striking, ingenious, unhackneyed and peculiarly "taking" story and study. It is full of clear thought and warm feeling; it contains numerous happy surprises and humorous touches of the Orpheus C. Kerr of old. Upon the texture of a delicate and poetic love story are etched, incidentally, the strange and stirring principal acts in the career of the famous English Rajah Brooke of Borneo; and through all the alternations of the Anglo-American social drama with the most heroic and chivalrous passages of modern personal history in the orient, comes conspicuously forward the character of a great Darwinian naturalist, who has visited the home of the orang-outang, to work out the problem of the "missing link." Here an enormous ape comes into the plot, in a subtly woven scientific illustration, which, by a series of most striking pictures, brings a denouement such as none but the "Orpheus C. Kerr" of the memorable papers could ever have devised.

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SALT LAKE FRUIT. A Thrilling Tale of Mormon Life. Radd Avery & Co., Boston, publishers.

It is high time that heroic action were taken towards removing the cancer of Mormonism from the body politic, and the publishers feel that we have, in a measure, by the issue of this powerful story, contributed not a little toward a consummation so devoutly to be wished. The authoress prefers to remain incognito for the present. We can say, however, she has occupied a high position in Washington circles, is thoroughly well qualified to write upon the subject, and that the facts narrated in the story all have their counterpart in the well authenticated experience of actual life. The book is profusely illustrated and handsomely printed. It will be sold by subscription only, and that good agents will find this a quick selling and profitable book.

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THE SON OF MONTE-CRISTO. Sequel to The Wife of Monte-Cristo, and end of the continuation to Alexander Dumas' celebrated novel of The Count of Monte-Cristo. One volume, paper cover. Price 75 cents.

"The Son of Monte-Cristo," being the sequel to "The Wife of Monte-Cristo," and the end of the continuation of Dumas' masterwork, "The Count of Monte-Cristo," just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, is in all respects a great novel. Romantic in the highest degree, powerful in the widest sense of the term and absorbingly interesting, it is a work absolutely without parallel at the present day. Every chapter has a strong and stirring feature of its own while all the legions of intensely thrilling incidents are as original and surprising as they are strong. The hero is Esperance, the son of the Count of Monte-Cristo, who is followed from boyhood to the close of his wonderful and unprecedented career. His varied and remarkable adventures form a succession of amazing episodes never equalled in fiction, while his love for the unfortunate Jane Zeid and the strange complications to which it gives rise are depicted in the most fascinating fashion. The Count of Monte-Cristo and Haydee also have thrilling adventures, and Mercedes, Benedetto, Danglars and Danglars, together with Fanfar again appear. The hosts of admirers of "The Count of Monte-Cristo," as well as all who relish a novel of rare merit, should read "The Son of Monte-Cristo." They will certainly be delighted with it. It is published in a large square duodecimo volume, with an illustrated paper cover, illustrative of various scenes in the work, in uniform style with "The Wife of Monte-Cristo," price 75 cents, and will be found for sale by all booksellers and by all news agents everywhere, as well as on all railroad trains, or copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, post-paid on remitting the price of it in a letter to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

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U. S. Grant, Jr., has the chance of another fortune, at least as good as that which Mr. Ferdinand Ward was securing for him. Among his unpreferred assets are 5000 shares of Keeley motor stock.

### BORN.

May 31, to the wife of Wm. Fliedner, a son.

## NEW TO-DAY.

NICELY FURNISHED ROOM AT 81 YAMHILL street. 1j3

WANTED—A YOUNG GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. Apply at 151 South First st. 1j3

NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS WITH BOARD. 87 and 89 Seventh st.; gentlemen only need apply.

DESIRABLE ROOM ONE BLOCK FROM POST-office; references exchanged. Address P. O. box 65. 1j6

FOR RENT—NEATLY FURNISHED FRONT room bay window low rent. 9 North Fifth street, corner A. 1j2

FOR SALE—A GOOD FAMILY CARRIAGE, either single or double, with top. Inquire at Ac...'s stable. 1j6

FOR SALE—AN ESTABLISHED PAYING BUSINESS; small capital required. Apply at 103 Morrison street. 1,2tf

FOR RENT—TWO GOOD SIX ROOM HOUSES at $17 per month each. P. W. GILLETTE, 27 Stark street. 1jtf

HOUSE OF 6 ROOMS FOR RENT, NO. 270 Fourth, bet. Jefferson and Madison. Inquire 91 Columbia street. 1j3

FOR RENT WITH BOARD—NICELY FURNISHED rooms; references required. 161 Taylor street, corner East Park. 1j

FOR RENT—COMFORTABLY FURNISHED suite of rooms in private family; terms reasonable. 103 Seventh street. 1j3

WANTED—TO BUY SECOND-HAND MENS' clothing, furniture, tools, etc. Mal postal. Call or address at 59 North First street. 1j7

$1000.—FOR SALE, FURNITURE OF 16 rooms in house, nicely located; rent $60 per month; rooms all full. J. H. MARSHALL.

WANTED—FULLY FURNISHED TWO OR three rooms, or small cottage, in square bounded by Washington, Salmon, Sixth and Eighth streets. Address box 466, city. 1j3

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED ROOMS—En suite, single or housekeeping; hot and cold water, bath, etc.; reasonable rent; fire-proof building; 21 Columbia street, opposite St. George hotel. 1j1

FOR SALE—AN ALTAMONT FILLY FIVE years old, broken to drive single, or suitable for a saddle horse. Also a young mare and colt. These will be sold cheap if taken soon. Call at Bishop's Grammar school. 1j5

ENGLISH WATCHMAKER'S STORE burned, but all watches, jewelry, etc., safe, and he himself at work to-day. Office 63 Yamhill, between First and Second. 1m*

### CITIZENS' TICKET.

For County Treasurer,

WILLIAM BECK.

## NEW TO-DAY.

DR. PATTON HAS REMOVED TO ROOMS 4 and 5 Labbe building Washington and Second.

ASK YOUR FRIEND WHO HAS AN "ALBA" Lamp what he thinks of it. 4

DRINK PFUNDER'S GRATEFUL vichy and fruit soda water. 18mt

LEADER SEWING MACHINES—BUY ONE from LOVERIDGE, agent No. 3 N. Second st. 9

NOTICE—FRESH IMPORTED SWISS, CREAM-French and Limburger Cheese received by every steamer. German Pickles, Sauer Kraut and Kingo machte Herrings; also choice groceries. No. 86 Morrison st., Mrs. M. BAUM. sf10*

Fireside Companion only 25 cents per month. Portland News Co., 119 Press street. 29mTuThS

PARTNER WANTED IN WELL known and paying restaurant.

Lodging house of 24 rooms, central, cheap.

Lot to lease on West Park street.

Good business chances at PLATO'S AGENCY, Dekum block, First and Washington. 1j

ASSIGNEE SALE.

DRUG STORE, STOCK & FIXTURES.

RARE CHANCE. Apply to PHILO H. HOLBROOK, Assignee. 35 Yamhill street. 1j6*

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Morrison Precinct.

H. W. STAFFORD.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

FIRE, FIRE, FIRE!—DAMAGED BY WATER. Uncle Myers has moved back to his old stand, and is now selling Watches, Jewelry, Guns, Pistols, Musical Instruments at

25 Cents on the Dollar.

By order of the underwriters. Everything for cash only at 18 First street.

CITY VIEW PARK.

ON SUNDAY NEXT

There will be a TROTTING RACE for $250 a side, mile heats, best 3 in 5. Kit Miller names Padre; M. Pender names Johnny Bates. Pools will be sold at the Cosmopolitan Saloon on Saturday night.

The Bricklayers' Union will also hold a picnic at the Park same date. 31m

WILL SELL

SOME OF THE HANDSOMEST PROPERTY IN Forest Grove, in lots varying in size from 25x100 feet to 6 acres, and on terms to suit purchasers. For particulars inquire of G. O. RIDER, at the St. Charles Hotel. 22mtaw*

WILHOIT SPRINGS

Summer Resort.

HOUSE RENOVATED AND PLACED IN THOROUGH repair. New features added for the amusement and comfort of guests. Our aim will be to cater to wants of patrons. Table supplied with all the market affords. The pure air and well known curative qualities of the water makes this the most desirable health resort on the coast. Camp ground in good order. Provisions, cigars, tobacco, etc., at the store on reasonable terms.

Address FRANK McKERAN, Wilhoit, Clackamas county, or McKERAN BROS., Portland. 1j8&2aw

GRAND DRAMATIC

AND

Musical Entertainment,

TO BE GIVEN BY THE LADIES OF THE ST. Ann's C. S., for the benefit of the poor, at

Masonic Hall, Wednesday Ev'g, June 4.

TICKETS - - 50 CENTS.

Refreshments Served by the Ladies. 1j2

Oregon Railway & Navigation

COMPANY

EXCURSIONS

To the Seaside!

STEAMER WIDE WEST

WILL LEAVE PORTLAND FOR ASTORIA until further notice TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 6 A. M., and on SATURDAY at 2 P. M. Returning leave Astoria WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 6 A. M., and SUNDAY at 3 P. M.

TICKETS FOR ROUND TRIP, $2 50.

WIDE WEST will touch at St. Helens, Kalama, Rainier, Oak Point, Cathlamet, Brookfield and other landings on her route where she can receive passengers conveniently.

A. L. STOKES, Gen. Passenger Agent. 1j

OREGON SOUTHERN IMPROVEMENT COMpany—Annual meeting—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Oregon Southern Improvement Company will be held at the office of the Company, in Portland, Oregon, on Thursday, June 26, 1884, at 2 o'clock P. M. for the election of seven directors to serve for the ensuing year, to change the by-laws of the company, to act on the question of changing the principal office of the Company from Portland, Or., to Empire City, Or., and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

1j CECIL H. HOLCOMB, Secretary.

PORTLAND SODA WORKS.

SODA WATER.

140 FRONT STREET.

Established 1856. Capacity, 500 dozen per day.

m11dw&stm

AMUSEMENTS.

EXTRA.

"FOR GOODNESS SAKE, DON'T SAY I TOLD YOU!"

NEW MARKET THEATER.

Grand fashionable event. One week only.

COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 2.

Engagement of the

RICE SURPRISE PARTY!

And the Charming California favorite,

MISS KATE CASTLETON,

Appearing in the Greatest of all Successes,

P——D——P

Replete with New Music, Situations and Dialogue.

Grand Family Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

POPULAR PRICES. Box sheet open Thursday, May 29, at Cornelius' drug store.

TIVOLI THEATER.

Cor. Madison and First sts.

WALTER KEYES........................Proprietor

PINAFORE!

Matinee Saturday, May 31—2 P. M.

ADMISSION 25c; Reserved Seats 50c.

Die Sitzung

der Literarischen Section des

Vereins Eintracht,

in Portland, Oregon, findet am

Sonntag, d. 1. Juni, 1884,

Abends 8 Uhr präcise in der Halle 3. und Alder Straße statt.

1. Abtheilung: Geschäftsangelegenheiten der Section und Beiträge.
2. Abtheilung: Debatte, Generaldebatte:

Ist es zweckmäßig, daß den Frauen das Stimmrecht ertheilt werde oder nicht?

Freier Eintritt für alle Mitglieder und deren Freunde.

Der Vorsteher.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE PORTLAND BAKERY HAS OPENED FOR business at the

Corner of Second and Main,

In the quarters formerly occupied by the Pioneer Bakery, and are prepared to supply the trade and families with everything in the line of

BREAD, CAKES AND PIES.

Everything in the line of Confectionery made to order and kept on hand. Parties and weddings supplied at short notice.

ZnTuThS&Sulm

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

WE HAVE OPENED BUSINESS WITH SPECIAL facilities to manufacture all kinds of Barrels. We call the attention of Fishermen and Packers and trade in general. You can save money by giving us a call. Manufacturers of all kinds of Barrels and Tanks. The Empire Cooperage, 60 South Front st., Portland, Or. 29m1u Tu&Sulm J. M. FINKE & SONS, Props.

SMOKE

E. H. GATES'

ESTRELLA

Key West

CIGARS

NONE BETTER.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

### POLITICAL.

CITIZENS' COUNTY TICKET.

For Senators,
E. D. SHATTUCK, E. G. HUGHES.

Representatives,
R. WEEKS, DAVID COLE,
ED. THAYER, F. K. BEACH,
JOHN MONTAG, JACOB HAAS,
M. RAWLE.

County Commissioners,
H. W. CORBETT, G. W. ROBERTS.

For Sheriff,
E. J. JEFFERY.

For County Clerk,
A. J. MARSHALL.

For County Treasurer,
WILLIAM BECK.

For County Assessor,
J. P. O. LOWNSDALE.

For School Superintendent,
JOHN ROSENBERG.

For County Surveyor,
JOHN McQUINN.

For Coroner,
DR. W. N. DAVIS.

JUSTICE FOR SOUTH PORTLAND,
GWIN HICKS.

Regular nominee of the Democratic and the Independent Republican conventions.

VOTE FOR

CHAS. A. PETRAIN,

The regular Democratic and Citizens' Candidate

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

In North Portland Precinct. 30m4

25c. Hats

AT THE

Leading Millinery Store.

MRS. HILDEBRAND,

Ainsworth Block, Third and Ash sts.

Trim. Hats.

KELLY, DUNNE & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

S. S. [illegible]

42 FRONT STREET,

Send for our new Price List.

18mTuSh8u

S. & G. GUMP, San Francisco. R. COWAN, Manager, Portland.

S. & G. GUMP,

68-69 Third st., P. O. box 517.

Importers, Manufacturers & Jobbers

—OF—

Mouldings, Mirrors and Picture

FRAMES.

MIRROR PLATES, ENGRAVINGS, CHROMOS, BRACKETS, CORNICES, ETC.

Bar-Room Mirrors a Specialty.

CASCADE

WARM SPRINGS.

These famous health restoring warm springs are now open to the public. They are easy of access, being on the river division, between Portland and The Dalles, three-fourths of a mile from the Cascade railroad. The hotel and accommodations are good, with camping grounds, pure air, good water, plenty of moss, ferns and mountain scenery, making it a desirable resort for the sick and the invalid.

For particulars address R. SNOW, Cascades, Wash. Ter.

m15-thru

OREGON

ELECTRICAL WORKS.

Julius Dilg, on the first of May, took the entire charge of the Oregon Electrical Works, at No. 166 Fourth street, between Morrison and Yamhill. Mr. Dilg has had experience of years in this line of business, and is the city electrician.

Spectacles, Eye Glasses, and optical goods of every description.

Patent models and experimental machinery a specialty. mi2mlt

PACIFIC

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLES

Corner Front and Salmon sts.

H. S. QUINTON..........Proprietor.

Horses boarded by the day, week or month. These stables are centrally located and are large and airy. Splendid accommodations for boarding horses and best of care given them. 5mlmt

REMOVAL NOTICE.

On and after the 17th of May the PIONEER BAKERY will occupy new quarters, No. 664 FIRST ST., near Mill.

16mlm J. TAMMEN, Prop'r.

Sick headache, habitual costiveness, pains in back and limbs, loss of appetite, bad breath and taste in the mouth, &c., entirely cured by the use of

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER

PFUNDER'S

KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR

[illegible] Thousands saved from death by Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Trial Bottles *free*.

[illegible] Enclose 15 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office, for the statistical OREGONIAN. The best medium to circulate in the east.

A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

Within the reach of all, price $1 per bottle—Celery, Beef and Iron.

[illegible] Enclose 15 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office, for the statistical OREGONIAN. The best medium to circulate in the east.

[illegible] is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly indorsed. Interested persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars by addressing ERIE MEDICAL CO., P. O. Box 513, Buffalo, N. Y.—Toledo Evening Bee. 3lm

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. ITCHING PILES. SYMPTOMS are Moisture, Intense Itching, increased by scratching, most at night. Other parts are sometimes affected. Swayne's Ointment cures. Also for Tetter, Blotches, all Skin Diseases. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WOODARD, CLARKE & CO., Authorized Agents, Wholesale and Retail Druggists, PORTLAND, OREGON. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Dr. E. C. Brown, Diseases of Eye & Ear, 169 First St.

# IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

"Pop" this week.

Thomas F. Murphy of Seattle is in the city visiting friends.

James E. Higgins was yesterday admitted to citizenship in the United States district court.

Mrs. Joseph Smith of Peoria, Illinois, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. R. McGregor, 169 Thirteenth street.

Professor Joseph Borra will leave the city during the summer on account of ill health, but expects to be back in September.

Mrs. Will C. King, S. D., I. O. G. T., organized a lodge with twenty-three charter members at Sellwood on Tuesday evening, May 27.

Alice a 19-year-old daughter of Mrs. Emily Jordan of East Portland, died yesterday. The remains were taken to Salem by the afternoon train.

Mr. R. W. Mitchell, chief clerk in the Northern Pacific land department, returned yesterday from a two weeks' trip to the Yakima country.

Miss Rosa Brenner will be married this evening to Mr. Julius Haas, of the firm of Dittenhoefer, Haas & Co. The many friends of the contracting parties wish them all the happiness they anticipate.

Dr. Caples of St. Johns fell down the stairs leading to the *Standard* office last night. It was thought at first that the old gentleman was seriously injured, but in an hour he was all right, barring a few painful bruises.

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Heron yesterday, to arrive in Portland to-day: W. H. White, H. E. Grover, W. H. Platt, Mrs. Brown, Miss Susie Rheem, Mrs. D. W. Miller, B. Blumenthal, M. C. H. Messinger.

SHIPPING NOTES.

The steamer Bonita sailed from San Francisco for this city yesterday with freight. At the mouth of the Columbia yesterday clear weather prevailed. There were no important movements in shipping.

THE RIVERS.

Following is a report of the stage of high water for Friday and Saturday: Riparia, fell 16 inches; Umatilla, fell 12 inches; Bonneville, rose 6 inches Friday, fell 6 inches Saturday; Portland, rose 5 inches, now at a stand, the gauge marking 18.5 feet.

FURTHER TIME ALLOWED.

On request of the attorneys yesterday morning in the state circuit court in the case of John W. Murray, found guilty and sentenced to be hung for the murder of Alfred Yenke, ten days further time was allowed the clerk in which to complete the transcript to the supreme court upon the appeal which has been taken.

IN AGAIN.

Martin Smallden, the incorrigible youth, has been arrested again for stealing, this time for taking a lot of lead pipe from an unoccupied building on Second street, between Madison and Jefferson. Policeman Keegan made the arrest upon a warrant issued from Justice Keegan's court. Smallden will have a hearing next Tuesday.

GETTING AROUND THE LAW.

The new regulation forbidding passengers to get into the pilot houses of river steamers is easily avoided. Whenever the Columbia or Willamette river pilots and captains want to have a friend come in, he comes in under the provision that any person desirous of learning the channel shall be permitted to remain with "the man at the wheel."

THE VANCOUVER ROAD.

A gentleman who came over from Vancouver yesterday reports that the back water from the Columbia has just crossed the road this side of the long bridge and is about eight inches deep. If the river continues to rise at present rate the road will be impassable about next Friday. The Columbia now is nearly at a stand still.

IN THE FIELD.

Several of the many friends of Mr. Henry W. Spofford desire THE OREGONIAN to correct a false report that he is not a candidate for justice of the peace in Morrison precinct. Though illness of his family prevents him from being here on election day, his friends will be on hand at the polls to work for him, and they will stay by him till the polls close.

RELEASED ON ACCOUNT OF HIS YOUTH.

Rudolph Breithbarth, a boy 12 years old, who was arrested Friday night by Officer J. E. Crimer, charged with the larceny from the store of A. M. Daggett of several small articles, such as two plugs of tobacco, cigar case and holder, boxes of matches, etc., was arraigned for trial yesterday in the police court. Out of consideration partially for the boy's youth the case was dismissed with a reprimand.

ARRESTS LAST MONTH.

The police made 351 arrests last month on the following charges: Drunk and disorderly 155, trespass 19, larceny 21, assault and battery 20, held as witness 10, using abusive or obscene language 11, carrying concealed weapons 9, vagrancy 6, threatening to kill 6, disorderly by fighting 15, disorderly conduct 23, maintaining nuisance 8, deserter U. S. A. 5, violating swill ordinances 5, roaming streets 4, assault with dangerous weapon 10, burglary 3, other offences 16.

FRESH SALMON FROM PORTLAND.

The first shipment from Portland of a carload of fresh salmon was made yesterday by the Portland Ice Company for A. Booth & Sons, Chicago. The salmon were packed in boxes with ice at A. Booth & Sons' cannery at Astoria and shipped to Portland and re-iced, thence they were loaded in one of the N. P. R. R. Co.'s refrigerator cars and went forward by passenger train, and will arrive in five days at Chicago. The car contained eighty boxes, or 14,000 pounds.

HELD TO ANSWER.

Isaac Keyser, accused of the larceny of $270 in gold coin, had an examination in the police court yesterday. A witness named Ladd testified that a day or two after the robbery he was surprised when Keyser told him he had sent $60 home to his wife and also to see him with a new suit on, while he also had some $18 in cash. Other witnesses testified in a similar manner, and Keyser was held to answer before the grand jury in $400 bail, which he was unable to give, and therefore was committed to the county jail.

SHERIDAN AGAIN DISCHARGED.

The case of Phil Sheridan, the young man accused of setting fire to the Clarendon hotel, came up before Justice Green yesterday. The state having no evidence in addition to that offered in the police court, and this having proved insufficient to hold him, the case was dismissed. It is reported on good authority that Sheridan offered to confess the crime and show that he was hired to fire the building, provided a certain sum—stated as $1000—were paid him. This proposition was submitted to the San Francisco board of underwriters, but they declined to pay it, on the ground that the chances of conviction were too slender, and the money would therefore be uselessly expended.

CHINESE WOMEN FROM PORTLAND.

Ten Chinese women arrived on the steamer Oregon Monday, from Portland, says the San Francisco *Bulletin*. In the opinion of the customs officials they were smuggled over the border from British Columbia, and were brought here for immoral purposes. Each had a marriage certificate, but little attention is paid to this. The customs officials could not hold the women because they came from a domestic port. The women, on arriving, were at once rushed into hacks and driven off to Chinatown. They were compelled to return to the dock, but when there it was ruled that they could not be held. The ten men who appeared as their husbands are highbinders, and probably went to Victoria to bring the women here, and considered a marriage certificate a very small matter to stumble over.

NEW ROUTE FOR THE GYPSY.

The steamer Gypsy left last night for Gray's harbor and the Sound with a large freight list. Applications for passage have been so numerous that the company has decided to refit the ship so as to provide ample accommodations for passengers as well as freight. Bulkheads will be put in, together with all needed dining and sleeping appointments. The fare has been fixed at $6 to Shoalwater bay and $8 to Gray's harbor from Portland. It has also been decided to discontinue going to Port Townsend and Seattle after the present trip, and instead make semi-monthly trips to Yaquina bay, where the business boom promises soon to rival that of Gray's harbor. Alternate trips will be made to these points, carrying freight and passengers. The new and reliable transportation route thus established to these two new and thriving regions will contribute more than anything else to the growth and permanence of their trade with this city. The merchants here should be quick to take the trade in hand. The Gypsy will leave on her first trip to Yaquina about June 13. Shippers are requested to send to A. L. Stokes, general freight agent of the O. R. & N. company, memoranda of freight now on hand for that point.

## REPUBLICAN RALLY.

### Oregon's Next Congressman Comes Out Squarely in His Political Views before His Constituents.

Hon. Binger Hermann, republican nominee for congress from Oregon, addressed a large audience at the courthouse last evening. Every seat in the spacious courtroom was occupied, and a goodly number of ladies were present. Hon. A. H. Tanner of the Young Men's Republican Club presided over the meeting and introduced the speaker.

Mr. Hermann experienced no difficulty in interesting his listeners, although he spoke considerably over an hour, and was frequently interrupted by loud applause. At one time, when speaking of the possible presidential candidates, all other names were passed over in silence except that of James G. Blaine. As the speaker pronounced that name the audience vociferously applauded, even shouting and stamping their feet for a full minute.

The speaker expatiated at great length upon the tariff question, upholding the ground taken by the republican party, and argued strongly in favor of protection as the best for the people of the country. Among other things he said: Look along our coast and see our boundless resources of timber and then think what a loss the proposed democratic reduction of the tariff on lumber would make to our state. So with the duty on coal. Both industries would be taken, if there was no duty, out of the country, and the wealth which is now coming into our state would go to British Columbia. There have been times when the affairs of this country would have been at a very low ebb had it not been for protection. No market is so good a market as the home market. Ninety-two per cent. of our productions find a market in our own country, and when money thus changes hands, it is always with us, but when it is gone to London or some other far off market, it is gone forever. Wages, too, are always increased in opposition to this democratic free trade policy. When this country was under a free trade policy as in 1860, wages were much less than at the present day; and all wages in the United States are better under our protective tariff than under the free trade policy of England. Then the food of the laborer and all his necessaries are cheaper in this country than in England. If free trade is such a good thing for us and such a bad thing for Europe, I will ask my democratic friends why it is that so many thousands of laborers come here from the old country every year and are always so prosperous that they write back to their relatives and friends and urge them, too, to come as fast as they can? The democrats have never kept the political promises they have made, while the republican party have always kept faith with the people. During the past twenty-four years every measure put forth by the republican party has been sooner or later adopted by the democrats, and sooner or later they will camp upon our protective tariff ground.

In conclusion, which of these parties shall we rely upon for the greatest good to the greatest number? Look at what the republican party has done for the poor man and the laborer, whose friend the party has always been. The great voice with which you will express your sentiments next Monday will go ringing all over the country. It will be heard in the national convention and will inspire our party leaders there with renewed strength. And now, my fellow citizens, thanking you for your attention, I will bid you a cordial good night.

## INCENDIARISM.

An attempt was made about 1:45 this morning to burn the frame block on the corner of First and E streets (west side) by setting fire to some tarred barrels. An alarm was telephoned in and met with quick response. Officers Belcher and Collins, assisted by others, got the barrels into the street, and prevented what might have been a serious conflagration.

### F. E. Beach for Representative.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAM:

Will you allow an old-time republican a little space to say that I have very carefully considered my duty in relation to casting my vote next Monday. I have been in the habit of voting the straight republican ticket, and purposed to do so this time, but have concluded to "scratch" in one instance, at least. I do not desire to call any names, but our party has put one man on the legislative ticket who is manifestly unfit to be a representative. On the other hand there is a good republican on the fusion ticket, who can be safely trusted in all respects. I shall vote for F. E. Beach for representative. He is sound enough republican for me, and has many qualifications which eminently fit him for the position. He is an active, honorable business man, thoroughly identified with the best interests of the people in all respects. He is modest and retiring, but yet public-spirited, and takes a deep and active interest in all that pertains to the best interests of Portland. He is an honest man, who cannot be swerved by bribery or flattery one iota from the strict line of rectitude. He is not a politician in the offensive sense of the word, and it is well known that the office has sought him and not he the office. In fact, he declined the nomination, as your readers know, and it was only after the most earnest persuasion by good men in all walks of life that he consented to run. He was specially waited upon by different delegations from mechanics, contractors and workingmen generally, who know him to be safe for their cause in regard to the labor law and other matters. He is a young man of more than ordinary intelligence and industry, and I feel certain he will devote his time, talents and energies to the duties of legislation in the best interest of the people. I find I am not alone in these views. Many of the soundest and best republicans in this county say boldly and unhesitatingly that they are going to scratch the ticket and vote for Mr. Beach. I am not a "kicker," and have no sympathy with that movement, but when the good citizens of Multnomah propose such a man as Mr. Beach for the responsible place of representative in the legislature, I propose that we all join in and elect him. And still I can subscribe myself,

A STRAIGHT REPUBLICAN.

## MARRIAGES LAST MONTH.

County Clerk Sewall issued marriage licenses last month to the following parties:

5—Frank W. Moore 26, Mary L. Chamberlain, 20.
5—W. H. O. Day 18, M. E. M. Biddleman 18.
5—J. J. Robinson 26, Sophia H. Holman 22.
5—L. C. Smith 29, Mrs. Kitty Quinlan 26.
5—T. B. Howes 35, Labelle Comstock 26
6—W. J. Brown 24, Martha S. Reed 22.
5—E. T. Lee 24, J. C. Skinner 25.
6—P. E. Bergman 27, Anna F. Walter 21.
1—Frank Wenzel [illegible], D. Kirsch 18.
8—J. M. James 32, I. M. Fiester 26.
9—Morris Falk 29, Sarah Mendelson 20.
13—Peter Riley 60, Maggie Chase 32.
13—Edward F Collins 27, Ellen Oils 21.
14—O. J. Williams 25, Emma Nowell 21.
15—A. W. Hyde 55, Mrs. F. C. Berry 25.
19—E. J. McInnis 26, Dennis Buck 28.
19—H. O. Lang 29, Susie Simmons 22.
20—John Russell 20, Catherine Leitch 20.
20—W. A. Duston 22, Kate E. Murray 20.
21—H. Fraley 36, Josephine Speigel 19.
21—J. B. Johnson 28, M. S. Fitzgerald 23.
22—W. E. Mitchell 27, Lilian Pasold 23.
22—F. L. Miller 35, Mrs. L. S. Barr 30.
22—Adam Spies 30, Kate Kelterman 22.
24—Ah Sing 30, Ah Ho 22.
23—Griffin Francis 37, Mary Gratsmall 25.
24—Harry Goine 34, Mrs. M. Newell 32.
27—A. G. Brockwell 27, Emily L. Carter 19.
28—John Bonner 29, Annie McGowan 21.
31—Julius L. Haas 28, Rosa Brenner 25
31—E. L. Schieffelin 28, O. F. Sal[illegible] 27.

### Quick Time.

A car load of White sewing machines direct from the factory at Cleveland, Ohio, shipped on the 16th day of May, reached Portland on the 29th, and was delivered at Garrison's sewing machine store, 167 Third street, to-day. Would have been delivered one day sooner but for the holiday.

The San Jose Mercury gives this as a sendoff: On the steamer which sails to-morrow for Portland, Oregon, our old friend and respected citizen A. B. Steinbach will start for his new home and the scene of his future labors. Mr. Steinbach has been for several years one of our most progressive and active business men, and we regret to lose him; but while it must be, we will content ourselves with wishing him all possible success and recommend him to the favor of our brothers in the north. Mr. Steinbach would be pleased to have his San Jose friends residing in Portland call on him.

### Performing Bedouin Arabs.

Few people, if any in this community, have ever seen the peculiar and hazardous performances of a band of real Arabs, and the fact that W. W. Cole is the only showman with foresight enough to import a troupe of these desert wonders is quite sufficient to make his great show a chosen resort for every boy. These Arabs, as has been said, have no equals as athletes, and they particularly excel in acts where muscular development is required.

Charles A. Petit is a good date on the democratic and citizens' ticket for justice in North Portland precinct.

Drink Cream Fruit Soda and Imperial Vichy. Pfunder, Fitz and Ash, Theater block.

There is only one Powder that can repair time's ravages on ladies' complexions—Pozzoni's.

# WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

## The Last Gun from the Besiegers' Camp on the Eve of a Battle of Ballots.

### The Women of Oregon Ask only a Fair Field.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

With your permission, the undersigned would say a parting word to business men who, on this day of comparative leisure, can have time to bestow a little thought upon the pending amendment, as presented by one who has made it a study for more than half a score of years. I attempt this agreeable duty with all the more readiness because I feel that I am addressing thoughtful men, who will, without exception, read and heed and ponder.

Every new and important step in human progress has first found root in new soil. Every great revolutionary movement, whether of bullets or ballots, has been led to victory through great obstacles, and often through temporary defeat. The sad reverses of the continental army are familiar to every school girl. The defeat of the Union forces at Ball's Bluff and Bull Run clothed the nation for a time in sackcloth and ashes.

The woman suffrage movement has had its day of defeat. It has also secured many victories, and like the continental and the union armies, it will eventually overcome every obstacle and conquer every foe. Its aims and purposes are analogous to the aims and purposes of the continental and union armies; but its methods of work are widely different, for its battles are the battles of ballots, and must be fought for women by proxies, since they cannot legally decide it for themselves. If, prior to the revolutionary struggle any man had dared to proclaim the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence in any of the old countries across the Atlantic, he would have paid the price of his temerity with his head.

Massachusetts took the lead for a season in the march of progress in America. Then, after a time, she became old and conservative and halted by the way, leaving the star of liberty and empire to move steadily on in its westward course, in the same unerring path that marked its progress when it paused, radiant and tremulous, to shape the earlier destinies of the great bay state. There were tories in revolutionary days who struggled with might and main to stay the progress of manhood suffrage, just as there are tories in these days, who struggle hard to stay the progress of woman suffrage now. Massachusetts at that time was largely the abode of the wild bear and wilder Indian. Had she grown as old and conservative as now before her rank and file of men were allowed to vote, her Plutocrats would never have yielded up their supremacy without a sanguinary struggle.

Fourteen years ago the star of liberty paused over Wyoming and planted the jewel of freedom in the crown of her daughters in the mountains. Utah next received attention, but the blight of polygamy is upon her people, and the jewel is dimmed in its casket because of its setting of baser metal. We point with pride to Wyoming because of her free men and free women. We recall with pleasure the experiences of her governors, judges, clergymen and mothers, who cheerfully testify to the beneficent workings of woman suffrage throughout the territory. Governor Hoyt says: "Woman suffrage has rescued the territory from much of its former lawlessness, and made it one of the most law-abiding portions of the union. Divorces are almost unknown, and criminals are more speedily brought to justice than before the women were permitted to vote."

Rev. Dr. Crary, presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal conference for the Colorado and Wyoming district, says: "Under woman suffrage we have better laws and a better condition of morals than could possibly exist without it. The best men and women vote, and the lies told to their detriment originate with men of the baser sort." I would quote many others, but for lack of space.

In Washington territory, where the women have been voting since last November, the result so far as tried has been in every way satisfactory. This is the testimony of Governor Newell, Chief Justice Greene and all the other prominent men who are in a position to know whereof they speak.

It is common for the opponents of woman suffrage to "suppose" impossible cases, and then fulminate arguments to defeat their suppositions. They "suppose" conditions "intensely antagonistic" between men and women, and then "suppose" women will be worsted by the result of encounters that can never occur. Women, as the mothers of men, are their best friends and ablest counsellors. There is no "natural antagonism" between the sexes, and all talk of stirring up latent hostilities by granting women justice is the sheerest absurdity. Senator Dolph wisely says that "one such illustration of the effect of full suffrage upon the marriage relation, the home, the family and the state, as is presented by the territory of Wyoming, is worth more than all the predictions of the evils to follow woman suffrage which have been made by the opponents of the movement since its beginning."

It is urged by some as an excuse for opposing the suffrage amendment that women cannot fight, and would not defend the ballot, therefore she should not be trusted with it. War is a relic of the barbarism from which we are slowly evolving. When all women shall be recognized equally with all men as law makers every woman will possess a power equal in kind if not in degree to that of England's gracious queen, who at the close of our internecine war divined a way to settle international difficulties by powerful arbitration, after men, with all their sagacity, had devised no way to compromise conflicting differences of opinion and interest except by and through the horrors of battle on sea and land. When mother love shall everywhere hold its proper sway among the sons of women, as it can and will through the power of the ballot by and by, then "swords may be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks, and nations may learn war no more."

Women rear the men and peril their lives to do it. This is their part of life's warfare. They rear the soldiers to serve in wars that cannot be prevented, and it will be their holy pleasure to prevent wars altogether as they shall be given opportunity.

I sat in the crowded hall on the evening of Decoration day and listened, spell bound, to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of General Morrow and the Hon. Rufus Mallory. But my heart was thrilled with an ecstasy of indescribable emotion as I noticed the part that women played in the interesting programme. One young lady, a resident of Washington territory, and herself a voter, won all hearts by her patriotic singing. The votes of men had made her free, but did men on that account respect her less? Let the delighted audience answer.

Then, as another young lady electrified the crowd with a simple ballad in which the flags of different nations played a prominent part, while towering above them all was the star spangled banner, invented by a woman of the by gone century, and by a woman praised and kissed before our tear dimmed eyes, while all the men applauded, the thought thrilled me as never before that men of long ago, in clothing liberty with the attributes of womanhood, had builded better than they knew. As the dear little girls paid their beautiful tribute of song and speech and flowers to the memory of the brave men who died for liberty, and while one young lady personated a mother whose son was slain in battle, I looked upon it all and said to myself as I believed the scene: The fiat has gone forth and women will be free. The fathers, husbands, brothers and sons of Oregon have so decreed. We have on the Pacific coast the broadest-brained and biggest-hearted men on earth. They have grown wise and free through broadened opportunities. They learned the need of woman's presence as a moral factor in all the departments of life while they were struggling along without her long ago in the mining camps. They noted the improvement that accompanied her advent among them in the after years, and they have now discovered that woman's presence at the ballot box and in the affairs of government would be the same great help to them that it had proved already in their homes.

Men of Oregon, we rest our case with you. We believed that we could trust you, or we should not have dared to hazard this great experiment. It lies in your power to place our state in the lead in this great act of justice and chivalry; an act that will redound to your credit forever if you prove yourselves worthy of the confidence the women have reposed in you. Then, when other states, and the great nation itself, shall fall into line, as they surely will in the near future, you can proudly point to your glorious record through all the coming years, and the 2d day of June will become a new and universal holiday. Respectfully,

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

An appeal is herewith made from the lower and inferior court to the higher and supreme, from the darkened and unthoughtful forum of humanity to the bench of bright, keen and spiritualized judgeship; from that which is sordid, gross, selfish, unjust and tyrannical, to that which is imbued and filled with a high sense of justice, of right, and a desire to be fair, true equitable and noble. This appeal is not taken from one lot, number or class, to another lot, number or class—is not to be understood as with protest at decision of one portion of humanity addressing itself to another portion or body, seeking a reversal. This appeal is based on conviction and realization of the fact that in each human breast reigns a dual nature, two-fold influences. One, a potent stream of influences, represents the grosser, baser, unhallowed, most selfish and arrogant, unjust and usurping—that element in all our natures which represents the mean, the low, the despicable inhuman make-up; and what ones are there not of this element in greater or less degree? The other side of human nature is bright, soulful and of godlike element, representing the highest aspect of those evolutionized illuminated and spiritualized—an index to the Universal Soul, a flash from the Omnipotent—and who shall assert in truth that not a spark of this, be it ever so latent and subdued, exists and dwells not even in the lowest human wreck and representative of violated law on earth?

This appeal then addresses itself, from the crude judgment of low, brutalized and undeveloped man to that part of his nature, enlightened, uplifted and purified; is taken from sordid materiality to the divine essence of intelligence in his being.

The cause must needs be next laid before this high tribunal, and the facts upon which the appeal is taken, followed by the equitable grounds upon which a favorable decree is invoked.

This is the pleading of facts. Humanity upon earth, composed of the two sexes—man and woman, has up to the present time been ruled over and represented by only one of these—by man. By virtue primarily of superior brute power, man at the earliest period, arrogated to himself the exercise of ruling—and to himself alone—and from that period forward, though admonished in a thousand ways by his growing sense of justice that he is an usurper of a right and innate quality of all human beings regardless of sex, he yet has been unmanly enough, untrue and unjust enough, to still greedily, selfishly claim the ruling power—to claim a right of possession to all other things of earth, even his companion and copartner in life—woman—as to body and as to soul. In proportion that the former mentioned and dark side of man's nature has been, and is in preponderance, in that same proportion does he to-day demand, and arrogate to himself possession and supreme right of rule. To the other side, the higher and nobler part of man's nature, this appeal addresses itself in earnestness and with all the force and stress that wronged principle can command in effort at being righted, that in equity and in the sense of justice and honor an ignominy upon the baser nature of man, should at once be served and strictly enforced, not only preliminarily, but perpetually. And such an equilibrium established in the dominion of individual rights, and for each personal human being, as will place all on equality before the law, without distinction as to sex.

Past history of the human race, and especially the history of woman in her down-trodden, oppressed and suppressed state in all the relations and duties of life, pointing out clearly as it does that from the beginning to the present time man has had in fact a coequal, nay, even a superior, in patient, loving, tender, true and steadfast woman—this history is cited in support of the appeal, the just relief prayed for. This history is most earnestly submitted to the critical scrutiny of man's intellectual and spiritual sight and nature, to that within him of the godlike and noble, the justice loving and manly, and a conviction rests in the heart of the pleader that when this is done justice will be done in a following act.

Men of Oregon! You who now boast of supremacy over all earthly things and conditions, on June 2 next, in the exercise of the elective franchise, placed in your hands as a scepter and emblem of power by those of your sex before you, you will be called on to do an equitable and just act toward one-half of the citizens of your state. In your act of that day, under the influence of one or the other of your dual natures, you will decree in response to this appeal. Manhood! Noble and godlike in mind, set your power in flow, and imbue every heart of the men of Oregon until they unite in forming such a decree as shall on the eve of June 3 next say to the brother and sister states of our Union, and to the whole civilized world, the men of this state are men who love justice and who love the right! The men of this state have made legal acknowledgment of the fact that their mothers, wives and daughters not only are the cherished of their hearts, but have been placed on a footing of equality, have been relieved of fetters and disabilities—relics of a barbarous, brutal and darkened past. The women of Oregon have been crowned queens and coequals with their brother men, kings of earth.

P. O. CHILSTROM.

Portland, Or., May 30.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

To-morrow the voters of Oregon will be called upon to decide a most vital question. A question which affects society more seriously than any other upon which they have ever taken action in this state. A few pertinent questions and a few observations as to our social status are proper at this time.

First—What is causing such manifest discontent among so many young women in our midst?

Second—Why are young women no longer willing to perform the duties which have heretofore been performed by their mothers—duties which have naturally fallen to woman in the most economic and appropriate division of labor?

Third—Why are our girls becoming estranged from home and home life, and why are they so rapidly adopting pursuits unfitted to their physical conditions?

Fourth—Why are so few young women nowadays able to prepare an accepted meal of victuals or preside over home comforts as our mothers did?

Fifth—How many young women in Portland of marriageable age can be found to-day who are actually competent to enter the married state and properly discharge the responsibilities of that relation?

We might particularize and extend our queries, but it is unnecessary. The sad condition of our domestic affairs is admitted by all who have ever glanced at the subject. All lament this state of things, but some do not yet recognize the cause. For one who has made the subject a matter of study and observation there can be no hesitation in saying that this breaking down of our social structure is directly attributable to the woman suffrage and other allied influences. Will this be denied by any candid person who has thought at all on the subject? Empty rhetoric on "Equal rights," in the face of facts staring at us from both sides of every street, will not avail.

The endorsers and advocates of this new departure have labored incessantly, and we are now reaping in part what they have sown. Our girls are taught by unfeminine women that they are being crushed, kept down and rendered inferior by the tyrant man. They are being estranged from home duties and seem willing to struggle harder for smaller pay, if they can only engage in fields of labor occupied by men. The minds of our young women are being constantly poisoned against all domestic occupations. Their habits, tastes and sentiments are becoming essentially masculine, and does any one believe that voting and engaging in active politics will render them less so, or make them better wives or mothers? And again, divorces are becoming astonishingly frequent. The element of sacredness in marriage has, to a large extent, been eliminated. An eminent authority says: "Divorce has come to be considered an unwritten half of the marriage contract." Certainly no one will claim that strong-mindedness, masculinity, and kindred qualities in woman, are promoters of domestic happiness. The divorce sentiment and the woman suffrage sentiment have always kept very close company. The ratio of one to the other is always the same, and it is not hard to discover, in this matter, a logical sequence of cause and effect.

There is also a significant relation between the supporters of woman suffrage and the nature of the movement itself. If we look about us we observe,

First—That every divorced woman of strong-minded tendency favors it.

Second—Every old maid, who is such from necessity, and every female who is too cross-grained to marry, favor it.

Third—All free lovers favor it.

Fourth—All busybodies, who delight to meddle with and break up families, favor it.

Fifth—All visionary theorists, male or female, favor it.

Sixth—All spiritualists favor it.

Seventh—All women who delight in being away from their families and enjoy the public gaze, favor it.

Eighth—All professional politicians, trimmers and time servers favor it.

Ninth—All the communistic element and those who stand ready to adopt any change and dub it reform, favor it.

It is a suggestive fact that all classes enumerated ignore the unmistakable differences interposed by nature between the sexes. They would break down all that is pure, modest and retiring in woman. They would distort nature and rob woman of all those qualities which make home a success and good society possible. But who are those that oppose woman suffrage? The best and truest women in the land oppose it, the difference being they are less blatant and we hear less of them. Mrs. Leonard of Massachusetts for example, who is at the head of many charitable works, gives the strongest reasons for opposing it. Mrs. Coggswell, who has investigated the results of woman suffrage in Wyoming, and who at first favored it, is now opposed to it. The most profound statesmen of the Edmunds order oppose it. The most skilled physicians, like Dr. Hammond, oppose it for good physiological reasons. General Sherman, Governor Robinson of Massachusetts, Judge Poland of Vermont oppose it. Scores of able men in the present congress oppose it. The list can be enlarged without limit, but space forbids.

Now let us soberly ask ourselves which are the safer classes of those enumerated, with which to intrust the destinies of our commonwealth? Which will most likely protect and enhance the morals of our society? To which class would you prefer to intrust the rearing of your children, and especially the training of your daughters. Let each voter choose.

The wisest statesmen of our own country, and the most discerning European critics of American institutions, have foreseen in the excessive democracy which already exists here certain evils which will accumulate as population increases and is gathered more and more in the larger towns and cities. Now, to add to this already swollen suffrage a voting population equal to the now existing, would be to augment the dangerous element in a much greater degree than it would the better element that opposes it, and holds it in check. The evils to which we allude do not arise necessarily from the very worst men who infest society, but from that large class of men who, though ignorant and prejudiced, act from strong impulses which may be excited into frenzied passions and break forth into riots and revolts. This weakness arising from an unrestricted ballot is one of the impending dangers of this country. The ballot placed in the hands of this class as a supposed defense against the tyranny existing in monarchial governments has proved not so much a means of protection and assertion of withheld rights, as it has of increasing the political power of designing and intriguing men who use it for the most corrupt and demoralizing ends. Woman on becoming a voter would be assailed by this manipulating political element, and her dependence imposed by the necessities of her nature and from which there is no escape would make her more completely the victim of the politician than man has ever been. Her susceptibility to excitement which in all the history of the race has led every form of mania would certainly manifest itself when exposed to the most absorbing excitement of a political campaign. The opportunities of a political life for woman would be most actively employed by just that class of women who are by affinity nearest like the men politicians. Look around you to-day! Contemplate the forces that are operating in the campaign that is now going on in this city and state—think of it all, as you know it actually exists, and then soberly and honestly say whether you think it would be for the best interests of society that your wife and daughters and sisters should go out from their home to mix in the broil of politics. Do you really think they would be elevated by it? Do you really believe that that is the most effective way for them to elevate society? Deplore it as you may, the fact is that the most effective personal influences in politics are not the best that exist in society, and that in admitting woman to the ballot and turning her attention into the channels of political life you at once estrange her from the most retired and dignified and virtuous of her own sex—who will never actively engage in politics—and expose her to the most intriguing elements of both sexes.

Is there a man who believes that woman can accept the ballot and all of its implied responsibilities and associated corruptions without essential injury to a very large class of women? Is there a woman, strong in the elements of true womanhood who feels that the denial of the ballot is a denial of any opportunity to do good or in any way or that it impedes any usefulness valuable to herself or society? This question of woman suffrage has been voted down in every instance.

JUSTICE.

## NEW BOOKS.

The following new books have been received and added to the Library Association of Portland during the week:

The Lady or The Tiger, and other stories; by Frank R. Stockton.

Government Revenue, Especially the American System; an argument for industrial freedom against the fallacies of free trade; by Ellis E. Roberts.

At Home in Italy; by Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi.

In the Tennessee Mountains; by Charles Egbert Craddock.

Our Continent Library—There Was Once a Man; by Orpheus C. Kerr.

A Roman Singer; by F. Marion Crawford.

The House Beautiful; essays on bed and tables, stools and candlesticks; by Clarence Cook.

A Brief Handbook of English Authors; by Oscar Fay Adams.

An Endless Chain; by Pansy.

My Musical Memories; by H. R. Haweis.

A Graveyard Flower; by Wilhelmine von Billern. From the German by Clara Bell.

Far From Home; from the German of Johannes Van Derval. Translated by Katherine Hamilton.

A Palace Prison, or the Past and the Present.

The Diary and Letters of His Excellency, Thomas Hutchinson, B. A. (Harvard), L. L. D. (Oxon), captain general and governor-in-chief of his late majesty's province of Massachusetts Bay in North America, with an account of his administration when he was a member and speaker of the house of representatives, and his government of the colony during the difficult period that preceded the war of independence. Compiled from the original documents still remaining in the possession of his descendants, by Peter Orlando Hutchinson, one of his great-grandsons.

## THE HOTELS.

### ESMOND.

Miss Kahn, Seattle
Will Jones, Salt Lake
M W McMurren, Eagle, Id
J Abercrombie, do
Miss M Lennan, Baker City
Miss Louisa Jehling
N S Burnham
Stuart Harold
F Whitney, Brooklyn
Rose Harris, Corvallis
Tyllie Harris do
Carrie Harris, do
Town Dollars, do
J K May, Fremont, Neb
G Hockemeyer Chicago
W W Damron, do
J G Becher, do
H H Davis, New Tacoma
H Friedrich, [illegible]
C Browning, do

Mrs Miner, Salem
J Schultz, Bozeman
T M La Follette, Lebanon, M T
Mrs Geo Wilson, Oregon C
Miss May Strambler
H V Donnelly, N Y
Miss Josie Hall
M J Hess, S F
E S Kellogg, Cincinnati
Chas Forester, Panguitch
G Brodsbric, N Y
C W Kelsey, Schuyler, Neb
H K Bonner, N Y
O Faulbaum, S F
J J Wiggin, London
Billy Graham, Seattle
John Wilson, Boise City
James Parker, S F
J Heinsberger, S F

General Grant is reported to have been seriously affected physically by the trouble of the firm of Grant & Ward. A relative said the other day that the mental strain on the general had been so great that he must hereafter be counted an old man.

### Allcock's Porous Plasters.

Placed on the small of the back, instantly relieve and soon cure nervous debility, giving the vigor of youth to the jaded and infirm. No imitation of this wonderful remedy has ever made a single cure.

The London Times prints a letter from Dennis Kearney, in which the sand-lot agitator invites emigrants to come to San Francisco and underbid the Chinese.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. $1.

REVOLUTION

—IN—

[illegible]

NEW!

We will open and offer for sale on MONDAY, June 2,

100 PIECES 4-4

[illegible]

Latest and exclusive designs, at

12 1-2 CENTS A YARD,

Regular Price, 20c to 25c; also

NEW GINGHAMS,
NEW SEERSUCKERS,
NEW CHAMBRAYS,
NEW SCOTCH ZEPHYRS,
NEW SATEENS, Etc.
All at our Popular Prices.

It is admitted by one and all that the Low Prices at which we offer our goods, together with the Variety and Freshness of the stock, are advantages no other firm can offer, and which purchasers cannot overlook.

Lipman & Co.

Samples sent on application.

Country orders, whether large or small receive prompt and careful attention. Goods sent to all parts C. O. D. or on receipt of Postoffice Order, thereby giving ladies in the country equal advantages with residents in this city.

N. B.—From date until further notice our store will be open evenings until 8 o'clock.

MILLINERY AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

Full line of trimmed Hats, Bonnets, etc. Large assortment of trimmed Children's Hats, at

[illegible] 25 C. [illegible]

All the latest novelties of the season. Also a complete and beautiful line of Eastern and French Flowers.

Large Cartwheel Hats, and other styles, in endless varieties.

Cor. First and Main streets,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

[illegible]

S[illegible]ts, Cloaks, Dolmans, etc.

DRESSMAKING TO ORDER
A SPECIALTY.

Cutting, Fitting, [illegible]

MRS. H. S. STEPHAN, Manager,

[illegible] First st., Portland, Or.

$500 REWARD

WILL BE PAID BY THE UNDERSIGNED FOR [illegible] the night of May [illegible]

putting upon the rolls Mason and Flynn. Adopted.

With respect to the contest in the Twenty-first Pennsylvania district the committee recommended that neither Bayne nor Wendling be placed on the rolls. This would leave Mr. Wason as the only delegate from a district where the seat was not contested.

Landborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Landborg's Perfume, Marechal Neil Rose.
Landborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Landborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

Wanted—A man who doesn't know who will be the presidential nominees. A modest, retiring man, willing to work for his board, and not "talk back," can obtain a permanent situation by addressing J. J. T., Gramercy Park, New York.

Ten tramps, so arrested and fined in Mattoon, Illinois, under the vagrancy act, were given a choice between a bread and water diet or square meals with work in the chain gang until their fines are paid. They chose the latter.

[illegible] crackers, [illegible] a plate of cakes, four cups of coffee, [illegible] a glass of water. True, [illegible] Before eating the above he had just had a hearty supper.

## OLD PROGRAMMES.

Looking my treasures o'er
To-day, I chanced upon
A package of party programmes,
Danced through a winter gone.
As I read the long list over
That told of the main gay whirl,
I wondered a little sadly,
If I were the same glad girl.

Redowa, waltz and polka,
Jenkins and Jones and Brown—
Something after that order
Dances and names are down.
Over the names I ponder—
Full half I can't recall;
Men who were bowed to, danced with—
And forgotten after the ball.

But thro' the season's programmes
The single letter G
Is written over and over—
How much it means to me!
Men and names are forgotten—
Gay partners by the score—
But the letter G, and the writer,
Are remembered forevermore.

Meetings under the gaslight,
A bow and passionate glance;
Smiles that are set to music,
A hand clasp in the dance;
Nights that are full of glory,
Whispered vows in the waltz;
Passion and pain and parting—
And there the measure halts.

Ah! each life has its programme
With its mystic letter G,
And to all its inner secrets
That letter is the key.
Titles and men are forgotten—
The famous and the brave—
But that one silent letter stands
Like a tombstone by a grave.

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# MISS MARRABLE'S ELOPEMENT

## CHAPTER I.

Miss Martha Marrable, a spinster lady of five-and-fifty, is the last of her race. Her only brother, Mr. Clement Marrable, never married and died twenty years ago at Baden-Baden whither he had gone to drink the waters; and her two sisters, Maria and Lætitia, although they did marry, did not live to become middle-aged women. The elder, Maria, after becoming the wife of Mr. Langton Larkspur of the firm of Scrip, Larkspur & Co., bankers, of Threadneedle street, gave birth to a single child, a daughter, who was named Lucy; and the younger, Lætitia, having been led to the altar by Mr. Septimus Allerton, of the firm of Allerton, Bond & Benedict, brokers, of Pancake lane, presented her husband with twin girls, of whom one only—and she was called Amy—survived her extreme infancy. It is, therefore, not astonishing that Miss Martha Marrable, a well-to-do woman without family ties, is exceedingly fond of the daughters of her two dead sisters. She usually has them to stay with her at least twice a year—once in the early summer at her house in Grosvenor street; and once in the autumn at the seaside, or in Italy, whither she goes occasionally, accompanied—to the great wonder of the foreigners—by a courier, a man servant, two maids, eleven boxes, and a green parrot. And as she is very kind to her nieces, and denies them nothing, it is not surprising that they are fully as fond of her as she is of them. But Miss Martha Marrable is growing old; whereas Miss Lucy Larkspur and Miss Amy Allerton are both young, and intend to remain so for some years to come. It is not, therefore, to be expected that the three ladies should invariably think exactly alike on all subjects. And, indeed I am happy to say that there are not many women who do agree with Miss Marrable upon all questions; for although she is as goodhearted an old spinster as ever breathed, she is unfortunately a man hater.

I have looked in the dictionary to see what the verb "to hate" signifies, and I find it means "to despise," or "to dislike intensely." Let it not, however, be supposed that the word "man-hater" is a stronger one than ought to be applied to Miss Marrable; for I am really not quite certain that it is altogether strong enough. She regards men as inferior animals, and looks down upon them with lofty contempt. "Who," she once said to her niece Lucy, "has turned the world upside down, filled it with poverty and unhappiness, and deluged it with blood? It is man, Lucy. If woman had always governed the earth, we should have had no Cæsar Borgias, no Judge Jefferieses, no Bonapartes, and no Nana Sahibs." And yet Miss Martha Marrable can never see a vagrant begging in the street without giving him alms. The truth is, that although she detests and despises man, she pities him; just as she pities the poor idiot whom she sometimes sees grinning and gibbering by the wayside in Italy.

These being her sentiments, Miss Marrable has not, of course, many male acquaintances. She is on good, but not affectionate terms with her widowed brothers-in-law, Mr. Langton Larkspur and Mr. Septimus Allerton. She once a year invites her man of business, Mr. John Bones of Cook's court, to dine with her and them in Grosvenor street; and she is civil to the rector of her parish, and the medical man whom she would call in to attend her in case of illness. Yet Mr. Larkspur once told Mr. Allerton that this feminine dragon had had a violent love affair when she was 19; and Mr. Allerton—whose connection with the Marrable family is of much more recent date than that of Lucy's father—actually declared that he could well believe it. If, however, Miss Marrable did have a love affair in her youth, I am not inclined at this time of day to cast it as a reproach in her teeth. Boys will be boys; and girls, I suppose, will be girls, though they may live to see the error of their ways and be none the worse for their follies. One thing is certain, and that is, that at the present time, and for at least five and twenty years past, Miss Martha Marrable has ceased to dream of the tender passion. She still occasionally talks vaguely of going up the Nile or of visiting the Yellowstone region ere she dies; but she never contemplates the possibility of getting married, and I believe that she would as soon think of allowing a man to believe that she regarded him with anything but polite aversion as she would think of going into business as a steeple-jack, and learning to stand on one leg on the top of the cross at the summit of St. Paul's cathedral.

And yet Miss Martha Marrable was last year the heroine of a terrible scandal; and many of her misanthropic female friends have never since been able to completely believe her professions of hatred of man. The affair gave rise to many whispers, and was even, I understand, guardedly alluded to, with just and virtuous deprecation, in the columns of the *Woman's Suffrage Journal*. It is a terrible but happily rare instance of womanly weakness and frivolity; and since the true story has never been told, I feel that it is only fair to tell it, and by telling it to defend Miss Marrable from the dastardly charges that have been made against her established reputation for good sense and unflinching contempt of the rougher sex.

Toward the end of August Miss Marrable and her two nieces left London for north Wales, and after a long and tiresome journey reached Abermaw, in Merionethshire, and took rooms at the Cors-y-Gedol hotel. They were accompanied as usual, by the two maids and the green parrot, but the courier and the man servant, being males, and their services not being imperatively required, were left behind in London. Lucy had just celebrated her twenty-third birthday, and Amy was just about to celebrate her twenty-first; and—although I am sorry to have to record it—I am by no means astonished that they were both in love. Lucy, during the whole of the previous season, had been determinedly flirting with a designing young artist named Robert Rhodes, and Amy, younger and less experienced than her cousin, had been carrying on even more sentimentally with Vivian Jellicoe, who, being heir to a baronetcy, found that position so arduous and fatiguing that he was quite unfitted for any active occupation of a laborious character. Of course Miss Marrable knew nothing of these affairs. Had she suspected them, she would perhaps have not taken their nieces with her to Abermaw, for it happened that at that very watering place Sir Thomas Jellicoe and his son Vivian were staying when the three ladies, the two maids, and the green parrot arrived. But no foresight on Miss Marrable's part could have prevented Mr. Robert Rhodes from following Lucy to North Wales. The adventurous artist had made up his mind to spend the autumn in Miss Larkspur's neighborhood, and even if Miss Marrable had carried off her elder niece to Timbuctoo or the Society Islands, Mr. Rhodes would have gone after the pair by the next train, steamboat, diligence or caravan available.

Upon the morning, therefore, after Miss Marrable's arrival at Abermaw she and her nieces were comfortably installed at the Cors-y-Gedol hotel, while at the Red Goat, close by, Sir Thomas Jellicoe and Vivian occupied rooms on the first floor and Mr. Rhodes had a bedroom on the third.

In the course of that afternoon Miss Martha Marrable, accompanied by her nieces, and followed at a respectful distance by the two maids, walked in the sunshine upon the hard sands that stretch, for I do not know how many hundred yards at low water, between the rocky hills behind the little town and the margin of Cardigan bay. The weather was hot and sultry, and the unrippled sea looked like molten lead in the glare. Much exercise was therefore out of the question, and ere long the three ladies sat down on the seaward side of a rush-grown sand-hill to read, leaving the two maids to stroll farther if they chose to do so, and explore at their leisure the unaccustomed wonders of the seashore.

Miss Martha, having arranged her sunshade to her satisfaction, opened a little volume on "The Rights of the Slaves of England," while Lucy devoted herself to one of Ouida's novels, and Amy plunged deep into Keats. In five minutes the "Rights of the Slaves of England" fell heavily to the sand, and in three minutes more Miss Martha was emitting sounds which, but that I know her to be a woman who has no weakness, I should call snores. From that moment Lucy and Amy, as if by common consent, read no more.

"Lucy," said Amy, mysteriously, to her cousin "I have seen him."

"So have I," said Lucy.

"What a curious coincidence!"

"Not at all. He told me that he intended to follow us."

"What! Vivian told you?"

"Oh no! Bother Vivian! You are always thinking of Vivian. I mean Robert."

"He here, too!" exclaimed Amy. "I meant Vivian. I saw him half an hour ago with his father."

"Well, I advise you not to let Aunt Martha know too much," said Lucy. "If she suspects anything she will take us back to London this afternoon."

Miss Marrable murmured uneasily in her sleep. A fly had settled on her chin.

"Hush!" exclaimed the girls in unison, and then they were silent.

Not long afterward they caught sight of two young men who were walking arm in arm along the sand, a couple of hundred yards away.

"Look! There they are!" whispered Lucy. "Aunt must not see them. We must go and warn them." And, stealthily, accompanied by her cousin, she crept away from Miss Marrable and ran toward the approaching figures.

I need not describe the greeting that ensued. Such things are the commonplaces of sea-side encounters between young men and young women who have likings for each other, and they have been described a thousand times. Suffice it to say that, a few minutes later, Lucy and Robert were sitting together under the shadow of a bathing-machine, while Amy and Vivian were confidentially talking nonsense a dozen yards off. More than half an hour elapsed ere the girls returned to Miss Marrable; but fortunately the excellent spinster was still murmuring sleepily at the fly on her chin; and when she awoke she had no suspicion that she had been deserted by her charges. As she walked back with them to the hotel, nevertheless, as if with a strange intuitive comprehension of danger in the air, she held forth to them upon her favorite topic—the unfathomable baseness of man—and gravely warned them against ever allowing themselves even for a single moment to entertain any feeling, save one of polite aversion, to the hated sex.

Thus matters went on for a week or more, Lucy and Amy meeting the lovers every day in secret, and Miss Marrable suspecting nothing. Although she knew Sir Thomas Jellicoe and his son, she treated them, whenever she encountered them, with such freezing courtesy that they did not seek her society. As for Robert Rhodes, she did not know him, and he therefore escaped her lofty slights.

But in due time a crisis arrived, and in order that the full bearings of the situation may be properly understood, I must briefly explain the characters of Miss Martha Marrable's undutiful nieces.

Lucy Larkspur has but little romance in her composition; she has strong feelings, but not much sentiment, and she is one of those girls who are perfectly open with their hearts. She loved Robert Rhodes, and, as she knew quite well that he also loved her, she made no secret to him of her affection for him. Amy Allerton, on the other hand, is and always has been, sentimentally inclined. She believes rightly or wrongly, that it is a very charming thing to

"Let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek;"

and she would as soon have thought of permitting Vivian Jellicoe to think that she loved him as of attempting to win and woo the Sultan of Turkey. The consequence was that Miss Marrable, who fondly imagined that she knew all the thoughts of her elder niece, trusted her much more than she trusted her younger. She regarded Lucy as an open book that might be easily read and Amy as a kind of oracular voice that while saying or appearing to say one thing, might mean exactly the opposite. Miss Marrable was destined to discover that she was to some extent wrong in her estimate, so far, at all events, as Lucy was concerned, and her discovery of her error was, I grieve to say, accompanied by a good deal of pain and mortification.

Ten days had passed, and the two pairs of lovers had made considerable progress. Amy, it is true, had not declared herself to Vivian, who, being a bashful young man, had, perhaps, not pressed her sufficiently; but Lucy and her Robert understood one another completely, and were secretly engaged to get married at the earliest opportunity. Vivian's bashfulness could not, however, endure for an unlimited time. One morning he and Amy found themselves together on the rocks behind the town, and, the opportunity being favorable, he screwed up his courage, told her that he had never loved any one but her, and obtained a coyly given promise that she would be his.

Natures like Amy's, when they once take fire, often burn rapidly. On Monday she became engaged to Vivian Jellicoe; on Tuesday Vivian begged her to name a day for the wedding, and she refused; and on Wednesday Vivian, knowing the peculiar sentiments of Miss Margaret Marrable, and doubting also, perhaps, whether his father would not throw impediments in the way of his early marriage, proposed an elopement, and Amy, with some hesitation, consented.

When she returned from her secret meeting with her lover, she, of course, confided her plan to her cousin. "How foolish you are," said Lucy; "you know that your father would not have you do that for the world; and you will make an enemy of Aunt Martha, who is like a mother to us girls."

"But she would never agree to our marrying if we consulted her," objected Amy; "and if she knew anything of our plans I am sure that she would manage to frustrate them. She is a dear old thing but— Well, she is peculiar on those points."

"I have told you what I think," said Lucy, with an assumption of wisdom that was perhaps warranted by her superior age. "Don't be foolish."

But Amy was already beyond the influence of counsel. She persisted in her intention, and even claimed Lucy's sympathy and assistance, which, of course, Lucy could not ultimately withhold.

Ere an elopement can be successfully carried out, in the face especially of the jealous watchfulness of a man-hating spinster lady of middle age, numerous preparations have to be made; and, in the case of Vivian and Amy, the making of these preparations involved correspondence. Amy, therefore, bribed one of her aunt's maids to act as a go-between; and the maid in question, with a fidelity that is rare, and at the same time a treachery that, I fear, is common in her kind, promptly carried Vivian's first letter to her mistress.

Miss Martha Marrable, without scruple, tore open the envelope and angrily perused its contents. "My own Amy," ran the audacious communication, "let us settle, then, to go on Wednesday. At 9 o'clock in the evening a carriage and pair shall be ready to take us to Harlech, where you can stay for the night with the Joneses, who are old friends of ours; and on Thursday by midday, we shall be married, and I trust, never afterward parted again. We can arrange the details between this and then. But write and tell me that you agree. Your ever devoted VIVIAN."

## CHAPTER II.

Miss Marrable, who, when she received this love letter, was sitting in her bedroom, was thunderstruck. At first she thought of going to Amy and charging her with baseness and ingratitude; but after some reflection she decided to let matters, for the time at least, take their course, and to confound the schemes of the rash couple by means of a grand stroke at the final moment. She went, however, at once to Lucy, in whom, as I have said, she had great confidence, and told her all.

"How foolish of her," said Lucy.

"Yes, my dear! how foolish and how wicked!" assented Miss Marrable. "I feel it my duty to prevent the carrying out of this mad plan, and also to make Amy suffer for her folly. I shall, therefore send her this letter, and allow the hare-brained pair to mature their schemes. And what, Lucy dear, do you think that I propose to do? You will never guess. Listen! Amy and I are of much the same height. I shall personate her by concealing—ahem—my face, and drive away with this vile young man; and then, when he believes that he has left me far behind, I shall overwhelm him with shame and confusion."

Lucy could not help laughing. "This would really be good fun, aunt," she said. "Yes; send the letter to Amy, and by all means let matters take their course for the present."

Miss Marrable did send the letter; and Amy duly received it, unsuspectingly; but five minutes later Lucy revealed the whole plot to her, and threw her into the deepest trepidation.

Here, however, Lucy's superior coolness came in most usefully. "You need not despair," said the elder cousin. "If aunt thinks of having fun with you and Mr. Jellicoe, why not turn the tables and have some fun with her? You must find some other way of carrying on your correspondence; but at the same time answer this letter by the old medium. Your answer will, of course, fall into aunt's hands. You must mislead her, and then—"

"But," objected Amy, "how am I to make matters turn out properly?"

"Listen!" said Lucy, "Aunt proposes to personate you. Very well. Put off the time of your elopement, say for half an hour, and meantime Mr. Jellicoe must find some one to personate him. My idea is for aunt to elope with the billiard marker, and so give you a chance to get away. Do you see?"

Amy could not grasp the significance of this bold proposition, but when she succeeded in doing so she was delighted with it.

"I shall tell Mr. Rhodes," said Lucy when she had sufficiently explained the plan; "for I know that he will gladly help you; and Mr. Jellicoe can talk it all over with him and have the benefit of his advice."

"But what will Aunt say when she discovers how we—how you—have deceived her?" asked Amy.

"Ah!" said Lucy, slyly, "I must talk about that, too, with Mr. Rhodes. But never fear!" And she went off to rejoin Miss Marrable, who was still much flurried.

Later in the day Lucy met Robert on the beach and told him what had happened. "And now," she said in conclusion, "I am going to make a dreadful proposition to you. We must also elope together!"

"I am sure I don't mind," said Mr. Rhodes. "After hearing your news, I was going to propose as much myself. It would take you out of the reach of your aunt's reproaches when she finds out the trick that has been played upon her."

"You are a dear old love!" cried Lucy, with enthusiasm. "I wouldn't for the world have Amy made unhappy, and I feel that I must help her, although I don't approve of elopements. Now go and talk to Mr. Jellicoe, and don't forget to have the licenses ready. Perhaps Mr. Jellicoe can arrange for both Amy and me to sleep that night with the Joneses, whoever they may be; or perhaps, after all, we had better not go there, since aunt knows that part of the scheme."

"I dare say, said Robert, "that I can arrange for both of you to sleep at the Browns, at Llanylid. They have a large house, and, curiously enough, my sister Dora, whom you have often met in town, is staying there with them; so you will have a companion and sympathizer. And now I will go and talk to Jellicoe."

I need not follow in detail the progress of the new scheme of double elopement. Suffice it to say that the bogus correspondence, destined to mislead Miss Marrable, was steadily kept up; that Amy and Vivian found other means of safely communicating with each other; that the Browns were written to; that the licenses were obtained; that three carriages and pairs were engaged, one to call at the hotel at 9 o'clock P. M., and two at half-past; that coachmen were liberally fed; and finally, that the billiard marker at the Cors-y-Gedol, a spruce young fellow of some education was bribed, at considerable cost, to personate Vivian Jellicoe and to run away with Miss Marrable.

At length Wednesday morning arrived, and with it came the last of the billets doux that were to fall into the cunning spinster's hands. One of them had been composed by Vivian and Robert, and written by the former on pink paper, folded billet doux wise. It ran as follows:

My own Amy: I have satisfactorily arranged everything. The carriage will be at the door of the house at nine o'clock. I shall not show myself, for your aunt may be about. Be careful, therefore, to avoid her, and enter the carriage as quickly as possible. In order that there may be no mistake, I have told the driver to wear a white choker round his neck. I hope that you will be punctual. Everything depends upon punctuality. Till nine o'clock, good-bye. Your most devoted VIVIAN.

Miss Marrable, after reading the note, refolded it as usual and took care that it reached Amy. Then, with the consciousness that she was about to perpetrate a great and good action, she sat down in her own room and waited for Amy's reply to be brought to her by the treacherous maid. The note, which was very brief, came to Miss Marrable in less than an hour. "Dear Viv.," wrote Amy, "I will be ready and will look out for the white choker. Your loving A."

In spite of the ordeal which was before her, the good old spinster was perfectly calm and unflurried. At 1 o'clock she made a very hearty luncheon; at 2:30 she took her nieces for a walk, and talked to them with an extraordinary affability about the emancipation of women; and at 6:30 she appeared at the table d'hote, and, just as if the occasion were an ordinary one, complained of the soup being too peppery, the fish too cold, and the mutton too underdone. Her coolness was admirable. Lucy and Amy, on the other hand, could scarcely conceal their excitement and agitation. They each looked at least a hundred times during dinner at the clock upon the mantlepiece and they each started and turned red whenever the noise of carriage wheels without was heard. After dinner Miss Marrable went again to her room and began to make her preparation.

"How sad it will be," she thought to herself, "for poor young Jellicoe when I discover myself and overwhelm him with reproaches. Men are but poor creatures. Perhaps he will faint. Yes; I will take my salts bottle." She wrapped herself in an ulster belonging to Amy, and having shrouded her face in a thick veil, took a seat at her window, which happened to be immediately above the front door of the hotel.

Meantime, Edward Griffiths, the billiard-marker, was ill at ease. He knew Miss Marrable by sight, and looked forward with terror to the prospect of an encounter with her at close quarters. Nevertheless he had Vivian Jellicoe's five-pound note in his pocket, and he was determined to see the affair bravely through. He felt, however, that his natural bravery would not be sufficient to support him; and he therefore, at about 6 o'clock, began to swallow a succession of potent doses of whisky and water, with the object of laying in a stock of Dutch courage. Whether the whisky was bad or the water was too powerful, I cannot say; but at ten minutes to 9, when Vivian Jellicoe arrived to give final directions and counsel to his substitute, he found Edward Griffiths decidedly the worse for liquor. Fortunately, the young fellow was neither quarrelsome nor noisy in his cups. His main ambition seemed to be to go to sleep in peace; and no sooner had Vivian bundled him into one corner of the carriage, which was in waiting in the stable yard, than Mr. Griffiths incontinently slumbered. The carriage was then driven round to the front door of the hotel. Miss Marrable, from her post of vantage, saw it, and, remarking that the coachman wore a white choker, descended at once, and listened, as she went, outside Amy's room, to satisfy herself that that young lady had not forestalled her. The porter with alacrity opened the carriage door. In the dark shadows of the interior Miss Marrable caught sight of the figure of a man, and, making sure that all was right, she entered at once. An instant later she was being whirled northward along the lonely Harlech road.

Half an hour afterward two other carriages left the hotel, but in the opposite direction. In one of them were Lucy and Mr. Rhodes; and in the other, Amy and Mr. Jellicoe. It was nearly midnight ere they arrived at the Brown's house at Llanyltid, but the Browns were all up and waiting for them, and the two runaway couples were warmly welcomed and hospitably taken care of.

Miss Marrable was less fortunate. As soon the carriage in which she sat had been driven beyond the lights of the town, she threw aside her veil and gazed with magnificent scorn toward the dim form upon the seat in front of her. The look elicited no response of any kind. Miss Marrable ventured to cough, at first gently, and then with considerable violence; but still the figure took no notice.

"This is exceedingly strange," thought the spinster lady. "I must adopt more active measures." And with great tenderness she prodded Mr. Griffiths with the point of her umbrella. The billiard-marker groaned in his sleep. "Mr. Jellicoe!" she exclaimed in her deepest and most threatening tones. She had counted upon this exclamation producing an instantaneous and astonishing effect upon her companion; and she was woefully disappointed when he merely groaned again.

"Gracious!" she said to herself; "he is ill. He would never go on like that if he were not ill. The fright has been too much for him. Oh, how sorry I am! These men are such weak creatures. I must stop the carriage!" And, throwing down the sash of the window, she put out her head and cried to the driver to pull up his horses. But the driver, like the billiard marker, had been liberally feed, and he was determined that nothing should stop him until he reached Harlech; he therefore cracked his whip to drown Miss Marrable's voice, and drove down the next hill at a pace which threatened to shake the carriage to pieces.

"Stop, stop! For goodness' sake, stop!" shouted Mrs. Marrable, but finding that her words were not listened to she drew in her head and strove to revive the wretched man in front of her. She held her salts bottle to his nose, she chafed his hands, she fanned his brow and she allowed his feverish head to rest upon her shoulder, but she could not awaken him.

"If he should die," she thought. "I intended to frighten him, but not so much as this. Oh! this is terrible!" And once more she tried to prevail upon the driver to stop, but in vain. The sight of distant lights, however, gave her some satisfaction. The carriage entered at length a long avenue, the gate of which lay ready opened for it and about an hour and a quarter after leaving Abermaw it drew up before the Joneses' house near Harlech.

With a sigh of relief Miss Marrable threw open the door and sprang out, to find herself in the presence of half a dozen people who were congregated upon the steps.

"Quick!" she cried, "don't ask questions. He is ill; he is dying! Take him out."

The Joneses, who had not been prepared for the apparition of a middle-aged spinster, and who were expecting Mr. Jellicoe and Miss Allerton, were somewhat astonished.

"Who is inside?" asked Mr. Tom Jones, the son and heir of the family.

"Oh! Mr. Jellicoe! Be quick! For mercy's sake, be quick!"

"You don't mean it!" cried Tom, rushing to the carriage to succor his friend. But an instant later he burst into a violent fit of laughter. "Why, it's not Jellicoe at all," he said. "It's Griffiths, the billiard-marker from the Cors-y-Gedol, and he is hopelessly drunk. Nice companion, indeed!"

Miss Marrable is, as I have already said, a woman without weaknesses. On hearing this announcement, however, she fainted away. When, thanks to the kind attentions of the female members of the Jones' family, she revived, she indignantly charged those estimable people with having deliberately plotted her discomfiture; and she insisted on at once returning to Abermaw; but the carriage (and Griffiths) had gone; so Mr. Jones, Senior, who grasped the situation, volunteered to drive Miss Marrable back to the Cors-y-Gedol hotel; and by twelve o'clock, or shortly afterward, she was again in her own room. It was then that she learned of the desertion of Lucy and Amy. I need not describe how she received the news and how she declared that her abandoned nieces should never again behold her face; nor that, although she is a woman without weaknesses, she passed the greater part of the remainder of the night in violent hysterics. She telegraphed next day to Mr. Larkspur and Mr. Allerton and repairing to the Red Cow, furiously denounced Sir Thomas Jellicoe as the basest and most heartless of men.

Three weeks afterward, however, the edge of her anger had been worn off. Lucy and Amy were married. It was foolish, but, perhaps, it was not wholly inexcusable; and thus reasoning, Miss Marrable, in the goodness of her heart, determined to gradually receive them back into her favor. But she has never wholly forgiven Lucy for suggesting the substitution of the billiard-marker for Vivian Jellicoe.

"My dear, she says, when she retells the story of her drive to Harlech, "the wretched man was perfectly saturated with whisky and I really don't know what he might not have done if I hadn't kept my eye steadily upon him. But beneath my gaze he cowered, my dear, positively cowered! I never saw a savage brute so completely tamed."

And to this day Miss Marrable believes that but for her eye that billiard-marker might—horrid thought!—have run away with her too.—*Chamber's Journal.*

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## THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear—
Your head like the golden rod—
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful land of Nod.

Away from life's worry, and hurry, and flurry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
We will float off together, to a world of fair weather,
Where blossoms are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes and fold your hands—
Your hands like the leaves of a rose—
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
That never an atlas shows.

On the north and west they are bounded by rest,
On the south and east by dreams,
'Tis the country ideal where nothing is real,
But everything only *seems*.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear eyes—
Your eyes like a bright blue-bell—
And we will sail out under starlit skies,
To the land where the fairies dwell.

Down the river of sleep our bark shall sweep,
Till it reaches that magical isle
Which no man has seen, but where all have been
And then we will pause awhile.

I will croon you a song as we float along
To that shore that is blessed of God
Then ho! for that fair land, we're off for that rare land,
The beautiful land of Nod!

—*Ella Wheeler.*

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## TIMES' WHIRLIGIG.

### How the Daughter of Plain Mr. Murphy Married a Millionaire.

New York Letter to Louisville Courier.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, I think, at Marysville, Cal., which was then an established yet shanty-like town, lived Judge Stephen Field, and in his law office was a young fellow named George Gorham, who boarded with a plain family, and at the table another guest was a florid, Welsh-looking stranger. In the same house or the next house, lived an Irishman named Murphy, who had a bright, interesting daughter, but he was fond of paddling her when anything went wrong with him. This paddling had been going on for some time, and one day the boarders held an indignation meeting and resolved to go next door and see old Murphy, and tell him if he did not stop correcting the girl on every and all occasions they would take him down to the stream and duck him, etc. None of the guests were especially brave, but they put on a very brave front and held the indignation meeting.

Several years afterward one of these parties, Field, was called to be justice of the supreme court. Still later by several years the republicans in California nominated Gorham for governor, and they put on the ticket with him the present United States Senator Jones. When Jones met Gorham he said: "Are you the little fellow from Long Island who boarded at Marysville with me? Don't you know me?" "No, I don't think I do." "Why, I'm Jones, the Welsh-looking fellow who formed one of the posse to go in and make old Murphy stop keeping that child screaming." They shook hands warmly, and then Jones said: "Gorham, do you know what has become of that Mary Murphy?" "No." "Why, she is now Mrs. William Sharon."

My informant says that subsequently there met at Washington city Jones and Sharon in the United States senate, Gorham, secretary of the senate, and Field on the supreme bench—all brought out of that boarding house. Mary Murphy grew up to be an interesting woman, and the paddling was only temporarily disadvantageous.

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### Buried for Five Years.

Inter-Ocean.

The big land snails of the tropics have been found alive in logs of mahogany imported from Honduras; and M. Gailland carried some from Egypt to Paris packed in sawdust. Indeed, it isn't easy to ascertain the limit of their endurance, for Mr. Laidlay, having placed a number in a drawer for this very purpose, found them alive after five years' torpidity, although in the warm climate of Calcutta. In 1849 Mr. Pickering received from Mr. Wollaston a basketful of Madeira snails (of twenty or thirty different kinds), three-fourths of which proved to be alive after several months' confinement, including a sea voyage. Mr. Wollaston has himself recorded the fact that specimens of two Madeira snails survived a fast and imprisonment in pill boxes of two years and a half duration, and that large numbers of a small species, brought to England at the same time, were all living, after being inclosed in a dry bag for a year and a half.

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### The Indians Condone a Fault.

Correspondence Globe-Democrat.

An Otoe scandal of the first water has just occurred. A school girl was recently married to a man much older than herself, much against her wishes. She soon after ran away with her former youthful lover. The deserted husband was irate and about to follow on the warpath. A council was called, and many of the friends of the runaway couple sat up with him all night attempting to allay his anger. One of them gave him his finest moccasins and leggins, another a coat, and others still other presents, till it is said "his heart felt better; his heart was not so bad as it had been," and he finally said his "heart was all right now," and they might come back. "She was dead!" This Otoe custom might be a sensible one in some white communities.

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# BODILY EXERCISE.

### Its Influence Upon the Muscles, as also Upon the Human Mind.

### THE STRONG MEN OF OLD.

Milo of Crotona and Thomas Topham of England—Dr. Winship and his Lifting Stand—[illegible]—Some Japanese Athletes.

Dr. Oswald, in Youth's Companion.

The old Romans, who conquered eighty-six foreign nations had recognized the secret of success when they called their armies *exercitus*, bodies of drilled or exercised men. Exercise overcomes all difficulties, and if the power of its influence has limits, they have never been ascertained. It ensures every victory; practice, (i. e.) exercise and experience, would enable 100 veterans to beat 1000 recruits, even if the recruits were better armed. A brigade of ordinary riflemen would have no chance against a regiment of picked archers, such as were employed in war in the middle ages.

In the London Tower, and in the armories of Strasburg, Nuremberg and Vienna there are several coats of mail that have been pierced through and through, and evidently by the same shot. That is, the arrow has broken the breastplate, passed through the body of the cuirassier and the back-plate.

A common rifle ball rarely penetrates the body of a full grown man, even nowadays, when mail coats are gone out of fashion.

During the middle ages it was the custom of princes, and even of wealthy burghers, to keep runners who followed their carriages afoot while the horses were going at full gallop. Fast runners were in great demand and if parents wanted to qualify their children for a position of that sort, they began to train them from the earliest childhood, and made them undergo a singular operation, namely, the removal of the spleen, which was supposed to have an influence on the vigor of the lungs.

From the city of Puebla in Mexico, a sandy country road leads across the hills to the valley of Amozoc. Early in the morning that road is crowded with Indian hucksters, who carry wooden baskets on their backs. They often come from a distance of ten or twelve miles, but make the whole trip at a sharp trot, and without a single stop. Their children trot at their sides, carrying small bundles or bags, and thus learn their trade so gradually that they hardly feel the hardships of it.

It is certainly queer that nowadays a small short legged dog can easily outrun the tallest man. It has not been always so. An ostrich proves that two legs can go as fast as four. Want of exercise probably accounts for the whole difference. Next to football, the favorite game of the English schoolboys is the play called Hare and Hounds. In watching their races I noticed that for one boy who is too short legged to win, at least twelve are too shortwinded. Their lungs give out long before their legs do. But that sort of shortwindedness can be readily cured by various kinds of exercise, especially by mountain excursions.

Lifting weights is another excellent lung exercise. There is a story of a Grecian Samson, the athlete Milo of Crotona, who day after day carried a calf around the arena, and gained in strength as the calf gained in weight, till he could finally carry a steer.

We may doubt if the steer was quite full grown; but there is no doubt that Dr. Winship, of Boston, Mass., practiced with dumb-bells and bagfulls of pig-iron till he was able to lift (though only for a moment) the weight of the heaviest steer on the Texas prairie. It is equally certain that before he began to exercise he was the puniest student of the medical college. And if a weakly man of modern times could uplift such a weight, why should not a champion of the Grecian arena have been able to carry it for a distance of half a mile? For it cannot be denied that people have become more puny since they began to trust to gunpowder and steam instead of to exercise.

In countries where they still rely on the strength of their limbs, as in Turkey, Hungaria, and Afghanistan, there are plenty of men earning their bread by common labor who would astonish the so-called athletes of a French circus. A Turkish porter will shoulder a box which the driver of a New York express wagon would hesitate to unload without assistance.

During the last Afghan war, the native warriors carried a cannon to a battery on the top of a hill from where the English soldiers were unable to carry them down again.

The foot-soldiers of the Turkish Janizaries had to drill in full armor, run, wrestle, and even swim, without removing their iron equipments. Such a value did their drill-masters set upon the influence of early training that they would never accept a recruit of more than 12 years of age. These cadets were exercised for years, like the sons of the old Spartans, before they were assigned to actual duty, and the result was the Janizaries repeatedly beat the armies of all western Europe combined.

The ancient Greeks managed to train not only their troops, but the whole nation, by offering liberal prizes for proficiency in all kinds of bodily exercises; such as running, leaping, lifting, spear-throwing and wrestling. At a distance of sixty yards their spearmen could hit a target with unfailing certainty.

Their runners competed with horses and greyhounds. It is on record that the champion leaper of the Spartan Helots once cleared fifty-two feet; and a native of Crotona, in Southern Italy, even fifty-five feet.

But the most wonderful results of life-long training are seen in the achievements of the Oriental acrobats, who come from countries where over-population obliges such people to work miracles in order to excel their numerous competitors.

During the last Vienna exhibition a troop of Japanese jugglers attracted far more attention than the display of their native art works and manufactures. They had amazingly clever rope dancers and tumblers, mere boys some of them.

But their best performers were all gray headed old men. It had taken them a lifetime of practice to master the difficulties of their special tricks. One of them began his performance by putting the palm of his left hand upon a box and after stretching his legs out horizontally in one direction, and his head and right arm in the other, he raised himself in a way that his whole weight was supported on the edge of his left hand.

Without even touching the ground with any other part of his body he then began to turn on his wrist, slowly at first, then more and more quickly, till his outstretched feet whirled around like the spokes of a horizontal fly-wheel. The rapidity of his motions was wonderful enough, but how he contrived to keep his balance would have puzzled the best acrobats of our gymnastic associations.

The next performer had an attendant who held a tin box by a leather strap, and swung it slowly to and fro like the pendulum of a large clock. In the centre of the box was a hole about an inch and a half, but certainly not more than two inches, in diameter. The juggler stepped back to a distance of about twenty yards, and began to throw little copper balls at the box. The first ball was caught by the attendant, who thereupon raised the box a couple of inches, but continued to swing it to and fro. The second, third and all following balls went straight through the narrow aperture without ever touching the rim of the hole. He threw about forty of them, and then retired, amidst the prolonged applause of the whole audience, for this time everybody could appreciate the miraculous cleverness of the trick.

But the champion of the band came last. His whole outfit consisted of a straight wooden pole, about ten feet long and hardly three inches in diameter. It was cut off square at each end, and did not seem to be very heavy. This pole the juggler placed upright on the level surface of a wooden board, tried the board with his feet to see that it did not slide and then proceeded to climb the pole.

He clambered up and down some ten or twelve times in quick succession. He then ascended it to the very top, seized it with his hands, let go his feet and went spinning around in a circle till it made one giddy to look at him.

By a sudden contraction of his body, he then joined his feet at the top of the pole, let go his hands, and slowly raised himself till he stood bolt-upright like a statue on a pillar. All this while the pillar had no other support but a flat wooden board, and was balanced entirely by the management of the athlete.

One of the spectators, an expert American gymnast, got permission to go on the stage, and examine that pole. He looked at the lower end, took up the board, looked at the floor below, and then examined the board itself. It was nothing but a flat piece of pine wood.

"Well, how do you explain it?" I asked him when he came back.

"I can't believe it witchcraft," he uttered, "so I don't know at all what to say about it."

After the performance was over, the jugglers distributed little cards, showing the portraits of their champions, and their principal exploits. Like all Japanese pictures, the drawings were made by hand, but resembled each other as closely as prints from the same steel plate. They cost only two cents apiece, and were worth keeping, for both the subject and the workmanship illustrated the wonderful influence of exercise.

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## OUR SUPERIOR FRACTIONS.

Mrs. Wendell Phillips is seriously ill.

Japanese women have never seen and do not know the use of pins.

Miss Emily Faithfull's "Three Visits to the United States" is nearly ready for publication.

Lillie Devereaux Blake says woman's first right is the right of a husband, even if she has to support him.

Mrs. Dr. Herndon, of Bladon Springs, Ala., is one of the most successful speculators in Jersey cattle in the south.

Miss Maude Howe, the daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, has written a novel, "The San Rosario Ranch," that tells of California life.

Mrs. Mary E. Ryder, a young widow of Saratoga county, New York, sues Mr. Van Vorst, aged 60 and rich, for breach of promise and $10,000.

First she is a baby, next a child, then a girlette; next a girl, then a young lady—which she remains a good many years, unless she gets married.

A New York doctor says that "a four inch mouth can be reduced to three inches by persistent whistling." What a racket the girls will make now!

If you want to make a woman with marriageable daughters supremely happy, tell her that the engagement of Miss Blank, who lives next door, is broken off.

It is said that there are more than two hundred women in New York city who speculate in stocks; and more than two hundred thousand who speculate in stockings.

A woman in Canada has been granted a divorce because her husband yoked her up with a steer. Now, why don't she sue the minister or squire who yoked her up with the other brute?

By the use of a preparation to darken her eyelashes a well known young married lady has become nearly blind, and now sits all day long in a darkened room wondering why she was so foolish.

C. H. March, a farmer of Lee county, Illinois, paid $2500 cash and the costs to settle a slander suit commenced by Kate and Mary Bryant, whom he had denounced by postal cards as thieves.

Fashionable society refuses to receive Mrs. Douglas since her marriage with Fred Douglas, and colored ladies resolutely close their doors against Mr. Douglas because he married a white woman.

"Mildred, dear," said Amy to the high school girl yesterday, "I am laying the ropes for a new silk dress." "Not 'laying your ropes,' Amy," replied Mildred, "but extending your filaments."

An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage.

A woman makes the surgical instruments used by the most skillful operators on human flesh in New York city. She has been in the business nine years, and both makes and sells her sharp-edged wares.

Mrs. Dubys, daughter of General W. T. Sherman, owns a plantation at Pass Christian, Miss., and the place is famous for having one of the richest rose gardens in the entire south, exhibiting more than 350 varieties.

A girl will go to a dance and waltz several straight hours without complaining, but ask the same girl to wrestle five minutes with a broom and she will faint before she gets both hands fairly clasped around the handle.

A girl will go to a dance and waltz for several straight hours without complaining, but ask the same young lady to wrestle five minutes with a broom, and she'll faint before she gets both hands fairly clasped around the handle.

The weather will soon be warm enough for the girls to indulge in croquet, and every young woman should practice the game. Handling the mallet will teach her how to defend herself with the rolling pin after she is married.

The editor of the Nashville World wrote that "all the windows" in a certain dusty village needed washing. The printers set it up "all the widows," and the World had some difficulty in making satisfactory explanations.

Miss Amelia Chapman of Pennsylvania, who had been teaching in Kansas, was on her way home, an invalid, when, at Alliance, Ohio, she sent a porter after a cup of tea for her. She was dead when he came with it, two minutes afterward.

George Eliot, after meeting Lord (then Sir Garnet) Wolseley, describes him in one of her letters "as one of those men who have the power to command by means of gentleness of character, calmness of bearing and inflexibility of resolution."

A Bennington woman dislocated her jaws while gapping, so that she could not shut her mouth. The members of the family kept dodging and cringing for about five minutes, before they discovered that an accident had happened to her jaws.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times-Star* writes from Kentucky of seeing a boneless man who could be flattened out and rolled up like a piece of cloth. Well, if men will persist in marrying Kentucky girls they must take the consequences.

Mlle. Marie Colombier is announced as a member of the company to support Mme. Sara Bernhardt during her coming engagement in London. This looks as if the two women worked together with an understanding in getting up the recent disgraceful sensation.

The late Professor Longfellow's daughters manifest an almost morbid mania for sea voyaging, and seem to think nothing of the paternal poet's lines in comparison with favorite steamship lines. They have just returned from England, and their next proposed trip will be with Mme. Ole Bull, to Norway.

The Parisians will soon have an opportunity of witnessing a bull fight at a charity fete to be held at the Hippodrome. Frascuelo, the world-renowned toreador, himself will take part in it. He refused at first, the promoters of the festival having refused to permit the usual tragic denouement. Frascuelo, though against his principles, finally waived the point. If the bull, however, is fiery, he will probably forget this.

Mr. James Cullen, known as the "Irish ambassador," whose drinking establishment, "The Shamrock," near the Elysee palace, in the Rue Duras, is one of the Irish curiosities of Paris, is a sturdy Wicklow man. His bar is noted for being the rendezvous of Irishmen, who make sterling stump speeches and sing good Irish songs. Politicians in prose are forbidden on the premises, but an Irishman may be as rebellious in song as he pleases.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat publishes an interview with Jefferson Davis, in which that gentleman gives his estimate of the character of the late Judah P. Benjamin, as follows: "Mr. Benjamin could not be called an orator, neither a debater, and yet he shed on every subject that he discussed a light which answered the purpose, and had the effect of both. In manners gentle and conciliatory, with a voice every tone of which was silvery, he was both persuasive and convincing. Notwithstanding the wide range of his knowledge, he was so gentle as always to be seeming to receive information, and perhaps none of his more familiar acquaintance can recall ever having seen him enjoying social intercourse engaged in heated argument. Trained to the close investigation of the law, he found periods of relaxation during which his memory became a storehouse of poetry and fiction, and in times of darkest prospects and deepest depression would enliven his comrades by recitations from his favorite, Tennyson. The pride of Louisiana, the love of all true confederates, the admiration of all Americans who rejoice in the glory of their countrymen must long keep green the memory of Judah P. Benjamin."

Up a tributary of the Pend d'Oreille river, on which is situated Thompson's falls, is a Frenchman named Baptiste Ducharme. He is [illegible] years of age and first saw a railroad car last fall, when a train crossed the Coriacan defile, over which is the highest wooden bridge in the world. This man has a half blood daughter at Fort Colville, 70 years old, of whom he always speaks as "my baby." Ducharme was a member of Colonel Ashley's expedition in [illegible] and trapped for the company all that season. The following year he joined Bonneville and was with him until he disbanded. After that he trapped and sold furs to both the Hudson Bay and American Fur Companies. He ascended the Yellowstone river in 1824 and saw the geysers, but, like the other trappers who saw portions of the wonderful scenery of the park, he was more interested in furs than scenery, and never told any capable writer of what he saw.

Thousands saved from death by Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Trial Bottles free.

Enclose 10 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office, for the statistical [illegible]. The best medium to circulate in the east.

A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

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soft impeachment; so the momentary breach was healed.

"That was the last time we noticed Kitty coming up to our house with her fruit.

"We knew nothing we could have said or done which would have prevented her, but we were not quite so sure about Kinloch, who, ever since that little episode, had wandered about like a distressed lover.

"One day we met Kitty in one of the lanes, and said to her, 'How is it you never come our way now?'

"The girl blushed.

"'Father prefers to take up the things himself,' she murmured; for which painfully apparent fib we instantly forgave her.

"The days passed on, and Kinloch, who had before been the life of our expeditions, was now generally absent.

"Where he had been was evident, for we often caught a glimpse of chestnut hair shining through the trees or the old picturesque shawl draped over Kitty's head and shoulders, with her round, dimpled arms appearing just below.

"Kinloch's regiment had been ordered away to another part of Ireland; and one morning, a few days before he was to go, we begged for his company to a picnic we had arranged with one or two other families.

"'Thanks very much,' he said; 'but I am afraid I shall be too busy.'

"'Oh, but you must come!' we all cried. 'We count upon you.'

"'But I—I have so many things to do to-day.'

"Here he stopped, and blushed.

"We girls were looking very inquisitive, and some of the men had a perceptible sneer on their faces.

"'He has got his lady-love to bid good-by to, I daresay,' suggested Philip Grant.

"Kinloch turned on him with blazing eyes. We all kept back. They were like globes of fire.

"'Confound it, sir!' he cried, 'and suppose I have! what is that to you?'

"We all looked to Philip; he was very white, but he shrugged his shoulders indifferently and wisely forbore to answer.

"Kinloch's temper cooled down as rapidly as it had arisen.

"'I am sorry to disappoint you, girls,' he said, gently, 'but you will have to excuse me,' and, bowing, he walked off.

"We watched his upright, manly figure striding along till he disappeared and then we all looked at each other and sighed.

"'A clear case,' said one girl.

"'Head over heels.'

"'What will he do?'

"'How can he marry her?'

"'Kitty can look after herself.'

"'But I am sure she is in love; she never has been before.'

"'He will go away and forget her—

"He gave the bridle rein a shake,
Said 'Adieu! forevermore
My love!
And adieu forevermore.'"

"'Never!' said I; 'nothing of the kind will happen. I am sure he will marry her.'

"That evening Kinloch made his way to the old gardener's cottage. His face was pale, but he had a determined look in the corners of his mouth, and he carried his head well thrown back and stepped lightly along.

"The girl had just set her father's supper before him, and had gone out to rest in the garden and watch the still beauties of the night.

"The air was fresh and in the heavens the full moon was hurrying through its star-spangled canvas. The reeds in a neighboring stream rustled and shivered in the breeze, and a large night moth or two came sailing up and bumped against Kitty's white kerchief on their way to the fatal candle shining in the window.

"The girl looked up to the sky and tears filled her eyes.

"Was it the brightness of the moon?

"'Why do you weep, Kitty?' said a voice at her side.

"No need to turn to look for the speaker. The girl buried her face in her hands and sobbed afresh.

"'You are going away?' she said

"'Yes, I am going away,' said Kinloch, 'but you will come with me, Kitty, for you love me.'

"'I love you, but I shall not accompany you.'

"'But you must. I have spoken to the old priest, and he is ready to marry us.'

"'Kinloch,' she said, looking up in her lover's face with a sweet, serious smile, 'you have made me love you, for I could not help it; but you cannot make me marry you.'

"'No, but you will, darling, won't you, Kitty?' he went on, eagerly. 'You know I can marry now, because I came of age the other day, and I have much more than my pay now. Is that what you are thinking of?'

"'How could I think about that? Why will you not understand, Kinloch? Your proud old father and your silver-haired, stately mother, how could they bear for one of their sons to marry an Irish peasant girl?'

"'You have nothing to learn from the highest lady in the land, my darling,' he said, fondly; 'and younger sons are not expected to marry heiresses.'

"But she shook her head resolutely.

"'And is this how you lightly fling away a man's happiness for life?'

"'A few days' pain now, to save you years of regret in the future.'

"The young man looked at the girl, perplexed. Where could she have learnt such sentiments?—where had she gained the strength to express them so freely?

"He then said, slowly and solemnly, as if taking an oath: 'Look yonder, Kitty! That is the evening star. So surely as it will shine in the heavens five, ten or twenty years, as surely will my love remain unchanged for you. Bid me come back when you will, Kitty, and if I have breath in my body and strength to do it, I will come.'

"'Come back in ten years, Kinloch. I will be true to you, and wait until then. I will try and improve myself—make myself more worthy of your love.'

"'Keep as you are, Kitty—remain unchanged,' said the young man jealously, 'lest when I come again I shall not see in you the last look I took away with me, my life, my love!' he murmured, passionately; and kissing her sweet brow and mouth, folding her in one last embrace, he sighed and left her.

"She turned to go into the cottage. A large downy moth which had been bumping against the little window sailed in before her, circled thrice around the the candle and flew up into its alluring brightness. The candle flickered and went out; the moth dropped down with a thud upon the table, dead.

"Kitty, with eyes blinded by tears and with shaking hands, relit, though somewhat tardily, the light.

"'Kitty, my girl,' said the old man, pointing significantly to the singed insect, 'don't be foolish as that silly thing. Its eyes were dazzled and it had no strength to resist the fatal fascination.'

"'Father,' said the girl, stooping down and kissing his gray locks, 'you must trust me.'

Here Aunt Bell stopped.

"It is interesting? Shall I go on?"

"Oh, do. Did he come back?" said her niece.

"Well, the years passed on, and the girl was joked and teased, and had many offers of marriage; but she was firm and would listen to none.

"At last the young fellows grew weary of their friendless attempts at love-making and the greater part left her alone.

"A few, more unkind, would ask when she expected her young gentleman home, and taunted her in cutting speeches and insinuation.

"Nine years went by, and then there came the battle of Waterloo, when officers and men went down in hundreds together.

"Still no word from Kinloch, and Kitty's heart, which never failed in its lightness, nor her step in its speed, now sank and faltered for the first time.

"Early in the next year—in fact, on New Year's night—the officers gave a ball, and every girl and young man for miles around were invited.

Girls were in great demand, and I went down to my aunt's house especially for that night.

"I was anxious to see Kitty myself and to find out how the years passed over her head.

"You think, perhaps, twenty-six was rather old to be called a girl—do you Kitty?

"Well, I felt almost the same as I did when I was sixteen, and quite as ready to enjoy a dance or flirtation, I can assure you.

"Kate Daly—that was her name—went to help the ladies unshawl themselves, and to be ready with needle and thread when an unhappy damsel with torn skirt or flounce should require her assistance.

"She was then twenty-eight, and the young girlish beauty had developed into the most lovely of women. Only when her face was at rest and you caught the suspicion of an anxious heart upon it, would you have guessed her age.

"She wore a pale tea rose tinted gown, with ruffles of lace of her own making at the neck and sleeves.

"It was a wild and stormy night without, just such a one as this, but it only served to enhance the brightness and animation of the scene within.

"The dancing of the high-heeled shoes, and the silvery laughter rose higher than the wail of the wind, and the tinkling winecups drowned all sound of rain.

"Suddenly there was a lull; we stopped in our dances; a chill blast seemed to have entered the room; we turned and saw a silent, dark figure standing in the doorway.

"He was tall and handsome, but his large black cloak, carefully slung over his shoulder, was dripping with the rain and making large pools on the floor. His legs, booted and spurred, were muddy up to the hips.

"Just at that moment the clock struck 12, and the year 1816 had broken. Some of the more excitable girls screamed and ran behind their partners.

"Was it an apparition? Was it an ill omen for the coming year?

"'I seem to frighten you good people. Does nobody know me?'

"Kitty at that moment was bringing in a jug of iced claret at another door.

"She heard the voice and turned round, trembling, with a wild cry, 'Kinloch, Kinloch, I knew you would come back!' And amid a crash of breaking glass—for she let the vessel slip from her hands—she bounded to his side and then disappeared in the folds of the great cloak."

"How splendid, Aunt Bell!" said her niece, drawing a deep breath; "but if she married him then, I do not see why she should not have done so before."

"Ah, but she was a wise girl, little one; she knew it would test his constancy and prove if he really loved her. A young man's love at twenty-one (as she knew very well) would not be his choice at thirty-one."

"What became of them, aunt?"

"'Oh, they married and traveled about a good deal, and finally both died out in India within a few months of each other. There was one son, and I believe he is in the army also. Come, Kitty, I shall go to bed and not wait up any longer for your father."

"There is a new lieutenant coming in Mr. Perry's place," said her niece, as she bade her aunt good night.

"The young men are not what they used to be," sighed the old lady. "Some little whipper-snapper, I'll be bound, with feet that would go in your slippers. Good night, childie."

Kitty went slowly down stairs and pondered over in her mind the story of the beautiful Kate Daly and the faithful Kinloch. She went to the window and undid the shutter. She pictured to herself the young man coming to the window and scratching his name on the glass, and then taking the girl's hand in his own, slowly guiding it just below.

She leant in the deep shadow of the window-seat and strove to realize each scene in the little drama. There, under the very door, stood the black-robed figure they had all shrunk away from in the midst of their mirth. What? Was she dreaming? What stood there at that very moment?

A figure darker than the gloom of the room. The rain poured in floods outside and the wind whistled and moaned round the corners of the house.

The figure came a little further into the room. She saw by the misty light he was a tall man with a dark cloak over his shoulders, booted and spurred, with mud up to his hip.

She felt as if the whole scene was to be played again before her very eyes; but she looked in vain for the pretty girls and ladies in their puffed sleeves and short waists, their flowing curls and high heeled shoes. Kitty—where was she?

And here she blushed to herself in the darkness.

There was a Kitty, but not the one.

The man came up to the window evidently thinking no one was in the room.

The girl shrank back as the wet cloak brushed against her cheek.

"Kinlock!" she said, half doubting whether the figure would answer, for she could hardly tell yet if she was dreaming or not.

"Who spoke my name?" he called out, startled and looking around.

"I did," said Kitty, feeling very abashed almost at his elbow.

He glanced down, drawing away his cloak.

"I am sure I beg your pardon. I thought the room was empty. I must have come into the wrong quarters; arriving so late I must have mistaken the block. I hope you will forgive such an intrusion?"

Kitty's grand castles in the air all fell to the ground with a crash. How commonplace! He was only the new lieutenant, after all; but he did not look the whipper-snapper her aunt had prophesied.

"'Then you are not Kinloch?' she said in a disappointed tone.

"'My name is Kinloch,' he answered, with a pleasant smile.

"My aunt was telling me about this Kinlock." And Kitty taped the frame with her finger. "I will tell you the story some day, if you like; but you came into the room just as she said your namesake did, dressed in the same way and everything. But there! I suppose you are not even a relation."

"He was my father," said the young man quietly. "So no wonder we are something alike."

It was now his turn to say, in a disappointed tone, "But your name is not Kitty. I am sure."

"Yes it is," said Kitty, eagerly. Then she stopped; a sudden rosy flush rushed over her face. "At least, no—it is"—

But she could not deny it, for it was Kitty.

"These are our namesakes: shall we write our names below them, Kitty?"

"Some day—perhaps."

## A Railroad President's Experience.

A Washington gossip says: I heard a very good anecdote a day or two ago from Chauncey Depew about Rutter, now the president of the New York Central Railroad. Commodore Vanderbilt picked up Rutter when he was acting freight agent on the Erie Railroad. He was paid $15,000 to go over to the Central and take charge of their transportation business. Rutter was a slim, young fellow with a ruddy face and a prematurely gray moustache, and he never got over being surprised with himself at his remarkable growth in the railroad business. There came up a decidedly knotty problem one day not long after he took hold of the Central's business. Rutter did not know what to do, and so he walked into the Commodore's office and stated the case to the old gentleman. Said the Commodore: "Jim, what does the railroad pay you?"

"Fifteen thousand a year, sir."

"What for?"

"For taking charge of the transportation business."

"Well, then, if we pay you for that why do you come to me? Do you want me to earn your salary for you?"

Rutter took the hint. He went right out, made a decision in the knotty problem, realizing that if he wasn't competent for the duties the company would make short work with him, and if he was competent it required difficult problems like that in question to show his competency. From that time until he became president of the great corporation he never asked anybody's advice about his action. He did what he did shouldering the responsibility and expected to stand or fall by it. So it happens that this man, who a few years ago was handling baggage at an obscure station on the Erie road, is now president of one of the greatest corporations in the world.

## They Never Die.

Is this house to rent?

It is. You see it has two cards on the front, and the letters are very distinct.

Does the woman who has just pulled the bell desire to rent the house?

Oh, no. As soon as the door is opened the following conversation will take place:

"Is this house for sale?"

"No, madam—it is for rent."

"What would they ask if they were going to sell it?"

"About $6000.

"Wouldn't they take $4000?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then it is not for sale?"

"No."

"Wasn't it for sale last year?"

"I do not know."

"Won't it be in the fall?"

"I can't say."

"Can I look it over? I don't want to rent, of course, but if I should happen to like the plan of the interior, and the rooms just suited, and the neighborhood was all right, and I get some money I am expecting, I might possibly want to buy somewhere within a mile of this corner."

And here comes another woman. Does she desire to rent the house?

You shall judge for yourself. Listen:

"Is this house to rent?"

"Yes'm."

"Oh, I thought it was to be sold at auction."

"No'm."

"Hasn't it ever been sold that way?"

"Never."

"And won't it be in the fall?"

"No'm."

"Then it is to rent?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, I don't want to rent, but I'll look it over, and if it suits me, I'll keep the location in mind. I may run across some one who wants a house."

## The Winter Sleepers and Their Food.

There are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter, that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little, and once in awhile they take a breath. If the weather is at all mild they wake up enough to eat.

Now, isn't it curious that they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side when they go into their winter sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats when it is partly awake of a warm day.

The bat does not need to do this, for the some warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some and then eats. When he is going to sleep again he hangs himself up by his hind claws.

The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes up in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

How many things are sleeping in the winter? Plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they do have a waking up and how little we think about it! —Mrs. G. Hall, in Our Dumb Animals.

## The Meaning of Uncompahgre.

It is said that Uncompahgre is the Ute tongue, means, "red stream, and if so, it is easy to understand the application. The water is not red (though it might sometimes look so when aded by freshets), but the whole canon crimson and blood-stained. The color shines between bushes and trees, stands out in great upright masses, tinges the dust under foot, and intensifies the green of the heathered hills and the azure of mountain and sky. The red hues are of infinite variety beyond anything that can be seen on a painter's palette, and they are an unfailing source of surprise and delight.

At Dallas Station, a dozen miles below Ouray (where the stages from Rio Telluride, Ames and other mining centres in the San Miguel range join) all these pretty scenes are left behind, and the hard-featured Uncompahgre Mesa begins. The red canon, with the vision of Mount Abrams and the other peaks above Ouray, are now cut off; and level mesas and gravelly benches speckled with black dots of juniper and sage, through which runs the course of our midnight stage ride.—Ernest Ingersoll, in The Manhattan for June.

## Resolutions.

Such is the undisciplined weakness of the human will that good resolutions made on New Year's day are reputed to be broken before the end of January. The young man resolves he will give up some bad habit. In a fit of enthusiasm he starts down the track of the new year.

At the end of the week he asks himself why he made those resolutions. Then his will gives way.

Let no one, however, be frightened out of an honest resolve to make the new year better than the old. The harm does not lie in the making of resolutions, but in the breaking of them.

The writer recalls even now with some regret and a chastened humor, a boyish attempt of one to begin a new year with a clean record. He had a Christmas present of a diary, and on the page marked January 1st wrote, early in the morning, before breakfast, the following resolutions:

"I am resolved to leave off all bad habits.

"I will be polite and pleasant to Jim Rogers. It was a mean trick in Jim to spoil my snow-fort last week.

"I will get up in the morning when father calls me.

"I will try to get along on one piece of pie.

"I will get all my lessons in school and not sass the teachers.

"I will bring in the wood for mother on wash days.

"I'll be kind to the baby even if he does tear my kite, and I will try not to pull the cat's tail.

"I will forgive all my enemies and leave off playing marbles for keeps. Jim Rogers won all mine last time.

"To all this I set my hand and seal, hope to die."

He signed his name to this last clause, which had a legal twang truly awe-inspiring, and went down to breakfast.

But alas for human nature! Before the week was out he had quarreled with Jim Rogers for climbing over his fence and smashed his new sled. He had risen only once when his father called him, and then a slipper roused him. The baby and the cat both had their backs up against him for plaguing them. He was kept after school several times for misconduct, and his poor mother declared that one piece of pie meant starvation for him.

There is an old proverb which runs like this:

"What you say
On New Year's day,
Is good for naught in month of May.
Not what you say,
But what you do,
Will live and thrive the whole year through."

He who makes good resolutions and changes them into conduct gains will power and grand mastery over himself. Make then purpose of intention, and action of purpose, and begin to cultivate this will power in youth.—Youth's Companion.

## Cyrus McCormick's Will.

The will of the late Cyrus McCormick has been admitted to probate at Chicago. The value of the estate is estimated at $10,000,000, $2,500,000 of which is in real estate. The residence on Rush street, with the furniture of the same, including the books, paintings, pictures, and all articles of ornament and use, together with the horses, carriages, etc., are bequeathed to the widow absolutely, who is also to enjoy during her life the free use of all the personal property of the testator at Richfield, N. Y. All the rest of the estate is to remain in trust under the direction of the trustees and to be kept intact, except all necessary expenses connected with its investment and preservation for the space of five years, after which one-fifth of the whole is to go to the widow in lieu of the dower or claims of whatever kind and the remaining four-fifths is to be divided equally among the surviving children of the deceased. In case any of the children marry before the expiration of the five years, they are to be allowed $100,000, which, at the final division of the estate, is to be deducted from their share. Until such final division, the trustees are allowed to make any donation to any charitable or benevolent object as, in their judgment, the testator would have made if living. The widow is appointed guardian of the person and estate of the minors, security being waived, and C. H. McCormick is allowed $2000 for his trouble as administrator of the estate. The heirs and legatees are: Nettie Fowler McCormick, widow; C. H. McCormick, Jr., 25 years of age; Mary Virginia McCormick, 23 years; Anita Eugenia McCormick, 17 years; Harold Fowler McCormick, 12 years and Stanley Robert McCormick, of the age of 9 years

## Codfish Aristocracy.

"Hello, Sambo, what have you got there?" said a Third avenue New York) grocer.

"Suffin I want to trade for tobaccy," answered Sambo.

"But what is it?"

"I'll show you," said Sambo, unrolling the bundle. "A big codfish; nice one, too."

"See here, Sambo," remarked the grocer, solemnly, "I am afraid you stole this."

"Deed I did not, sah."

"Then where did you get it?"

"You know I'se a footman at Mrs Sudderich's?"

"Yes."

"And they uns had a big ball last night?"

"Yes."

"Well, after de ball I picked up this in de conser'terry."

"How in the world did it get there?"

"Dunno. Guess some of the guests dropped it, sah."—Exchange.

## Dust Explosions.

Mr. Kexamer, in a paper in the Journal of the Franklin Institute on dust explosions, shows that not only coal dust and the fine flour dust in corn mills liable to explosion, but that grain dust often reaches a certain degree of fineness which on the slightest provocation is almost instantaneously ignited, the product being gases of many hundred times the volume of the floating dust, causing explosions of terrific force. He suggests that steam jets should be introduced into the mill box and elevator, and he insisted that where artificial light is required it should be incased, and that under no conditions should loose candles or oil lamps be employed

## The Doves in Venice.

Venice is a queer city. Many of the streets are only canals full of water, so that people have to travel in boats instead of carriages. One day while I was walking, some little boys came up to me to sell corn to feed the doves with. I took some in my hand and held it out to the birds, and hundreds of them came flying about me to get it. But I held it so high that only one or two could have it; and two of the handsomest doves I ever saw flew up on my hand and ate the corn.—Correspondent.

## The Third Wife of Bishop Roundy of Wanship Imprisoned for Contempt.

Nellie White, a Utah female, is destined to take a prominent stand beside the far-famed Belle Harris in the field of martyrdom. She has defied the grand jury and the United States district court, and in the eyes of the average Mormon that is sufficient to make her immortal. Nellie married Bishop Roundy of Wanship as a third wife sometime during the past winter. The bishop is rather advanced in years, while Nellie is a young, handsome woman of not more than twenty two or three summers. The grand jury began the investigation of the case several days ago, and yesterday afternoon they returned into court with the following report

To the Hon. John A. Hunter, Judge of the Third District Court:

The grand jury heretofore empaneled in this court and sworn as grand jurors of the United States of America do respectfully represent and report to the court:

That on the 22d day of May, 1884 the said grand jury were examining into and investigating the charge of an alleged violation of the act of congress approved March 22d, 1882, defining and prohibiting the crime of polygamy and unlawful cohabitation; that in said investigation and examination evidence was adduced before the said jury, that one Girard Roundy and one Lovisa J Roundy were husband and wife; that for the purpose of ascertaining whether the said Girard Roundy was so married while he as aforesaid and undivorced and while his said wife Lovisa J. Roundy was living, as the said Girard Roundy married and took to wife one Nellie White; she the said Nellie White was regularly subpoensed as a witness in such behalf, and as such witness on the day last aforesaid appeared before the grand jury was duly sworn and testified in the matter of the said investigation and examination.

That pending the examination of the said Nellie White the following questions were propounded to her by the grand jury and her answers requested thereto:

"Have you ever gone through a rite or ceremony of marriage with Girard Roundy?"

'Are you in accordance with any religious rite married to Giriard Roundy?"

'Did you at any time marry Girard Roundy in plural or celestial form for time or eternity, or both?"

"Are you his wife in plural marriage?"

"Are the relations existing between yourself and Girard Roundy those of husband and wife?"

"Do you decline to answer because it is a fact that you are his wife or are not so?"

"Did you ever go through the Endowment House in this city with Girard Roundy for the purpose of assuming or undertaking any covenants of marriage with him?"

"Have you ever been in the Endowment House?"

"Do you know who are the officiating priests or officers in the Endowment House?"

To answer the foregoing questions and each and every of them, she, the said Nellie White, declined and refused on the ground that said questions, and each and every of them, were not proper questions, Wherefore this grand jury now present the said questions and the refusal to answer the same, together with the said witness, to your honor, here in open court, that she may be interrogated in all the premises. And the said grand jury respectfully pray the judgment of this court, whether she, the said Nellie White, lawfully may or ought to answer the questions aforesaid, or any of them.

JOHN TIERNAN,
Foreman Grand Jury.

The jury came into court about 2:30 o'clock and handed the report to Judge Hunter. Nellie White, who appeared before the grand jury in the morning and refused to answer, was told to return at 2 o'clock. She did not come at the exact hour appointed, and an attachment was issued for her, but it was not used as she came bounding up the stairs of the Wasatch building just as the officer started after her. She came into court dressed in a black velvet dress, neatly trimmed, with a long gold chain twined around her neck, and wearing a white straw hat gaily decorated. She is a woman of fine physique, tall, of stately carriage and magnificent development. Her thick auburn tresses, her fair complexion and her bright, bewitching and fascinating eye, make her a veritable picture of beauty, and the mental excitement from which she was suffering gave her an added charm and piquancy. After Judge Hunter had silently read the report, he said: "Mrs. Roundy, you will please stand up." Nellie remained seated, her eyes saying, "You can't catch me that way." Assistant District Attorney Varian suggested to the court that the lady's name was Miss Nellie White, and the judge then said, "Miss Nellie White, stand up." Standing by the chair on which she had been seated, she looked the very personification of defiance. Judge Hunter, in addressing her, stated that she had been called before the grand jury to answer certain questions, which he read from the report, and said: "The Court advises you that the questions are proper ones, and asks you, are you willing to answer them." Nellie, in a clear, distinct voice said determinedly, "No, sir." Mr. Varian, whose attention was distracted at the time the answer was made, asked for a repetition of the answer, and Nellie in a firm, unflinching manner, said, "I'm not willing to answer those questions." Judge Hunter then said, "The order of this Court is that you be placed in the custody of the U. S. Marshal till you answer the questions or until the further order of the court." The commitment was made out by the clerk, and Nellie retired to the Marshal's office. Franklin S. Richards, Esq., came up to the office shortly thereafter, and by permission took Nellie to his office for consultation. She returned to the Marshal's office and talked quite freely to a reporter for half an hour fully. She is quite a fluent conversationalist, has a good choice of language, is refined in her manners, and a woman upon whom one man might well lavish his whole love instead of only one-third.

"Do you think you will stand it as long as Belle Harris did?" asked the timid scribe

"Well, I think I can," said Nellie with a pert little toss of the head. "I can stand it as long as they can, and they can't make me talk. It will take something more than mere punishment to make me open my mouth."

"When did you come from Wanship?"

"They came for me last Monday while I was teaching school and brought me here. I told my scholars I would be back in a week or two, but it don't look as though I will now. I also had to give up my music class. It won't be much harder for me to be confined in a penitentiary than in a school room. A school room is a sort of a jail any how."

"How came you in this trouble?"

"Well, you see I have been living at the bishop's house for the past two years and I was taken up on suspicion. You see my folks moved to Salt Lake a long while ago. My father met with reverses in business, and I thought I would go to teaching to help the folks out. I got employment at Wanship and boarded at the bishop's house. Sometimes he would drive me over to Coalville. He is a perfect gentleman."

"What will become of your school?"

"Oh, it will be closed till I get back, and when I do it will be bigger than ever. I won't lose anything by it."

"They asked you lots of questions in the grand jury room, didn't they?" suggested the reporter.

"I should say they did. They might have asked me all those questions at once instead of stringing them out, for I made up my mind when I came in that I would only answer such questions as I thought proper, and they couldn't make me answer anything I didn't want to. They tried to frighten me by telling me I would be subjected to a penalty if I didn't answer, but I told them I understood the penalty for contempt and wasn't afraid of it. I was surprised that so many intelligent men as composed that jury should try to confuse and question me, a lone woman, as they did. I'm no coward and they'll find it out. They can't frighten us Mormon women and it's no use for them to try to do it."

"Won't it seem strange to you to be imprisoned?"

"Yes it will. I never expected to be placed behind prison bars, but as long as I have the consciousness of doing right I don't feel at all bad about the matter. I'd stay there ten years before I would answer those questions, for I don't think it's anybody's business. Of course I'll miss them," and then pausing a minute, "I mean my folks. But then they tell me the place I am to be confined in is a very comfortable one and it isn't at all unpleasant to be there. The Mormons have suffered great persecutions here for religion's sake. They have so altered the constitution that we are no longer guaranteed the rights to live our religion as we see fit. We hurt nobody in the practice of polygamy. What harm have I done to anybody? If we believe polygamy is necessary for the salvation of our souls and think it a religious duty to go into it, whose business is it, I'd like to know? If a husband and wife agree that another wife shall be taken into the family, and a young girl agrees to become that wife and views such a marriage as a matter of salvation and religious duty, do you think it wrong or anybody's business to interfere with the arrangement?"

Such a question coming from a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, rather disgusted the reporter, and preferring not to argue the question of the desirability of concubinage or the religious right of prostitution, the interview came to an abrupt termination.

At 5 o'clock the wagon from the Pen came along to take Nellie out and quite a crowd congregated around the front door of the Wasatch building to see her. Her brother and the first wife of Bishop Roundy wanted to ride with her to the Pen, but being told that they would have to walk back, changed their minds. Mrs. Roundy No. 1 kissed Nellie and in bidding her good bye, said: "God bless you, but God d——n those who send you there."

As the wagon drove off, polygamic Nellie, the would-be martyr and heroine of the hour, waved her handkerchief and kissed her hands to the loved ones left behind.

It is to be hoped that Marshal Ireland will not permit Nellie to receive the same farcical attentions that were paid Belle Harris. The incarceration is inflicted as a means of punishment, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the U. S. marshal will not thwart the ends of justice by permitting this woman to turn a solemn judgment of the court into a means of posing as a martyr and sufferer. Solitary confinement and prison diet may bring some of these silly women to their senses, and may have the effect of teaching them the lesson that seems so hard for them to learn, that the laws of Uncle Sam and not those of John Taylor are the supreme law of this land.—Salt Lake Tribune.

## Adding Effectiveness.

The experiment made by Mr. Cable of singing creole songs, as illustrative of the manner and customs of the people mentioned in his books, seems to have been very successful. It is a novelty which ought ought to furnish a hint to other public readers and lecturers, for the lyceum platform certainly needs a little novelty. Why should not Bob Ingersoll add variety to the monotony of his blasphemy by showing the audience how David danced before the ark. A fat man dancing a comic dance in ridicule of the scriptures would seem immensely funny to the class of people who are Bob Ingersoll's admirers, and there is little doubt that it would be accepted as a powerful argument against the Christian religion. Both songs and dances might be profitably employed to illustrate the philosophical lectures of the Concord schools. A platonic walk around, participated in by the assembled philosophers at the close of each lecture, or a comic song, in ridicule of the Scotch philosphers by, say, Professor Jones, or Professor Harris, would add immensely to the attractions of the school. Mathew Arnold, who spoke blasphemy concerning Emerson at Boston, and who is further said to have shocked that city by refusing baked beans at a public dining table, might retrieve his repution were he to return to Boston, and to deliver a new lecture interspersed with songs in praise of beans, and ending with a dance on the top of a sugar barrel and under the blaze of an electric light, thus typifying sweetness and light. Mr. Cable has done a great service in showing us how to make the lyceum attractive, and his example can hardly fail to bear fruit. —N. Y. News.

## The Husband's Opportunity.

It is doubtful whether the male head of a family often appreciates the opportunity he has of diffusing sunshine at at home, or comprehends how much of gloom he can bring with him in a troubled face and moody temper from the office or the street. The housemother is within four walls from morning till dinner time, with few exceptions, and must bear the worriments of fretful children, inefficient servants, weak nerves and unexpected callers. And she must do this day after day, with monotonous regularity. The husband goes out from the petty details of home care; he meets friends; he feels the excitement of business competition; he has the bracing influence of the outdoor walk and ride. If he will come home cheerful and lively, and his presence is like a refreshing breeze. He has it in his power to brighten the household life and add to the general happiness in a way to forget, or neglect.—From "Home Brightening," in Outing.

The late Signor Sella was not afraid to speak plainly even to the king. In 1869 he told Victor Emanuel that a radical reform was needed in the civil list, whereupon the king replied angrily, "Perhaps, then, I ought to take a tutor." "Really," replied Sella, unhesitatingly, "your majesty might need one."

# POLITICAL NEWS AND GOSSIP.

## Matters Becoming Interesting at the Republican Battle Field.

### ARRIVAL OF THE PACIFIC COAST DELEGATES.

### The Sub-Committee Decides in Favor of the Mahone Men—Blaine's Weak Points Beginning to Show—Notes.

CHICAGO, May 31.—The weather is steadily growing warmer, and the political atmosphere is apparently in sympathy and becoming more heated. This morning witnessed the arrival of a large number of contingent delegates, mainly from the southern states, who came in independent detachments, and representing the irregularity of all the positions of the south. There were a large number of arrivals from Iowa, and practically the entire delegation from that state is now in the city. Two Blaine delegates came in from the Eighteenth Ohio district, and they were accompanied by somewhat over 100 visitors. They marched to their hotel from the depot in a solid body.

The event of the morning was the arrival of the California and Nevada delegations, whose transit eastward had already been very widely heralded. They were met at the depot by a delegation of citizens, and preceded by martial music, marched to their quarters at the Palmer house. Ladies and gentlemen of the party alike took part in the procession until their arrival in the hotel lobby, where dense crowds had collected. The delegation then gave three cheers for the gentleman from Maine and separated.

The room set apart for the reception of the delegation of business men from New York by business men of this city in advancing the candidacy of Mr. Arthur, are being richly decorated in anticipation of the arrival of the party from the east at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

At the Grand Pacific hotel the managers in charge of the movement in the interest of Senator Logan have thrown open two large parlors on the first floor, in place of the more contracted quarters heretofore occupied by them. It is estimated that about 300 delegates are now in the city.

The national committee will begin its session at noon.

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

The national republican committee held a session beginning to-day, all the states and territories being represented, with the exception of Louisiana, Florida, South Carolina and Utah. No business was transacted, beyond arranging for the distribution of tickets of admission to the convention and appointing I. M. Bean, of Wisconsin, and James H. Stone, of Michigan, reading clerks. Adjourned to 7 P. M.

The national sub-committee resumed its session at 7:30 to-night, with closed doors. Senator Cullom of Illinois presented credentials to act as proxy for Senator Logan, in view of the illness of Burton C. Cook, heretofore acting as proxy.

By a unanimous vote it was decided to take up the case of contested delegations from the state of Virginia, which embraces all the delegations in the state, including four delegates at large.

Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island moved that the delegation headed by Senator Mahone be placed on the rolls.

Mr. Bettis of Montana offered an amendment, referring the contest to the committee on credentials of the national convention, without action. The amendment was lost, on a vote by call of states, as follows: Ayes—California, Maine, Nebraska, New Jersey, West Virginia, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Wyoming; total, 10. Noes—Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, Wisconsin, Dakota, Utah, Washington and the District of Columbia; total, 31.

The original motion of Senator Aldrich was then carried by a similar vote.

The result of the vote seats the Mahone delegation in the national convention, subject, however, to any action the convention itself may take in the matter.

Of the contested delegations from the first Alabama and the first Georgia districts, it was decided to refer them to a sub-committee of three, with instructions to report to full committee next Monday.

In the matter of the contested delegation from the fifth Kentucky district, a motion to refer the matter to a sub-committee was lost.

On motion of Mr. Bradley of Kentucky Silas F. Miller and John Mason Brown were placed upon the rolls as delegates.

THE BUSINESS MEN.

The New York business men delegation met the Chicago business men's committee in Arthur's headquarters this afternoon. After an introduction Hon. Jonathan Young Scammon delivered an address of welcome on behalf of Chicago, which was replied to by Cornelius N. Bliss of New York and others.

The Ohio delegates opened headquarters at the Grand Pacific to-day. They do not display the colors of any particular leader.

The independent republican headquarters, which are decorated with Edmunds' portrait, are at the Grand Pacific.

Meetings of the adherents of various candidates were held here this afternoon at different headquarters, and it was then definitely decided who will be chosen to make the nominating speeches. These are: For Arthur, Martin I. Townsend of New York, seconded by ex-Senator Henderson of Missouri; for Blaine, John Stewart of Pennsylvania, seconded by Judge William West of Ohio; for Logan, Senator Cullom of Illinois; for Sherman, Judge Foraker of Ohio.

A small but influential meeting of the supporters of Senator Edmunds was held at the Palmer house to-day immediately upon the arrival of George W. Curtis and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt from New York. Besides these two gentlemen there were present at the conference Andrew D. White, Gov. John D. Long, Senator Hoar, John T. Gilbert of New York and Horace White.

INDIANA MEN.

Indiana's advance guard consisted of Senator Harrison, Morris McDonald and John H. Baker. Delegates at large also arrived early in the day. It had been said that Senator Harrison would not attend the convention but would send an alternate. His presence was in itself a sufficient denial. He said: "I am here, you see, and I shall vote with the other Indiana men." Regarding the mention of his name in connection with the presidency, the senator said: "I am not a candidate and never have been, and if I were I should certainly not be here." He would not state his preference. Morris McDonald said if an opportunity offered, the Indiana delegation would present the name of Harrison or Gresham.

Ex-Governor John D. Long of Massachusetts arrived ahead of his delegation, which is due to-morrow morning. He declared that Massachusetts would undoubtedly give her solid vote for Edmunds.

The delegation of New York business men, who came in furtherance of the candidacy of President Arthur, arrived in a satisfactory condition, headed by David Dows. They numbered about 100, taking up their quarters at the Grand Pacific. They were entertained during the afternoon by a large delegation of local business men, who also organized in the Arthur interest.

The greater number of the Texas delegation also arrived at noon, having been delayed en route by a big flood near Texarkana, resulting from the recent rain storms. The delegates of the state of Texas are divided between Arthur and Blaine.

Nearly all the Alabama delegates arrived during the forenoon, and also a portion of the Tennessee, Georgia and Mississippi delegations. The Nebraska delegation came in a body late in the afternoon.

THINGS WARMING UP.

The heat of the presidential canvass was very considerably intensified to-day owing to the large influx of delegates and the presence of the outside forces, which are expected to play a prominent part in shaping the outcome of events. About 400 delegates have arrived on the ground, and have been supplemented by an innumerable host of flankers, who are at present the most active factors in the preliminary battling. It is conceded that no convention in the history of the party ever was composed of delegations more thoroughly untampered in the way of pledges than the present one, all of which tends to lend a sharp excitement to early movements in the fight. The hotels to-day began for the first time to feel the force of the convention crush, and the corridors of the leading ones were alive throughout the day with active workers.

A party of New York independent delegates, composed of George William Curtis, General Francis Barlow, Frederick C. Hall, David Alterton, John A. King, Carl Schurz, Theodore Roosevelt, James W. Wadsworth and Wharton Barker, arrived through by the Pennsylvania limited at 10:30. Only a portion of their number are delegates. They represent more properly the republican conference committee. Attached to the same train was a car containing a number of senators and representatives from the national capital. Among their number were Senators Hoar, Platt, Sawyer, Blair, Jones and Conger, and Congressmen Horr and Amson D. McCook.

SOME GOOD WORK DONE.

Earnest but good-natured work was done during the day for the different candidates, but only in the way of throwing out skirmishers and preparing the lines for attack and defense. One hears very little except Arthur and Blaine. Occasionally something is said and done for Logan. The third conspicuous candidate is reported strong, but the delegates do not seem to attach much importance to his candidacy. In this respect they may be mistaken. There seems to be no doubt of a friendly alliance between Blaine and Logan. The headquarters of their supporters are located in the same hall and friendly intercourse is kept up.

The policy of those who do not wish to see either Blaine or Arthur nominated is to persuade unpledged and independent delegates to adhere to their choice, through successive ballots. They even desire to keep Illinois voting for Logan. It is expected that this course will compel a break in the ranks of Blaine and Arthur, and make it possible to nominate either Gresham, Lincoln, Sherman or Hawley. As between Blaine and Arthur this class of delegates usually express a preference for the latter. This fact leads Arthur's friends to hope that the independents may be induced finally to come to his support.

BLAINE'S STRENGTH OVERESTIMATED.

Interviews to-day with Nebraska and Kansas people developed the fact that Blaine's friends have overestimated his strength in these two states, and when the ballots are had there will be a pronounced division. This miscalculation is due to basing the probable action this year on the feeling in 1880, but then it was not so much Blaine as opposition to a third term for Grant. While Blaine's popularity is conceded other influences have entered in to divide his support.

No one can fail to discover the difference between the management of the conspicuous candidates. There is little system but great enthusiasm in the Blaine ranks, while Arthur's followers are like a well drilled army. This was remarked upon by a prominent California delegate who expressed his surprise. He said the Pacific coast delegation had started out for the convention firm in the belief that the nomination of Blaine was a foregone conclusion, and that after the first ballot, on which complimentary votes for Arthur, Edmunds, Logan, Sherman and others would be given, there would be a stampede to the standard of the man from Maine. Since their arrival here, however, their confidence had been greatly shaken by Arthur's adherents.

THE PACIFIC COAST DELEGATIONS.

The California and Nevada delegation held session this afternoon, at which the delegates expressed a determination to stick to Blaine from first to last. The California delegates formally organized and unanimously elected W. W. Morrow chairman.

At a meeting of the Pacific coast delegation the following was adopted: "It is hereby resolved by the Pacific coast delegation, embracing the delegations of California, Oregon and Nevada, and the territories of Washington and Arizona, that James G. Blaine is our unanimous choice for president of the United States, and that we will use all honorable means to secure his nomination."

A special train furnished for Washington correspondents attending the Chicago convention, by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, reached Chicago this morning. The actual running time between Washington and Chicago, 850 miles, was twenty-one hours.

ANY MAN BUT ARTHUR OR BLAINE.

NEW YORK, May 31.—[Special.]—The *Times*: "There is a diversion of sentiment as to whether Arthur or Blaine, or either of them, could be elected. To nominate either would be to throw away all chance for the vote of this state; and yet there is no real division in the party. Any strong, clean, upright candidate would command its full support. The independent vote, which is so large and so capable of bringing disaster, tends strongly toward the republican party, and though it will not go to either Arthur or Blaine, it could be easily won by a candidate who represents the progressive tendencies of the party. As to any man being elected without the vote of New York, it is nonsense to talk about it."

AN OVATION FOR BLAINE.

NEW YORK, May 31.—[Special.]—*Tribune's* Washington says: "The curtain had just been rung down at the conclusion of the second act of 'Fra Diavolo' at the National theater to-night when Blaine entered the hall. As soon as the audience caught sight of his well known figure a storm of applause and cheers burst forth which could be plainly heard on the street, and which did not cease until the orchestra had struck up the introductory notes of the next act. The incident was well calculated to illustrate the popularity of Blaine. It was an ovation such as is accorded to few public men, and one of which, as one man in the audience said, 'even Grant might be proud.'"

A GOOD WORD FOR ARTHUR.

NEW YORK, May 31.—[Special.]—The *Sun* says: "After the 4th of next March this country will possess what it has not had for years, an ex-president entitled to the respect of all his fellow-citizens, fully sensible of the requirements of dignity and decency, and bearing into private life a personal character on which there is no stain of dishonor. That is something worth living for."

BLAINE'S CHANCES GOOD.

NEW YORK, May 31.—[Special.]—The *Sun* says: "At no time since Brother Blaine first turned his eyes towards the White house have the prospects of his obtaining the republican nomination been better than now. We record this opinion as the result of strictly impartial and disinterested observation."

# PACIFIC COAST.

## CALIFORNIA.

### Smallpox in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—Richard Paul, who arrived here from Bremen, via Baltimore, was to-day sent to the hospital with smallpox. He states that when the steamship was ten days out from Bremen a passenger was buried and five others were buried before reaching port. He was not informed of the cause of the deaths.

### Shipping Intelligence.

Arrived—Steamer San Pedro, Hewett three and one-half days from New Tacoma, 4000 tons coal, to Pacific Improvement Company. Sailed—Steamer Mexico, Huntington, Victoria.

## NEVADA.

### Tilden Delegates Elected.

VIRGINIA, May 31.—The democratic primary election for delegates to the state convention took place to-day, and resulted in the election of Tilden delegates.

## WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

### Seattle's New Water Works Completed.

SEATTLE, May 31.—[Special.]—The Spring Hill Water company started pumping to-day, forcing water from Lake Washington to its reservoirs, over an elevation of 325 feet. The distance from the lake to the foot of Jackson street, in the city, is about 15,000 feet. The suction pipe is sixteen inches in diameter, and is 300 feet long, and is made of boiler plate. The mains are twelve inch, lap-welded. The engine and pumps are upward of 200 horse-power. The water commenced pouring into the reservoirs at 6 P. M., at the rate of 200,000 gallons each hour. Our property owners and citizens generally feel greatly relieved and delighted over the fact of having an ample supply of water for all purposes and the prospect of a great reduction in rates of insurance. This enterprise was incorporated by a few of our citizens, the principal stock being now held by them. The expenditure has been very large, but it will doubtless in time prove a remunerative investment.

### News Notes from Seattle.

SEATTLE, May 31.—[Special.]—Official information is received from the construction department of the Northern Pacific that the Cascade division will be completed up the Yakima river, and through Stampede pass. This is the most favorable route for Seattle.

The body of William Hill, who was supposed to have fallen off the wharf on the 18th, was recovered this morning. Deceased was formerly a cook on board ship. The coroner's verdict was that he committed suicide, or was accidentally drowned.

The collier Willamette has arrived.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

### Lemon, the Indian Murderer, Hanged.

VICTORIA, B. C., May 31.—Edward Lemon, for the murder of an Indian, was hanged in this city at 6 o'clock this morning. The execution was private, members of the press being present. He met death calmly, and made no statement, although he had previously acknowledged his guilt. The crime was committed while Lemon was intoxicated. He wanted to enjoy the Indian's wife, and when the Indian, who was also drunk, objected, Lemon shot him.

### News Notes from Victoria.

VICTORIA, May 30.—The execution of Edward Lemon, who murdered an Indian, is set for 6 o'clock to-morrow, within the jail yard.

Three houses in Chinatown were burned this morning. One young Chinese girl was burned to death, and two others were scorched so badly as to render recovery doubtful. The fire originated from children using coal oil to quicken the kindling of the kitchen stove.

Ships Belvidere and Richard III. passed for Departure bay to-night.

## STATE DISPATCHES.

### The Yaquina Safe in Port.

YAQUINA, May 31.—[Special.]—The steamship Yaquina has arrived safely, with 1100 tons of cargo. She came in over the bar on half neap tide, at 3:30 P. M., in command of Commander Thomas H. Morton, and was moored at the Oregon Pacific Railroad wharf at 4 o'clock.

## WASHINGTON NEWS.

### Made an Assignment.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31.—The following notice was posted this morning upon the doors of the banking house of D. W. Middleton & Co., No. 1427 F street: "Owing to heavy and immediate demands we have assigned to George T. Green for the benefit of our creditors." The doors of the bank are now closed, and a number of excited persons have gathered inside talking over the suspension. No particulars yet obtainable.

George T. Green, bookkeeper and assignee, says D. W. Middleton retired from the firm a week ago, owing to ill health and disinclination to continue the struggle against what he thought was inevitable. The capital stock of the bank was $400,000. Green says a statement of the bank's condition will be made early next week. He cannot approximate the amount of the liabilities.

It is said the deposits amounted to $250,000, and stocks and securities, belonging to customers, about as much more, making the total liabilities half a million. Among the depositors are many army and navy officers and newspaper correspondents. The heaviest creditor of the firm is said to be Mrs. Hutchinson, widow of the late president of the Alaska Fur Seal Company, who had about $100,000 in the bank.

### The House.

Perkins (Kansas) reported the bill granting the right of way through the Indian Territory to the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf railroad company.

The bill granting the right of way through Indian territory for the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe company gave rise to a great deal of discussion, but was finally passed, after its consideration had consumed the greater part of the day.

The bill was also passed granting the right of way through Indian territory to the Southern Kansas railroad company. Adjourned.

## ENGLAND.

### THE EXPLOSION AT SCOTLAND YARDS.

LONDON, May 31.—Daylight showed that the damage by the explosion is fully equal to the worst anticipation. A crowd of excited people are visiting the scenes. Policemen are drawn up in a line across the streets in the vicinity to prevent the access of multitudes. Orders were given to leave the wreckage untouched until an examination is made by Majendie. At the St. James theater, 100 yards distant, the explosions sounded like two claps of thunder. The audience was alarmed to nearly a panic. Several ladies fainted, and men started to stampede, but were reassured by shouts and bidding of every one to "Sit still; no harm done." The second bomb at St. James' square exploded against the residence of Sir Walker Wynn and produced a huge fracture four feet in height and three in breadth. The windows were smashed and furniture damaged.

LONDON, May 31.—The explosion created great havoc in the Junior Carlton club house, numerous cases of wine being destroyed. The club will remain closed for several days. An hour before the explosion there was an outbreak of fire at the war office, which was speedily extinguished. It is unknown whether it was incendiary. So far as known, up to noon, thirteen persons were injured, including five women. All the wounded are in the hospital. Five, including the policemen, are in a precarious condition.

RUMORED CAPTURE OF DYNAMITERS.

LONDON, May 31.—It is rumored that four dynamiters have been captured.

## GERMANY.

### THE PEASANTS WANT REFORM.

BERLIN, May 31.—The *North German Gazette* publishes a programme issued by a committee of the peasants' convention, which will convene July 4. This programme advocates protective duties on agricultural products, reduction of railway tariffs, the creation of a bank of credit, the more equitable distribution of taxation on landed property, the diminution of legal costs attending land transfers, and the creation in every district of peasant associations.

# DOMESTIC DISPATCHES.

## Interesting News Notes from Various Eastern Points.

### ROSSA ON THE SCOTLAND YARD EXPLOSION.

### A Great Strike Arrested—The Stock Market Closes with a General Advance—Failure of a Washington Bank.

### The Stock Market.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Governments steady. Business was not resumed at the stock exchange this morning until 11, an hour later than usual. The market was firm, especially for Missouri Pacific and Pacific Mail, which advanced to 77¼ and 42¾ respectively. The general list reacted slightly, but was not strong. Compared with yesterday's closing prices are ½ to 5 per cent. higher, except for Canadian Pacific, which is 1¼ per cent., Lake Shore ¼, New Jersey Central 2¾, and Reading 1¾ per cent. lower.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Money was easy, 2@3; closed, offered 2. Prime mercantile paper, 6@6. Sterling exchange, bankers' bills, quiet at $4 83¼; sterling exchange, demand $4 85¼.

Bonds—3s 100⅜, 4½s 112¼, 4s 120¾, Pacific 6s 126.

Stocks—American 90, Canada Pacific, 45, Canada Southern 39½. Central Pacific 44⅛, Burlington 14, Lackawanna 93, Denver & Rio Grande 11, Erie 15¾, Hannibal & St. Joe 38½, Kansas & Texas 16¼, Lake Shore 85⅞, Louisville & Nashville 35, Michigan Central 43, Northern Pacific 21, preferred 48½, Northwestern 100⅜, New York Central 6, Oregon Navigation 71, Oregon and Transcontinental 14⅜, Oregon Improvement 12½, Pacific Mail 42, Panama 98, Rock Island 113, St. Paul 74⅜, Texas Pacific 14⅜, Union Pacific 43¾, U. S. Express 50, Fargo 90, Western Union 59⅜.

### California's Bright Future.

NEW YORK, May 31.—[Special.]—Henry F. Williams, of San Francisco, says California is more prosperous than last year, or than it was during the few preceding years. Better crops were raised last season than within the past ten years, especially fruits. These are shipped from Southern California through to the eastern markets. A great deal is shipped also to Arizona and New Mexico, and by the way of Colorado and the territories. Car loads are even sent to the southern states, as California fruits are far superior to any other variety. The Southern Pacific has opened up a market for the surplus fruit of Southern California, and the amount yearly shipped now is 30 per cent. greater than before the completion of that road. The wool crop is also unusually large. Abundant rains have afforded good pasturage for sheep, and they have been uniformly healthful. Good grass has been beneficial to the cattle interests, and with these three leading staples having a larger yield than ever before, California may be considered on the high road to speedy and permanent prosperity.

### Woman Suffrage in Oregon.

NEW YORK, May 31.—[Special.]—*Times'* editorial on woman suffrage in Oregon: "The subject has been very thoroughly canvassed in the state, especially by the newspapers, and many leading politicians have written or spoken in favor of the amendment. Among these are Senator Dolph, Congressman George and ex-Governor Chadwick. The champions of female suffrage are greatly encouraged by the signs of the times, and have good reason to believe that Oregon will finally venture on the experiment of giving the ballot to women."

### New York Notes.

NEW YORK, 31.—The West Side bank to-day resumed.

Failures reported for the past seven days in the United States and Canada number 177, a decrease of 55.

A large number of delegates to Chicago left this morning, including John J. O'Brien, Barney Biglin, Morey Friedman, John R. Lydecker, Mike Oregan, Albert Daggett and Michael Lady.

The Japanese prince Yumashina and suite sailed for Europe to-day.

The bank statement shows that the banks are $1,977,625 below legal requirements.

President Arthur had few callers this morning. He leaves for Washington this afternoon.

### Rossa on the Explosion.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Rossa says: "We have got England at last. It will not be long before she will be on her knees. Last night's explosion was only the beginning of her troubles."

Patrick Joyce, secretary of the Irish revolutionary brotherhood, said: "Last night's work ought to convince England that we are in earnest. You need not be surprised to hear of greater ones before many days. Gladstone had better mind himself."

### A Great Strike Averted.

PITTSBURG, May 31.—The conference committee of iron manufacturers and the Amalgamated Association this morning signed last year's wages scale with the addition of a 20 per cent. advance on steel rails and sheets, demanded by the employes. This averts a strike and insures steady work for 100,000 employes of the iron mills of the country for one year. The iron workers are jubilant.

### The Siamese Embassy.

NEW YORK, May 31.—[Special.]—The members of the Siamese embassy, after viewing the parade yesterday, started at 6 P. M. for San Francisco. They will stop at various places, including Salt Lake City.

## CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

### CHINESE ASSAULTED BY NEW YORK HOODLUMS.

NEW YORK, May 31.—[Special.]—To-day a Polish Jew who endeavored to recover some clothing from a Chinese laundry, of which he had lost the ticket, was knocked almost senseless by a Chinaman. A crowd of Jews gathered, broke all the windows and wrecked the laundry before the police could interfere. The Chinaman was arrested, but dismissed. The *Star* says gangs of hoodlums infest Mulberry street, and monopolize the sidewalk, making travel dangerous in the daytime, and rendering the night hideous. Their hot antipathy to Chinamen or Italians is proverbial. At certain hours of the day the presence of a Chinaman or an Italian is sure to raise a disturbance and racket in the entire neighborhood. Yesterday a crowd of young ruffians who had been loafing the parade surrounded a Chinaman named Yah Ham, while he was walking through Mulberry street, and assailed him with a shower of stones and other missiles. In a few moments the crowd had increased to 500 persons. The Chinaman, almost fainting with terror, ran for his life up Mulberry street, with a gang of pursuers at his heels. The crowd was rapidly growing to alarming proportions when it reached the vicinity of Police Superintendent Walling's office, who happened to be sitting at a window. Seeing the tumult, and no policeman, he rushed out and dispersed the hoodlums, and conducted the Chinaman, who was considerably bruised, back to his laundry. Walling had hardly returned to his office when a crowd of young roughs assembled, smashing the windows of the laundry and pelting the occupants with stones. Matters were developing into a riot when Walling reappeared. He was obliged to guard the laundry nearly an hour before the policeman stationed in the vicinity could be found, who thought a cyclone had broken loose when the superintendent met him. The Chinaman had peace the remainder of the day.

BANK ROBBER ARRESTED.

MILWAUKEE, May 31.—D. C. Howard, charged with robbing the bank at Monmouth, Ill., of $130,000, was arrested at Waukesha to-day on a telegram from the Monmouth authorities. He confesses his identity, but is reticent regarding the crime.

EDO ARRESTED AT QUEBEC.

NEW YORK, May 31.—The chief of police received a dispatch to-day from the chief of police of Quebec, saying John C. Eno, the absconding ex-president of the Second National bank, had been arrested and sent to this city.

## THE TURF.

### AT COVINGTON, KY.

COVINGTON, May 31.—The second day of the spring meeting of the Latonia Jockey Club: Purse race, $400, mile and an eighth—John Henry won, Fog Kyle second, Swiney third. Time 1:58¾.

Purse race, five furlongs—Lady of the Lake won, Princess Dan second, Rapidity third. Time 1:04½.

Hindoo stakes for three-year olds, value of $[illegible], mile and a half—Starters: Bet Hardin, Joaquin, Templehof, Audrain, Buchanan and Fallen Leaf. At the start Fallen Leaf took the lead, Templehof second, Buchanan third. There was no change for a mile and a quarter, when Templehof quit. Fallen Leaf led into the stretch, Buchanan second, Audrain third. Audrain won by half a length, Fallen Leaf second, Buchanan third. Time 2:42.

Purse race, $400, six furlongs—Paul's Sultana won in straights, Jocose second in each heat. Time 1:17¾ and 1:18¾.

Hurdle race, mile and a quarter, five hurdles—Pawlance won, Callas second, Major Pack third. Time, 2:24¾.

## ACCIDENTS.

### THE BALTIMORE DISASTER.

BALTIMORE, May 31.—At 2 P. M. to-day workmen clearing the wreck of the building on Gay street, that collapsed yesterday, reached a point where they could see that Hook is still alive. Stimulants were administered to keep him alive till the wreck is removed enough to take him out. The front wall was pulled down this morning. A vast quantity of heavy timber, stone, bales of cotton and goods, are wedged together to the depth of several stories.

## RAILROAD NOTES.

### CUT IN FREIGHT RATES.

DES MOINES, May 31.—The Wisconsin, Iowa and Nebraska Liquor alliance, in connection with the Milwaukee and St. Paul road, have reduced rates to-day to all retail merchants in this city, from Chicago, Racine and Milwaukee. The cut is 5 cents on each of the four classes. The Central Iowa Traffic Association is ended.

## SPORTING NOTES.

### POSTPONED AGAIN.

OAK POINT, N. Y., May 31.—The Courtney-Ross race was again postponed to-day. The water was very rough.

## AT THE DOOR.

I thought myself indeed secure—
So fast the door, so firm the lock—
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.
My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous, baby knocking and
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity,
I, like the truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?
And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"'Tis I, O Father! only I?"

—*Eugene Field.*

## IN A GARDEN BY THE RHINE.

'Twas in the middle of September, in a lovely autumn's prime.
Ah, how clearly I remember yet the happy, careless time!
Over all there shone a lustre, and upon the trellised vine
Crowded many a crystal cluster in a garden by the Rhine;

The sun was glinting brightly thro' the branches of the trees,
And the leaves were swaying lightly to the wooing of the breeze,
While the golden glory glancing on the sward around us made
A tracery enchanting of alternate light and shade.

On the grass beside us scattered, mimic men of war were seen,
Now the serried ranks all shattered in confusion strew the green,
For Clare had called me thither not unwilling I confess
To try conclusions with her at the royal game of chess.

I watched her as she lingered over some conception bright,
Or with hesitation fingered now a Bishop, now a Knight
And infinitely fairer seemed this woman live and real,
Of a beauty richer, rarer than a fancy-formed ideal.

Thrust and parry, out and rally, thick and fast the change came;
Here a skirmish, there a sally—but I played a deeper game,
With each effort to a seeming beat upon the checkered field,
For other Mates was dreaming, mates we win beneath Love's shield!

The Caissa watched our playing, deigned our tournament to grace,
From the lists my thoughts were straying to one perfect form and face,
Till, as ranks grew thin and thinner, it seemed vain for me to cope
Yet to foil the all-but winner rose the shadow of a hope.

But Caissa, smiling, waited; but methought I could discern
As she saw me nearly mated, how her face grew cold and stern;
But what boots a frown indignant? Little recked I of her scorn,
For one smiled on me benignant and the guerdon was—my queen!

'Twas the middle of September, in a perfect autumn's pride;
Ah, how clearly I remember yet the happy, careless time!
Over all there shone a lustre, and upon the trellised vine
Crowded many an amber cluster, in a garden by the Rhine.

—*William Finlayson in Illustrated London News.*

## Parisian Bonnets and Boots.

### Paris Letter.

Bonnets and boots are the parts of the toilet that always strike the eye, and hence why so much attention is ever paid to these articles. Bonnets are becoming simply bouquets; but flowers are ever charming, whether for the aged or the young. Nature has flowers for autumn, as well as for summer and spring. That prettiest of hats, the capote, has now a hood in front, like a phaeton, only the arch destined to ride handsome features is composed of flowers and ribbon. If the capote be in gray straw, the hood is generally formed of a triple plait of velvet, in color red, with velvet ribbon strings to match. There are bonnet shapes composed of different straws, plaited in a manner to resemble the cane bottom of chairs, and with gold or red copper thread running through, the hair thus becoming visible. Another raw material is birch-broom. When of the latter, the bonnet is simply bordered with velvet and trimmed with a bouquet of wild flowers, around and upon which is a swarm of many bugs, sufficient to entice swallows on a fishing excursion. To these novelties ought to be added the linen strings, color ecru, and having a gilt edge. The hats of girls seem to be swathed in this ribbon like mummies. The famous artichoke hat is simply a capote formed of velvet artichoke leaves overlapping each other. Around the border is a roll of red velvet, strings to match; on the summit endless butterflies. Though flowers predominate as trimming, feathers are not by any means superseded; and they have their place in the style of hat and the type of beauty of the wearer. It is upon colors, rather than materials, the fashion fixes its attention in spring novelties. The favorite shades are mushroom, gray, ecru, moss, tobacco and reddish brown. The dominating tint is that between carouiller and cardinal red. Only an acknowledged beauty, a leading elegante, could appear in red poppy. It is not unlikely that young girls will finish by dressing like Adrienne—the age of Red Riding Hood is nigh. Glacé taffetas are in marked favor. For elderly persons the warm tones are brilliant. Next comes stripe tissues, stitched voile and mousseline laine. The chief trimming is velvet; mixing alike with the stuffs most light, as with colors the most bright. Silk gauze, with figures in velvet, embroidered tulles, and the cerus imitating guipure, have also much success. Mantles and mantelets are both esteemed. Velvet [illegible] replaced by sicilienne and Ottoman, or black Indian cashmere. The jacquette and redingote adjust to the figure. Bouquets of natural flowers are always secured to the hat and the corsage. [illegible] bridal bouquets are made up in the pyramidal shape, with streamers of white tulle, and the most artistic vapory patterns of lace paper. The pointed boot and shoe, with flat heels, reign; on the tapering must be in moderation, so as not to deform the foot. The Louis XV. heels are dead and buried. The kid boot button is the best for walking; it keeps the foot better and fatigues less when one has to walk a good deal. Ball slippers are [illegible] with bead embroidery, and [illegible]. Indeed, the owners of Cinderella feet tend to their shoemaker a [illegible] of the [illegible] to guide his judgment. Balls continue to be costly pleasures, and the chief item in the bill is the supper. Truffles and champagne, strawberries, and the delicacies in as well as out of season, imply a substantial balance with your banker. The Princess de Sagan is preparing for her two balls, which are ever historical royal events, as here is the leading salon of Orleanism. Her fetes are celebrated for their sumptuous elegance and grandiose hospitality; no liveries are so brilliant as they are gorgeous, the service is marvelous and the plate has the reputation of being the most beautifully engraved in existence.

## PRESS PITH.

Mr. Blaine says in his book, referring to Abraham Lincoln, "he wished both as to appear white, unless it was white." Jim must have been thinking of elephants at the time he wrote this.

It is said that Japanese women have never seen and do not know the use of pins. A Japanese young man must feel comparatively safe in sitting on the same sofa with a young lady in that country.

"All people," says an exchange, "have not learned the art of leaving a room in an appropriate manner." The trouble, we think, arises from the custom so common among fathers of wearing heavy shoes.

General Butler occasionally comes to the front and says: "Both election shall entrust me with the execution power," etc. This thing will be kept up until after the two big conventions.—*Hartford Post.*

A San Francisco showman is advertising a troupe of educated fleas. If he will send on one to teach others how to walk around the edge of a milk pitcher, without falling in, he will gain everlasting fame.

A Pine Indian named Talk-for-Six-Months-Without-Stopping is coming east with a letter of introduction to William M. Evarts. After Mr. Evarts gets through with him he will be known as Indian Sit-on-Ex-Elbow.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A company in New Jersey purposes to start a dairy where real cream will be used in making butter. It is well that a foreign country has been selected, for had any of the United States been determined upon the enterprise would be regarded with suspicion.

An English journal says: "If the people of England pursue their present practice for a while, throwing America into overt resistance, the lesson would be one wholesome." It seems rather strange that an English journal should advise her countrymen to starve.

A New Hampshire man says he hopes to live to the age of 101. He further says at 93 he is in good health and takes part once pleasure in reading the reports of the United States senate. Any man who can stand a dose of that kind at 93 ought to live forever.

An Indiana girl was swinging in a hammock when a man passed her on horseback with a gun across the pommel of his saddle. The horse stumbled and jarred the gun. It went off and the girl in the hammock. Her mother, who was in the kitchen washing the dishes, was not hurt.

## THE DEFENDER.

Care came and laid his hand upon her shoulder
And sorrow came, her lids with salt tears wet,
And pain, with features wrenched, and white, and set,
Fright with her shaken soul, upon her set,
Stared upon her face; and then, grown bolder,
By all these [illegible], temptation, smiling fair,
Spread for the weary feet a charmed snare,
With tender, cruel hand. So cold the world,
All sat out in a strange tempest whirled,
With whispered lips, and sad, limp breath,
She strokes out her helpless hand to death.

Then he came, before whose radiant grace
Sorrow and grim and grim pale his face,
Before whose presence, radiant as the day,
Temptation, vexed and beaten, fled away.
For whose dear sake, she trembled at the thought
Of deathwith so pallid kiss she faint had sought.
With a song's rapture, holy, restful, sweet,
Against her own she felt a true heart beat.
O life, she cried, no ill of thine can hold me now,
Since lo, the mighty, in his arms both fold me.

—*Carlotta Perry in Vanity Fair.*

### "Jusine" in the New Park.

Mme. Selina Dolaro's debut as a dramatist, and her first elaborate attempt at emotional acting cannot be regarded as a success. "Jusine" is announced as from the French of Sardou, but in its present shape is a libel on that dramatist. It is more like a crude effort to adapt complicated three volume novel, and the result is undramatic and ridiculous. Mme. Dolaro's ambition is most praiseworthy, but as a play writer she is unsuccessful, whether telling a serious story, in inventing comic episodes or in devising situations, and as an emotional actress, her extreme nervousness prevented her making any better impression than she has made heretofore, outside her [illegible] important occasions. "Jusine" deals with a violent tempered young woman who is immensely wealthy, and who is loved, and loves madly in return a very wicked young man, who has more vices than St. Elmo, and a more fantastic way of being virtuous.

## SAM WARD.

### The Influence of the Great Caterer upon the Impeachment Trial.

New York Times.

His power as a mediator during the inglorious term of Andrew Johnson became so great, and was so generally recognized, that the mere fact that he advocated a measure in Washington was looked upon as a strong argument in favor of its adoption. He lived like a prince, entertained all the brightest and most celebrated men of the country, treating all alike, indifferent as to their politics or religion, and gained an immense influence in national affairs, which he turned to good account for those whom he favored. All this Sam did through his power as gastronomical pacificator. His theory was that the way to win men's support and good will was through their throats, and that the best, because the most available, part of men's souls rests in their stomachs. He acted on this theory throughout his career as a lobbyist, nearly eighteen years, and his experience went far to justify his belief. No person living had a more accurate understanding of what constituted a perfect meal than Sam Ward. The exploit in which Sam Ward took the most pride during his career in Washington was giving to President Johnson the first news of his impeachment, and it was on his recommendation, as he always claimed, that Johnson secured the counsel that he did. "It was on Washington's birthday, 1868," he says in a letter written to a friend, "when the democrats met at Welcker's to appoint a time and place for the presidential convention, viz., July 4, 1868. And I learned that after Stanton, owing to the weakness of General Thomas, had retained possession of the war department, it was resolved by Sumner, Hooper, James F. Wilson of Iowa, and the leading republicans to impeach the president in three days and try him in four weeks. It was I who carried the tidings to Secretary McCulloch and took from him a card to the president whom I did not know. He was entertaining the Corps Diplomatique at dinner, so I had an hour to spare, which I spent in seeing Chief Justice Chase, to whom the news was a surprise. It was also one to the president, when I found him at 10 o'clock. I told him to secure the most eminent counsel, half democrats and half republicans. He took Curtis and Evarts and Nelson and Groesbeck. What killed the impeachment it is not for me to say here. But it is due to the late Senator Grimes of Iowa to state that he was the hero of the occasion." It was always claimed by his hosts of friends that, although an acknowledged lobbyist, he was not a corrupt man, and that he never went beyond his gastronomic feats in his efforts to influence legislation.

## A CHEAP HOTEL.

### Detroit Free Press.

Three of us walked into the office of a hotel in a little town in Mississippi one night, and when the landlord had been aroused from his nap behind the stove, a big dog knocked off the only bench in the room, and the smoking lamp turned up so that we could see each other, he sized us up and said:

"Gentlemen, I'm a poor landlord, but a truthful man. In the first place, I'll have to put three of you into one bed. In the next place, it's a bed so dog-goned mean that you'd a heap better lie on the floor."

"Can't we sit up in the room?" asked one.

"Don't believe you kin. There's a dozen panes of glass gone, the roof leaks, and there's no show to build a fire."

"What sort of a tavern do you keep, anyhow?"

"Poor—miserably poor. I'm no landlord, my wife runs all to poetry, and the building is mortgaged for more'n it's worth."

"How about breakfast?"

"Well, you can count on bacon, 'taters, and hoe-cake, with mighty poor coffee. The table cloth is full o' holes, we never use napkins, and maybe there won't be forks enough to go 'round."

"See here," growled the drummer, "you'd better get out of this and give room to somebody who can keep a hotel!"

"I know it—I know it, but where and how shall I go? I couldn't raise six bits to save my neck, and what town wants me? I haven't got no trade, I'm too weak to labor in the fields, and this keeping tavern seems to be the only opening for me."

"Got any whisky?"

"Nary!"

"Any good water?"

"Well, it's creek water, and purty sandy just now."

"Any more wood to keep up the fire?"

"Not a stick but I'll cut some in the morning."

"The four of us stood looking at each other for a long minute, and it was the landlord who spoke first. He said:

"Gents, it's no use to kick. I'm sorry, and that's all I can do. I'll light another lamp, bring out a pack of cards and a bottle o' whisky, and sit up while the tired man comes in and fiddles for us. It's only six hours to daylight, and eight to breakfast, and a shilling plug of tobacco pays the bill for the hull three of you."

But when we left the next forenoon, he wouldn't even take that. He said our society was recompense enough.

## MLLE. COLOMBIER.

### Her Brilliant Enterprise at the Grand Theater Versailles.

By cable to the Herald.

Mlle. Marie Colombier suddenly transforms herself into a dramatic author, courageously assumes the role of theatrical manager, engages a troupe, hires the Grand theater, Versailles, and invited the famous of tout Paris to witness her first representation of "La Bianca," a tragedy in four acts. Mlle. Marie Colombier, with almost royal liberality placed at the disposal of her invites a special train to Versailles and back, and a score of landaus and breaks for those who preferred the road. A special wire was reserved for the exclusive use of the press. A substantial supper was provided after the performance.

Several hundred Parisians, the majority of whom were Parisiennes, eagerly responded to this comprehensive invitation. Versailles has not been so crowded and lively since the thrilling sessions of the corps legislatif at the close of the war. The citizens of Versailles thronged the streets to witness the arrivals. It was like a *haute nocé* at the capital. There was no standing room left at the theatre. The curtain arose amid a noisy din, the [illegible] and cheers.

The play is analogous to "Le Fils de Coralie," and contains two or three highly dramatic situations. Bianca is a rich retired courtesan. In order to give a name and social existence to her son she induces a broken-down roué of good family, for the consideration of 500,000, to adopt her son Noel and bring him up as his own child. Noel develops talent as an artist, paints the portrait of a young lady, the daughter of a duchess, in whose salon the artist and subject fall in love with each other.

By an accidental exchange of family papers the truth of Noel's birth is disclosed. Bianca (Marie Colombier) saves the situation by poisoning herself, and suddenly rolls over in the sensational agonies of death, amid the mingled cheers and hisses of the audience, most of whom secretly hoped to be regaled by a rumored renewal of the scandal of the Colombier-Bernhardt imbroglio. In this they were disappointed. The name of the author, however, was greeted with vociferous and partially sarcastic applause.

John B. Alley, of Lynn, Mass., who is one of the amusing creatures at Washington, and who knows about everybody's business, including his own, working in the confidence of the people with his gambling legend his halting reminiscences, said some time ago that Blaine was worth about $300,000 in cats and dogs. There is nothing to be said against an investment in cats and dogs, but it is not considered generally desirable to embark the whole of one's fortune in live stock of that character. Of course John B. Alley knows, for he has been in this country from the first, and has never had less than a few seats in every enterprise that has been started from the days of Columbus to those of Grant, Dorsey and Ingersoll. It was Mr. Evarts who told the story of how Alley induced Columbus to tie up to his own wharf at San Salvador. The Genoese was sweeping the horizon with his glass looking for a proper place to land. Suddenly he turned about and addressed a little man with a game leg, a white beard and a furtive eye. This old man was telling Columbus's mate a story. The story was of Judas's investment of the celebrated thirty pieces of silver. Alley acted as broker and that was the foundation of his fortune. But to return: Columbus looked about and said: "Alley, where shall we land?"

Wheeling *Intelligencer* (Rep.): It is very fortunate for somebody that Mr. MacVeagh, in his open letter to Mr. Bristow, does not "boom" anybody in particular. He mentions Edmunds and Sherman with apparent approval, but the indorsement is not strong enough to injure either of those good men.

## [illegible] DEAD.

PROPRIETOR OF THE PARKER HOUSE.

BOSTON, Mass., May 31.—Harvey D. Parker, proprietor of the Parker House, died this morning, aged 79.

## THE WHISKY INTEREST FOR GOVERNOR THAYER.

PORTLAND, Or., May 31, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

The following dispatch was received from the chairman of the republican county committee in Linn county to the republican committee here, which, for the purpose of informing the public of the position assumed by the whisky interest, please publish; a copy has been probably served on every one referred to in the state in a clandestine way, and the saloon men seem to inferentially claim W. W. Thayer as the man behind the "seen:"

ALBANY, May 31, 1884.

The following circular has been received here to-day:

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

PORTLAND, Or., May 24, 1884.

The Liquor Dealers union of Oregon, by a unanimous vote, hereby invites your co-operation and through you all your friends in your vicinity engaged or interested in liquor business towards securing the election of W. W. Thayer and the defeat of L. Flinn for the position of judge of the supreme court of Oregon, for the reason: First, because of Mr. Flinn's well known prejudice against the liquor traffic. Secondly, he is a prohibitionist, and as such his prejudices must necessarily affect his judicial opinions on the bench should such questions involving the liquor interest come before him. Yours truly,

HENRY FLECKENSTEIN,
JOHN BARRY,
BEN. L. NORDEN,
Corresponding Committee Liquor Dealers' Union of Oregon.

It remains to be seen whether this bargain that seems to have been entered into will be permitted by all order loving people to the extent that the whiskey men will have a champion on the supreme bench with a leaning decidedly in their favor. X.

SOME OTHER MATTERS.

PORTLAND, May 31, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

It has been demonstrated by the persistent goading given W. W. Thayer for his maladministration of swamp land and school fund heritages, that he will not fight. It was thought that charges so grave would bring out some kind of denial to break the force of such damaging statements; but as silence gives consent, we are led to believe that no explanation can be given to exonerate him. I wish to submit, then, whether or not the man whose favoritism to his friends was the direct result of the loss of $900 to the school fund, and his strained construction of the law, whereby his friends were permitted to gobble up large tracts of swamp lands, and the validity of whose title he is now seeking to get into position to judicate upon, is fitted for any such important functions. We do not believe he is; the taint of questionable doings in the above and in the matter of wholesale pardon of convicts during his term of administration are too important to be condoned. The governor by his own peculiar artifice, was enabled to coddle the amalgamated union of workmen at a meeting held by them in which he prated in his ungrammatical way ("not knowing God or grammar," as asserted by THE OREGONIAN) about how he would help them to a mechanics' lien law. Did it not occur to some of his hearers why he had not commended such legislation when he was in position to be heard on the subject as governor of the state. His enthusiasm seems to date from the time of his nomination and amounts to the claptrap of the demagogue, and nothing else. By such vaporing, which belittles the dignity of the high office to which he aspires, and to the secret and "strictly confidential" advocacy of this man by the liquor dealers' union of Oregon, it would seem as if he felt that whisky and a record which allies him to men of that ilk will float him into the position aspired after. What a sublime spectacle is presented in the whisky phalanx resolving unanimously, hereby invite your co-operation and through you all our friends in your vicinity engaged or interested in liquor business (what a noble army of topers, bummers and drunkards are here invoked to muster) towards securing the election of W. W. Thayer and the defeat of L. F. Flinn for the position of judge of the supreme court, and why because as the inference is plain, we know Thayer is our friend and we think Flinn is not. We do not think so audacious a challenge of the respectable element in this state will go unrebuked, and we confidently await to see.

REPUBLICAN.

### Ought to be Skinned.

Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Is my shaving agreeable to you, sir?" a loquacious barber asked a customer whom he had been flaying alive.

"My wife would admire it very much," [illegible] the man under torture.

"Ah," said the barber with great complacency, "ladies are often excellent judges of their husbands being well shaved. And you think mine will suit, sir?"

"No doubt of it in the world. It was only this morning she became angry because I told her I could not afford to buy her a spring bonnet, and said I ought to be skinned alive."

The barber lost himself in reflection.

The largest school in the world is said to be the Pews' free school at Spitalfields, London. It has a daily attendance of over 2800 pupils.

Thirty states and territories have more men than women, and seventeen states and territories have more women than men.

## EAST PORTLAND LETTER LIST.

The following letters remain in the East Portland postoffice, May 31, 1884:

WOMEN'S LIST.

Anderson, Mrs Fannie (2)
Bland, Miss Olive
Brooks, Annie J
Burvert, Miss Violet
Carey, Miss Lena
Curl, Miss Annie
Dean, Mrs—
Deitz, Mrs B A
Gray, Mrs—
Gordon, Mrs E B
Hunter, Annie May
Harrington, Mrs Emma (2)
Jackson, Mrs Emma
Lewis, Mrs J L

Morgan, Miss Lizzie
Myers, Mrs Bertha
Marse, Mrs Sam
Nelson, Mrs Lottie M
Powell, Mrs Mary L
Ralston, Mrs Jemima (2)
Ramsdell, Mrs Laurilla
Roberts, Mary A
Robeson, Miss Lottie
Stirms, Miss Lulu G
Sanders, Miss Minnie M
Smith, Mrs F
Wilson, Miss Jennie
Warner, Mrs Flora

MEN'S LIST.

Adams, Geo S
Adams, Pars
Bramhall, At
Bakrell, Frank
Baker, Jas P
Boyles, J H
Booth, H
Buckley, Mr
Carter, H H
Cavanaugh, Jos
Comfort, H S
Curtis, P
Dixon, Malord
Evans, L
Friedrichson, J (2)
Fehtner, Julius

Green & Co
Gilbert, C A
Hubbard, M
Healy, P (2)
Houlton, Jno (2)
Harris, Wm M
Hall, E E
Hanson, T
Jansen, Nils
Johnson, T P
Johnson, Chas B
Knight, J S
Leutner, Julius
Morris, D P
Murphy, Danl
Masterson, Will J
McHamell, Geo

McCoy, W J
Nixon, Wm
Parker, B M (2)
Parker, G B
Price, Wm M
Pullen, Mr
Rankin, D
Stoller, Christian
Somerseth, P
Smith, Thos M
Treacy, D M
Vohl, Albert
Whitehead, F H
Wooley, Jos

M. COUGILL, M. P.

## COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

SCHMIDT & CRAW, GENERAL SHIPPING AND Commission Merchants, 105 Front street, [illegible]

BAPTIN & GOWEN, GENERAL COMMISSION Merchants and produce dealers, 135 Front st. [illegible]

ALLEN & LEWIS, COMMISSION AND PRODUCE Merchants, Front and D Sts., Portland, Or.

MILLER & WEST—J. C. MILLER, W. H. WEST, Commission merchants in general and dairy produce, [illegible] Front st., between Washington and Stark.

S[illegible] & CO., COMMISSION & PRODUCE merchants, 125 Front street, Portland, Or.

TAYLOR, YOUNG & CO., SHIP BROKERS & Commission merchants; agents for Columbia River Candle Fish; 34 Front street, corner Ash.

ABRAHAM, HIRSTEL & CO., COMMISSION merchants, 2 and 4 N. Front st., Portland, Or.

G. [illegible] & BRO., 170 FRONT STREET, FARM and country produce a specialty.

GIBSON, CHURCH & CO., SHIPPING AND Commission Merchants, specialties wheat, flour, salmon, grain bags, etc., N. W. cor. Front and Ash sts., Portland, Or.

## WHOLESALE GROCERS.

ABRAHAM, HIRSTEL & CO., WHOLESALE grocers, 2 and 4 N. Front street, Portland, Or.

ALLEN & LEWIS, WHOLESALE GROCERS, corner N. Front and D sts., Portland, Or.

CORBITT & MACLEAY, WHOLESALE GROCERS and Commission Merchants, [illegible] Front street, Portland.

McCRAKEN & MASON, WHOLESALE GROCERS and Commission Merchants, 60 to 64 Front street, Portland.

WADHAMS & ELLIOTT, WHOLESALE GROCERS, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Nos. 46 and 48 Front street, Portland, Or.

## LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

BRADLEY & DOHENY, 199 FRONT STREET, between Washington and Stark streets. Leather and Findings, Shoe Store, Supplies, Belting, Hose, etc.

[illegible] simply walked to [illegible] his [illegible] three things he had heard, and marking the [illegible] in a grammar lesson down on a slate, wide, white, [illegible]

Thousands saved from death by Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Trial Bottles *free*.

[illegible] SOCIETY [illegible]
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted [illegible]
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included [illegible]

Enclose 10 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office for the statistical OREGONIAN. The best medium to circulate in the east.

A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

Within the reach of all, price $1 per bottle— Celery, Beef and Iron.

"LARGE, DEVELOPED AND STRENGTHENED," etc., is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly indorsed. Interested persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars by addressing ERIE MEDICAL CO., P. O. Box 513, Buffalo, N. Y.—Toledo Evening Bee.

SWAYNE'S ITCHING PILES OINTMENT.
SYMPTOMS are Moisture, intense itching, [illegible] increased by scratching, [illegible] are sometimes affected. [illegible] Also for Tetter, Itch, [illegible] all Skin Diseases.
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